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Copyright, 1906, by C. Y. Turner.

LANDING OF NEW ENGLANDERS AT NEWARK

By C. Y. Turner. Essex County Court House, Newark, N. J.

MURAL DECORATIONS BY C. Y. TURNER

By GRACE WHITWORTH



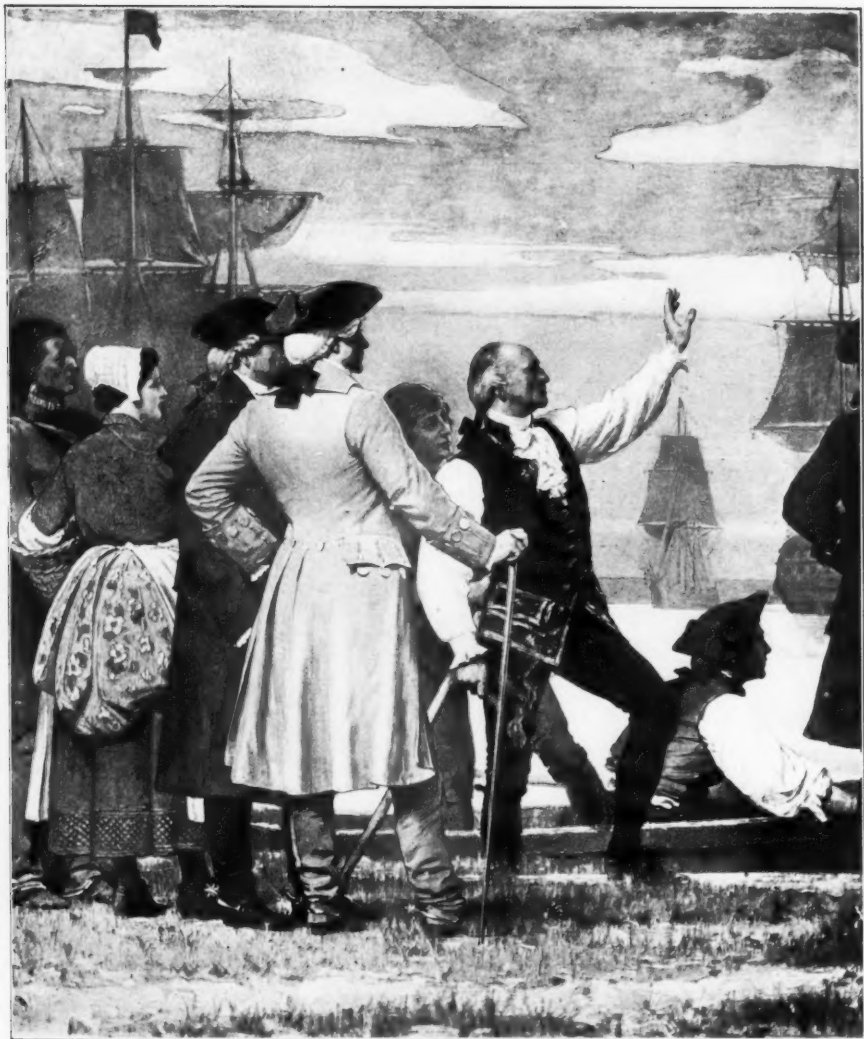
VERY dramatic historical incident, not widely recounted, has been most realistically put upon canvas by the well-known artist Mr. C. Y. Turner.

The story of "The Burning of the Peggy Stewart" is a drama of the days of 1774—one very similar to the Boston Tea Party, with the scene changed to Annapolis and the waters of the Chesapeake. The painting portraying this incident was placed a few months ago on the walls of Baltimore's new Court House; and the subject of the painting, while primarily of interest to the State of Maryland, is so decidedly characteristic of the colonial spirit that it cannot fail to appeal to the country at large.

The colonists of Maryland, rebelling against "taxation without representation," formed associations agreeing not to import anything from Great Britain while the taxation laws were in force. In 1770, however, soon after an act of Parliament had repealed all duties except those on tea, a number of Baltimore merchants made known that they wished to import the articles thereby exempt from taxation. The representatives from the country who met at Annapolis to consider the proposition refused to give their consent. Thus the city folk and the country folk became divided in opinion, the latter constituting the majority of those who remained loyal to the original agreement of the associations.

But notwithstanding this spirit, two Annap-

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BURNING OF THE "PEGGY STEWART"—LEFT PANEL

By C. Y. Turner. Baltimore Court House.

olis merchants, James and Joseph Williams, were daring enough to import from England seventeen packages of tea. The consignment arrived on October 14, 1774, less than a year after the overthrowing of the tea into Boston's harbor. The ship the *Peggy Stewart*, which brought the tea, was owned by Anthony Stewart. Mr. Stewart was not personally

interested in the tea, but in order to land at once the other cargo aboard his ship he paid the tax exacted upon the tea.

The citizens of Annapolis became greatly incensed at this. Their indignation, though, was directed far more strongly toward Mr. Stewart than toward the Messrs. Williams, for, of the three men at fault, it was Mr.



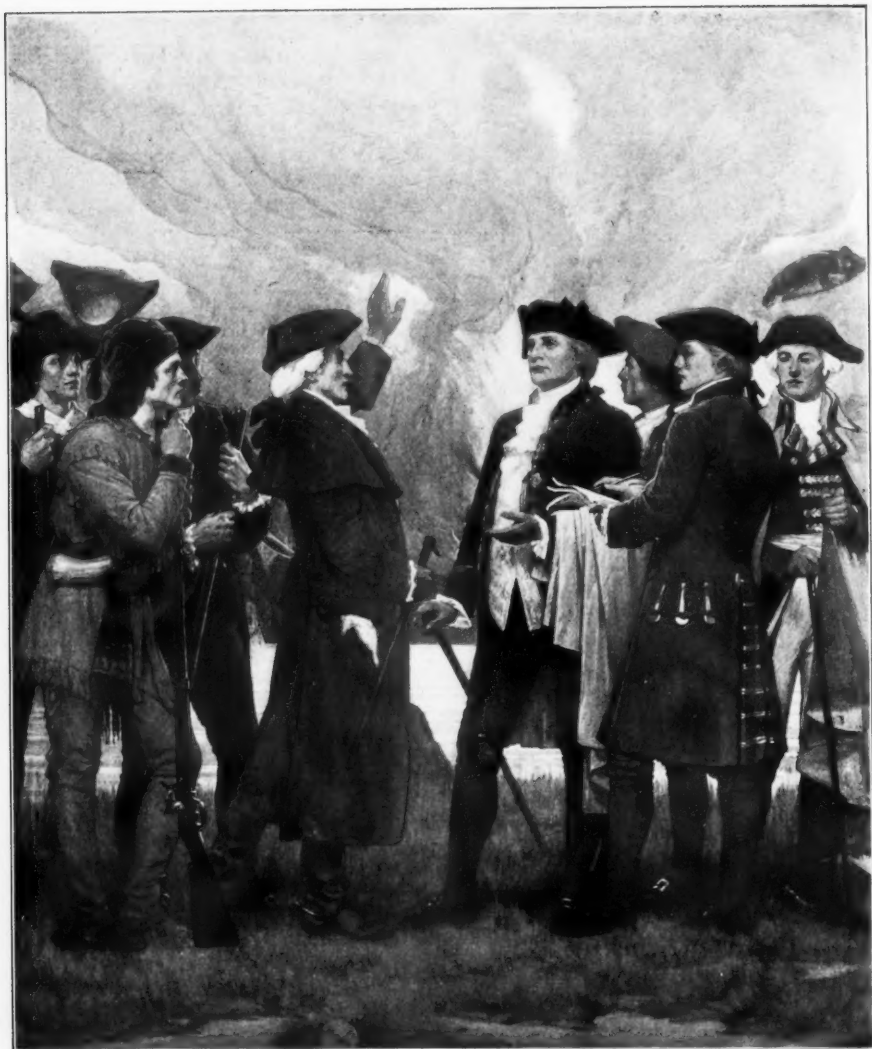
BURNING OF THE "PEGGY STEWART"—RIGHT PANEL

By C. Y. Turner. Baltimore Court House.

Stewart who had promised to abide by the non-importation resolve. A guard placed on shipboard prevented the landing of the tea, and people from all parts of Maryland were immediately called to Annapolis to pronounce on this act of disloyalty.

When the people assembled, the Williams merchants and Mr. Stewart offered a most

humiliating apology, but neither this nor a proposal to land the tea and burn it was considered by the angered country people to be punishment severe enough. These out-of-town colonists were the most ardent of patriots, whose valor and love of freedom are of much import in the annals of Maryland. Led to Annapolis by Dr. Charles Alexander War-



BURNING OF THE "PEGGY STEWART"—CENTER PANEL

By C. Y. Turner. Baltimore Court House.

field, they were determined to inflict the severest penalty upon the offenders. Dr. Warfield believed in:

LIBERTY AND INDEPENDENCE, OR
DEATH IN PURSUIT OF IT.

It is recorded that even before hearing of the tea-loaded *Peggy Stewart*, and at a time when

"the idea of independence had entered the minds of but few men," Dr. Warfield placed the above inscription on the hats of every member of the "Whig Club," of which he was an enthusiastic promoter.

Such was the patriotism of this daring leader who settled the fate of the *Peggy Stewart*. Entering Annapolis, he and his



BURNING OF THE "PEGGY STEWART"

By C. Y. Turner. Baltimore Court House.

followers erected a gallows before the home of Mr. Stewart and then addressed the wrongdoer in the following words: "Mr. Stewart, we have come to require you to do one of two things, namely, go with us and burn your vessel or hang before your own door." Forced to such extremities, Mr. Stewart agreed to fire the brig. Accompanied by a few citizens, he boarded the vessel and ordered it run aground at Windmill Point. Tradition says that he selected this particular point, as it was in direct view of his house on the shore, and he wished to place the brig where his wife, who was ill, would be able to witness the burning. Then, with all her cargo aboard, with sails set and colors flying, Mr. Stewart himself set ablaze the *Peggy Stewart*.

The fearless deed of overthrowing the tea into the Boston harbor is transcended, in the minds of Marylanders, by the tea-burning in the Chesapeake—for, while the former incident was courageously accomplished at night by men disguised as Indians, the latter was heroically effected in the glare of day, with no secrecy.

Mr. Turner could have chosen no more dramatic story for the subject of his mural decoration, placed in one of Maryland's most important public buildings. After much study and with admirable art, Mr. Turner has painted the incident in a manner historically true. The painting is not only interesting as portraying the action of this particular drama, but it is also symbolical of Maryland's desire for freedom from all oppression inflicted by the English Government.

The scene of the painting is on the shores of the Chesapeake, at Windmill Point, where now stand the United States Naval Academy buildings, the exact place where the *Peggy Stewart* was fired being a spot just opposite the Academy boathouse. In the center group of the picture are the leaders of the townspeople and the country folk—Mr.

Charles Carrol and Dr. Charles Warfield, with their followers. In the background is the burning hull of the *Peggy Stewart*, and above it leap the flames of fire and curl the clouds of smoke. In the left panel is the figure of Anthony Stewart, surrounded by other citizens. He stands with arm uplifted as if to stay the fire that he himself has caused. At the right is the home of Mr. Stewart, and standing before it are men, women, and children, pointing to the ill-fated bark.

Only a few months ago, during dredgings about the Naval Academy, some timbers were brought to light which are supposed to have been a part of the *Peggy Stewart*. Whether they are really the remains of the brig is a point that the Academy officials cannot affirm. These timbers, however, have become of great interest to the Daughters of the American Revolution, and, at their request, the Academy has delivered the newly discovered relics into the custody of the members of the local chapter.

Another mural decoration by Mr. Turner in the Baltimore Court House is the painting named "Barter with the Indians for Land." Not dramatic in subject, yet most interesting historically and beautifully executed artistically, it illustrates the arrival of Governor Leonard Calvert and other Pilgrims in the spring of 1634. This painting also is divided into five panels. The central one shows Governor Calvert and a group of English talking with Indian chiefs, to whom the governor is offering cloth, axes, hoes, and other tools in exchange for land. Another panel represents a family group of Indians, two of whom are trying the strange hoe and ax on earth and tree. In a third panel is a family of Pilgrims just landed on the shore of the Potomac. They are contemplating with great wonderment the land of freedom that stretches before them.

Both this and the *Peggy Stewart* painting contain life-size figures, the decorations extending sixty feet along two walls of the Criminal Courts corridor.

The most recently completed work by Mr. Turner are two murals for the new De Witt Clinton High School building, of New York City. This is New York's first public-school building, and, as far as is known, the first in the country, to boast such high-art decoration.

The particular event which Mr. Turner has selected for the subject of the paintings for this school is the public ceremonies celebrating the opening of the Erie Canal. On October 26, 1825, the Governor of the State, De Witt Clinton, known as the father of the Erie Canal, left Buffalo and, passing through the canal, formally opened this waterway.

The first painting, named "Entering the Mohawk Valley," shows the governor and a party of friends on a packet boat just as they are leaving the beautiful valley of the Mohawk. The trip through the canal was made in nine days, and on November 4th the arrival of the packet from Buffalo was the occasion for naval parades and great celebration. In the second painting, "The Marriage of the Waters," the governor and other officials are standing on the roof of the cabin of a steamboat. Governor Clinton is holding a keg filled with water that he has brought from Lake Erie, and this he is pouring into the sea at Sandy Hook, where the ceremonies took place.

In every respect are these murals accurate depictions. The figures in the foreground are, as nearly as possible, likenesses of the men prominent in the progress of the ceremonies. Every detail is true, even down to the braid and the number of buttons on the clothing. These paintings are fourteen feet high and sixteen feet wide, and have but recently been placed in the assembly room of this new high-school building.

The action of the New York Board of Education in expending money on this kind of decoration should be commended by citizens everywhere, and school representatives in our various cities could with wisdom follow New York's initiative.

Mr. Turner is now at work upon another historical painting, to be placed in one of New Jersey's public buildings. This mural decoration illustrates the landing of the New Englanders at Newark in the middle of the seventeenth century.

In 1664 the Duke of York, brother of King Charles II of England, bestowed upon Lord Berkeley and Sir George Carteret the land that now comprises New Jersey. For forty or fifty years previous to 1664 this territory was occupied by Dutch and Swedes, who had purchased land from the Indians. But the new owners, wishing to develop the country more extensively, offered many inducements to New Englanders to come and settle on Jersey soil. Sir George Carteret promised a broad government, extolled New Jersey's advantages, and offered land at a very low price. The result was that a great number of people came from Rhode Island, Connecticut, and Long Island.

On May 17, 1666, about thirty families arrived and settled in what is now Newark. This bit of New Jersey pioneer history Mr. Turner is painting for the Essex County Court House, now being erected at Newark by the well-known architect, Mr. Cass Gilbert. The painting shows the New Englanders just as they are landing on the banks of the Passaic River. A little to the right of this group are three or four Dutchmen and Swedes scrutinizing the newcomers, whom they quite naturally look upon as intruders.

The painting will be nearly thirty-five feet long, and will be placed in the Essex County Court room, as the decoration relates especially to the history of that county.

This intensely interesting group of paintings is indicative of Mr. Turner's trend of artistic development. For the last ten years he has been devoting his study and work to this distinctive branch of art, until to-day he is placed in the foremost rank of historical mural painters.

It is Mr. Turner's aim to create through this class of painting an art typically American. And should not this purpose be encouraged by all who wish to see American art gain rapid recognition? Paintings of mythology, of ancient history, of foreign realities, are interesting and educational and artistic, and a certain amount of this class we will always wish to see produced. But the hundreds of dramatic incidents in the history of our nation, the living, everyday types of humanity so characteristic of American life, the beautiful landscapes that abound in every portion of our country—these certainly afford subjects exalted enough for the most gifted of artists, as well as for those who are striving to achieve.

THE SUPREME COURT AND COMING EVENTS

BY FREDERICK TREVOR HILL

Author of "Lincoln, the Lawyer"



AMONG all the distinguished statesmen identified with the early history of the United States, Richard Henry Lee, of Virginia, holds a place apart. A member of the Continental Congress in 1774, he wrote the memorable appeal to the people of British America, probably the address to the king, and certainly the address to the people of Great Britain—all state papers of the first importance. In 1776 he moved the resolutions embodying the Declaration of Independence, became one of the signers of that immortal document, served with great distinction in both houses of Congress, and rounded out his remarkable career by introducing the bill which created the Supreme Court of the United States.

To this last honor, however, he was not entitled on the face of the record, for another Senator had a far juster claim to it than he.

Oliver Ellsworth, of Connecticut, was chairman of the committee assigned to the duty of framing judicial legislation for the Union, and he is generally credited with being the chief if not the exclusive author of the measure

which inaugurated the great Federal tribunal. Certainly the original draft of the Senate bill, now in the Governmental archives, is in his handwriting, and all the facts indicate that he was its logical sponsor. But if, as is probable, political expediency suggested Lee's intervention, his agency would seem to have been justified by the result, for the proposed act was

promptly ratified by both houses of Congress, and being signed by Washington became a law on September 24, 1789.

There is evidence that some members of the First Congress fully realized the vast importance and possibilities of the institution they had established, but it is probable that the majority little dreamed of the tremendous influence it was destined to exert upon the history of the nation. Certainly the earliest appointees to the bench had no reason to suspect the future glory of their court as they traveled the wide circuits throughout the thirteen States over bad roads in all sorts of



JOHN JAY

weather, living, as one of them expressed it, "the life of postboys," seeking business but literally finding none.

Even as late as 1801 there were only ten cases on the docket of the court, and during

the next five years its calendars averaged less than twenty-five causes a year. Indeed, it was not until 1845-50 that the annual record rose to seventy cases, but from that time forward the business grew by leaps and bounds until in 1890 there were over twenty-five hundred actions demanding attention, and no hearing could be had for three or four years after a case had been placed upon the calendar. Even to-day, when there are intermediate courts of appeal to ease the pressure on the main body and every effort has been made to restrict its business, there are no less than 680 cases on the current docket, of which not more than 400 can possibly be disposed of during the present year.

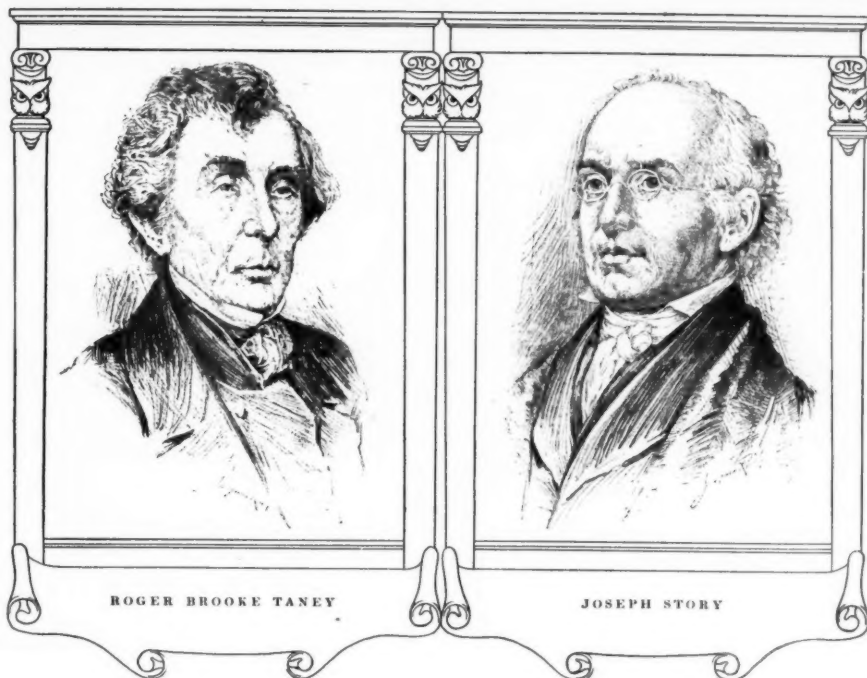
But though the court did not at first attract any considerable number of litigants, Chief Justice Marshall early demonstrated the immense powers with which he and his associates had been intrusted. It was not without a bitter struggle, however, that the great jurist established the authority of his tribunal, and for many years his declarations in the celebrated case of *Marbury vs. Madison* were regarded as absurd pretensions which could never be maintained. In this case, which was of no particular importance in itself, Marshall initiated the doctrine that the Supreme Court might and would invalidate any law which in its judgment violated the provisions of the United States Constitution.

This announcement may well have astonished and dismayed Jefferson and the Congress, for, carried to its legitimate conclusion, it virtually stripped them of authority. No English ruler had dared to interpose an absolute veto to any enactment of Parliament for centuries, and the Presidential veto, which could be overridden by a two-thirds vote of the Legislature, had never been resorted to by either Adams or Jefferson and only twice by Washington. But compared with the powers claimed by Marshall this limited right of veto was an insignificant prerogative. If by its mere fiat the Federal court could annul legislation adopted by the representatives of the people, they no longer held the reins of government. This, in the opinion of Jefferson and his followers, was the end of free institutions. Better commit all legislation to the judiciary in the first instance, they argued, than go through the empty form of enacting measures which the bench could set aside. No court of England or of any other country had ever had such authority conferred upon it, and it was inconceivable that a free people had

intrusted their liberties to a tribunal of six men, or if they had unwittingly done so that they would tolerate such a menacing condition an hour longer than was necessary.

Despite Jefferson's incredulity, however, and in the face of his unceasing opposition, Marshall's novel theory of government steadily gained support, and during his long term of four and thirty years the Chief Justice did much to demonstrate that his theory was not only good law, but sound public policy. Indeed, it is largely through Marshall's personal influence and efforts that the court has become a recognized and almost a determining factor in our political system—supreme in fact as well as in name—the one virtually unchallengeable authority in the land.

But powerful as this unique tribunal is, its power is, after all, merely that of public opinion—no more and no less. Those who doubt this and cherish a belief that the court is omnipotent can dissipate their illusions by a glance at the records, which clearly demonstrate that even this mighty judicial body has not always been able to enforce its own decrees. In the case of *Chisholm*, a creditor of Georgia sued the State in the Supreme Court and recovered a judgment in violation of what was then considered the essence of State sovereignty. Thereupon the Legislature of Georgia retorted with a bill prescribing the penalty of death for anyone who attempted to realize upon such a judgment, the plaintiff prudently forbore to press his claim, and the court's retreat was covered by the adoption of the Eleventh Amendment to the Constitution, which virtually ousted it of jurisdiction. In the *Cherokee* case, involving the relation of an Indian tribe to the local and national governments, President Jackson disregarded the mandate of the court, coolly remarking, "Marshall made the decision, now let him enforce it," and, public opinion not approving it, the decree was never executed. Again in the *Merryman* case, President Lincoln declined to honor a writ of habeas corpus issued after he had suspended it, and Chief Justice Taney, finding himself without popular support, was compelled to let the proceedings drop. These and other historic facts indicate that, though possessed of the titular authority to thwart the popular will as expressed in acts of legislation, the court is in reality powerless without the support of public opinion, and its existence for a hundred and seventeen years demonstrates that it has not attempted to



defeat any legislation for which there has been more than a passing demand.

But although the court has demonstrated its utility and, on the whole, justified the confidence reposed in it by successive generations, the very fact that it possesses such immense powers is in itself disturbing, and at every national crisis grave doubts arise concerning this unprecedented institution. There is much in its long and honorable history to mitigate this periodic anxiety, but perhaps the most reassuring circumstance is the non-partisan character of the bench. Although appointed by the Executive from the ranks of his own political party, the judges have, with very few exceptions, held aloof from political activity, and their decisions have generally been free of party bias. Moreover, every section of the country has been represented at one time or another upon the bench, and no group of States or political organization has ever monopolized it. It has frequently been charged that politics control the court, and various causes, such as *Marbury vs. Madison* (sometimes called *Marshall vs. Jefferson*) and the *Dred Scott* case, are cited in proof of the contentions. Of course, in one aspect the

court has never been and can never be free of politics, for questions involving party policies are constantly coming before it. From this point of view the long struggle between Marshall and Jefferson was political, but the welding of the component States into the nation and the quickening of the Constitution which were the immediate results of that contest cannot rightly be regarded as the work of any political party.

Again, in the *Dred Scott* case the majority of the bench were undoubtedly in personal sympathy with the institution of slavery, but even in that instance the decision was not corruptly political. The law was in doubt, and had the court confined itself to the question directly at issue no one would have quarreled with the result. It was only when the Chief Justice and the majority of his associates unnecessarily entered the domain of politics and, with the laudable intention of quieting public anxiety, attempted to settle a vexed political problem for the whole people that resentment and suspicion were aroused. But that experiment is not likely to be repeated, and it marks one of the very few instances where popular opinion has not sup-

ported the judgment of the court. In fact, if the record be closely examined it will be seen that the severest criticisms upon the court do not arraign it for political subserviency, but, on the contrary, attack and condemn its indifference to political considerations.

For instance, during most of the past forty years the majority of the court has been composed of men politically affiliated with the dominant party in the House and Senate, and every law which they have declared unconstitutional has been the work of political friends. Nor is this a condition of affairs peculiar to the Republican party. In 1894 the income tax, supported by the Democratic party and administration, was annulled, not by political opponents, but by the votes of Democratic judges, and many other instances of a similar nature could be cited to prove how little subservient the bench has been to the dictates of the party in power. Indeed, almost every move that has been made against the court in Congress has been directed, not to divorcing it from politics, but rather to controlling its decisions. To this end in 1801 the number of judges was increased from six to ten, and in 1866 it was reduced to seven, avowedly for the purpose of preventing Andrew Johnson from filling the vacancies which had occurred. Again in 1869 two members were added to the bench to insure the safety of the Legal Tender act, and other changes which were advocated and debated at that time reveal the fact that its independence has been the court's greatest offense in the eyes of politicians.

But another and very much graver argument has been formulated against this ancient and honorable tribunal by the judges themselves. During recent years dissenting opinions have been recorded with almost every decision of importance, and in many instances the vote has invited the inquiry whether a house so divided against itself can long endure.

In the income-tax case a previous decision of the court, made upon substantially the same facts many years before, warranted the conclusion that the law would be upheld, but after two elaborate hearings five judges declared the act unconstitutional and four pronounced it valid, the odd vote annulling the legislation. In other words *the opinion of one man* overturned the deliberate judgment of the two houses of Congress which had been approved by the President and generally sanctioned by the people. If this had merely happened once or twice it would occasion little comment,

but it has occurred again and again until unanimous opinions are the exception rather than the rule in important cases, and "one-man" judgments are by no means uncommon. To demonstrate this it is only necessary to mention a few litigations well within the public memory, such as the Northern Securities case, the Philippine Islands divorce case, the Connecticut-New York divorce case of April last, and the Chicago Union Traction cases, the latter being decided by a vote of six to three and all the others by five judges against four, the minority flatly contradicting the majority and otherwise attacking them in a manner calculated to impugn the final judgment and emphasize its numerical weakness. Of course it is not extraordinary that judges should differ among themselves on close questions of law, but this fact merely affords another reason for doubting whether a vote of five to four should be permitted to invalidate legislation.

Serious as this is, it has not been the worst development of the system. On more than one occasion the final judgment of this court has actually been pronounced by a *minority of its members*. For instance, the great telephone case,* involving questions of transcendent importance, not only to the litigants, but to the whole country, was decided by the vote of a divided court which stood four to three—one judge being dead and another disqualified. This case, it is true, did not involve a constitutional question, but the same result is possible in any cause, and under the existing practice a law might be annulled by such a minority vote at any time. This danger was recognized as long ago as 1868, and in that year a bill was passed by the House providing that six judges should be necessary for a quorum and a two-thirds majority required for any decision invalidating an act of Congress. The measure failed in the Senate, however, and it has never been revived. In 1869 an amendment to the Constitution was proposed by which the judges of the Supreme Court were declared ineligible for all other offices, their term limited to twenty years, and their retirement rendered compulsory at the age of seventy, with a pension for life. This suggestion did not meet with approval and never came to a vote. The growing tendency of the judges to disagree among themselves has, however, revived interest in some of the

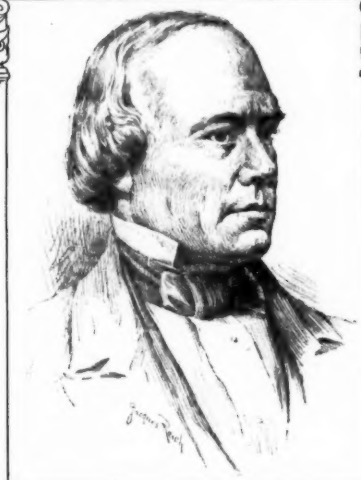
* So important was this litigation that one entire volume of the United States Reports is devoted to it. See 126 U. S.



JOHN MARSHALL



SALMON PORTLAND CHASE



BENJAMIN ROBBINS CURTIS



DAVID DAVIS

plans for reorganization discussed in the Reconstruction days. One of these provided that whenever two-thirds of the full bench declared any act of Congress invalid it should thereupon be suspended until it had been resubmitted to Congress, and if it should again be passed, the decision and not the law should be annulled. As an alternative to this suspension and resubmission measure, it has been suggested that the unanimous vote of the full court should be required to pronounce the unconstitutionality of any law. None of these proposed innovations has ever received any very serious consideration, but the fact that they have been made shows that if the Supreme Court is a menace to popular government, the remedy lies in the hands of the people—a truth that has frequently been forgotten by both critics and defenders.

But although there are no indications that the court will soon be reorganized upon any of the lines above suggested, it is almost certain that the bench will be practically remanned before many years are past. Two of the present judges are over seventy years of age, and three more are nearing seventy, which in many States marks the limit of judicial service. Already one of the youngest of these elderly justices has signified his intention to retire, and as the average service of the members of this court has not exceeded sixteen years, there is good reason to suppose that President Roosevelt may have to assume the high responsibility of appointing the majority of the bench before his term expires.

No one familiar with the history of the court can fail to appreciate the vital importance of this duty, for, broadly speaking, the continuance of the institution must justly be attributed to the moderation, tact, and high character of the men who have represented it to the present day. Not all of them have been jurists of the highest caliber, but Jay, Marshall, Storey, Taney, Curtis, Chase, Davis, and many others have displayed judicial talents of rare quality, and the average legal ability of the entire bench has been comparatively high. Moreover, the men who have been selected for service have usually been chosen while in the prime of life. Storey, who began his judicial career at thirty-two, was the youngest recipient of the honor, and Hunt, nominated in his sixty-second year, was the oldest. These facts and the traditions which have generally developed have tended to maintain a virile and dignified body, and whether

or not any radical reorganization of the court will be seriously attempted during the coming years depends very largely upon its future composition. If the new judges are broad-minded, liberal, far-sighted men, conservative in the best sense of the word, but sufficiently courageous to disregard the letter of the law when occasion requires, there is no reason to anticipate any substantial change in the judicial system. If, on the other hand, they fail to keep abreast of the times or in touch with its spirit, there is every probability that the institution will not survive.

In any event it must be apparent to every thoughtful and intelligent observer that the court is entering upon an entirely new era in its history, and that before many years novel and perplexing questions involving the economic and social future of the country will demand the best thought of an exceptional bench. The nature of the problems to be presented will require something more than erudition for their satisfactory solution. Mere judicial interpretation and familiarity with legal precedents will not suffice. Statesmanship of the broadest character will be essential, and only men capable of directing the changing order and thoroughly alive to its meaning will prove equal to the emergency. It is an encouraging sign that already some members of the court are apparently awake to the impending crisis. Only a short time ago one of the associate justices in an instructive and notably liberal essay admitted that the court would, within a short time, be tested as it never had been in its history, and in the course of his remarks he enumerated four classes of new business which would probably be increasingly pressed upon judicial notice. First in importance he mentioned the cases growing out of the relations of capital and labor; second, those springing from the manifest effort to increase and concentrate the powers of the nation and lessen those of the States; third, those arising from the acquisition of foreign territories, and fourth, those involved in the closer relations which the nation must inevitably bear to other countries by reason of those new possessions and the expansion of trade. Some novel questions included under these divisions have already arisen and engaged the attention of the court, but its disposition of them has not been notably convincing, nor has it done much to inspire confidence touching the solution of other and graver issues yet to be presented.

In the so-called "insular cases," involving the political status of Porto Rico and other distant dominions of the United States, the judges differed among themselves, the decision being awarded, as in the income-tax and other important cases, by a vote of five to four, the minority contradicting the majority with almost unseemly force.

Judge Baldwin, of Connecticut, relates that an old magistrate was once asked if in his opinion most lawsuits were settled rightly or wrongly by the courts. "That isn't the issue," he responded; "the point is that they are settled." Possibly that answer may suffice for the technical "insular" litigations in which no question of wide public interest was at stake, but it is conceivable that a very different reception would be accorded to a "one-man decision" invalidating some of the corporate legislation which will inevitably be enacted before many years have passed. The time is at hand when the judges can no longer hedge with safety, when they must interpret the Constitution comprehensively and fearlessly, not merely as experts in legal niceties, but as progressive men charged with the high responsibility of meeting changed and changing conditions. That it is well to err on the side of caution no one can deny, but even this virtue can be carried to excess, and it must be confessed that the attitude of the court has sometimes been marked by a conservatism suspiciously akin to timidity. This growing tendency has already been noted by the legal profession of other countries, who have watched the development of this extraordinary court with intense interest and to whom its existence is a constant source of wonder not unmingled with admiration, and a keen English critic has lately voiced the thought of more than one anxious American observer.

"Right athwart the stream of socialistic and quasi-socialistic opinion," he remarks, "lie certain constitutional principles, notably those relating to the sanctity of contract and equality of taxation, which the [United States Supreme] Court must enforce. I admire the ingenuity with which the nine judges open sluices and dig side ducts and find outlets when the head of waters presses dangerously on the dam. But against some sudden freshets of opinion these devices may prove futile. . . . In the United States, as here [England], there is a strong and growing opinion that contracts as to wages, hours, and terms ought to be subject to supervision. . . . And in a widespread labor strug-

gle the Supreme Court could scarcely hold aloof."

Again discussing the trend of Federal opinion, this same astute observer continues:

"Along with admirable discussions of constitutional principles worthy of Hamilton and Marshall is to be found outworn political philosophy belonging, if to any age, to that of the *contrat social*—to a time when political economy was in its infancy, sociology unborn, and judicial explanations were accepted as final, and in which freedom of contract was, in all circumstances, its own justification."

No one familiar with the utterances of our highest judicial authority can fail to appreciate the justice of this friendly criticism, nor can the new bench afford to disregard the note of warning which it sounds.

The period during which Chief Justice Marshall held sway has been officially referred to as "the golden age of the Supreme Court," but in point of opportunity and utility all the indications are that the golden age lies in the future rather than in the past history of this mighty tribunal. No institution, political or social, can long survive solely upon traditions, and coming events promise unequaled opportunities for qualified jurists to create new traditions for the court and to achieve unique distinction for themselves in the history of the country.

The problems destined to confront the bench and the immense responsibilities involved in their solution will require high-minded and broad-minded statesmen rather than profound lawyers. The time has passed when library browsers can enhance judicial credit with abstruse learning, nor can technical jurists any longer point the path of safety with split hairs. The titanic movement which is already beginning to transform the industrial and social world and whose impulse is everywhere perceptible demands the guidance of strong, even-tempered, courageous men of good red blood and sound common sense—men who know the country, understand its people, and believe in the destiny of the nation. Despite the financial sacrifice which service upon this great bench entails, there is little doubt that able and patriotic judges can be found capable of answering new questions with wisdom and courage and improving the splendid opportunities which will lie before them. Indeed such men *must* be found if this historic institution is to escape the experiment of drastic reorganization.



Drawn by Arthur Becher.

"The effect upon Maximillian was evident."

THE PRINCE GOES FISHING

BY ELIZABETH DUER

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR BECHER

CHAPTER I



HIS story is of yesterday rather than to-day; a yesterday close enough to hold our sympathies, and yet a little removed from the fierce rush with which the present century has set its restless wings.

The little Kingdom of Palatina boasted, in Keltzen, the gayest capital of its size in Europe. To great natural and architectural beauty it added every essential for luxurious living. Railways connected it with its more influential neighbors. It had an opera house, theaters, museum, and picture gallery, public gardens, and a park that extended on both sides of the river Keltz.

It had three palaces: The White Palace, where his most economical Majesty, Leopold Frederick the Seventh, remained in residence during ten months of the year; the Little Palace—hardly worthy of even so modest a name—where the Crown Prince Maximilian kept up such state as a very limited allowance from the Crown would permit; and, on the borders of the park, stood Beaulieu, built by the Grand Duke Peter of Sitz-Baden to please his wife, the Grand Duchess, only daughter of the King, who made but one stipulation in marrying, and that was that she should always have her own way. Her own way led her to prefer Keltzen to the dull monotony of Sitz-Baden, and when her husband had to be in his own Grand Duchy, she was able to support the separation.

Peter was twenty years older than the Princess Augusta, and rich enough to indulge all her whims. He was generous, dull, and proud of his wife; and she had the wit to hold his affections while she spent his money with

a lavishness that indemnified her for past restraints imposed by the parsimony of the King.

It was in this vivacious lady's boudoir that her brother, the Crown Prince, was waiting one morning early in June, in the year eighteen hundred and—but why enter into stupid detail? It is enough to say this story antedates the Franco-Prussian war by a little, and not too much, and that small kingdoms were more respected by their powerful neighbors then than now.

His Royal Highness was in uniform; an exceedingly splendid figure in his white tunic, buckskin breeches, and military boots, with a Hussar's jacket of light blue slung across one shoulder and his breast glittering with orders. He had pitched his cap among the bibelots of his sister's table in utter disregard of the Dresden China shepherdesses and Sèvres cups overturned by its stiff aigrette, while he paced up and down the charming apartment as if rapid motion could annihilate time. There was some excuse for his impatience; according to the clock on the mantelpiece he was due in one hour at a great military review some twenty miles away, and his brougham was waiting to whirl him to the railway station, and his special train was hissing off superfluous steam. He had just ten minutes in which to confide his destiny to his only sister, and she was wasting his precious time. Seating himself at her writing table he dashed off two lines and rang the bell. The note said:

"For Heaven's sake, come as you are."

The servant who carried this missive promptly brought back her answer:

"You have routed me out of bed at this unconscionable hour and I am in my bath, so I can't come as I am. That clock is fifteen minutes fast."

"AUGUSTA."

"Of course I know the cause of your anguish."

He read the little twisted note, laughed, walked to the mendacious clock in order to compare it with his watch, remembered that he never wore one in uniform, lest even so slight an excrescence should mar the smoothness of the fit, and finally sat down again before the writing table. He had the masculine accomplishment of producing chaos out of sublimated order by one sweep of his hand, and the *escritoire* looked as if a cyclone had struck it.

Across the white page of the blotting book, now defaced by his own hieroglyphics, was one other imprint, and that quite plain and unmistakable as to the name, for "Von Steinberg" stood out sharply in his sister's angular writing.

Maximillian frowned. Von Steinberg was his most intimate friend and Augusta was showing a preference for his company that was pushing discretion to its limits. He should let her know his opinion of her conduct when he had disposed of his own more important affairs—and yet Augusta was so peppery.

He banged the portfolio together and at that moment the door was thrown open and the Grand Duchess floated in—a Parisian angel with straw-colored hair, brown, restless eyes, a *peignoir* of muslin and pink ribbons, and—must it be admitted!—bare feet in bath slippers.

She held up an apple-blossom face to be kissed while she reproached him for his irritability.

"Is it worth while to be cross?" she asked. "You must have known, since you were old enough to know anything, that you had to marry some day and the choice was not likely to rest with you."

He drew in his breath in a way he had when angry and his sun-tanned complexion took on a deeper tint.

"I didn't expect to have it sprung upon me as a *fait accompli*, without so much as a chance to look at my future wife—much less to find out anything about her disposition. The thing is monstrous! It's a bid for infidelity—it's infringing the natural rights of man."

"More likely it is infringing some rosy little love affair that had better blush unseen," she answered maliciously. "However, that is not my business, but I may be excused for asking why, since you feel so keenly about a free choice, you went flying off to England just when you knew the *all highest* was giving his whole mind to the subject of your marriage?"

The appellation "all highest" spelt without capitals being the fashionable slang for his Majesty.

"I didn't know it," contradicted Maximillian. "That is one of my father's most tormenting characteristics; he confides in everyone except the person interested. You know that soldiering is all I care for and I went over to see the rifle practice at Aldershot at the invitation of the Prince of Wales. I had a ripping time—took in the Derby—played some devilish good polo—shirked all the court functions—never got to bed any night till daylight—and arrived here this morning at eight o'clock, a battered, happy wreck, only to run into old Von Urban at the railway station, waiting for me with orders to report at once to the *all highest* who, he said, was ill. I thought something serious was the matter and drove posthaste to the Palace—without even a mouthful of breakfast, mind you—to find him with a *cold in his head* and bursting to tell me that I was to be married in two weeks to a girl I had never set my eyes on!"

"Poor Max!" she said, stroking his brown cheek with one finger. "It is hard—but then perhaps Hélène of Grippenburg finds it hard, too. You might have seen her, you know, if you were not such a recluse. She is your second cousin and she lives within two hundred miles."

"Possibly," he answered moodily. "I see I am not likely to get much sympathy from you, so I might as well go and let you finish your toilet."

He glanced reprovingly at a bare foot which she had withdrawn from a slipper in the heat of conversation and was tapping on the silken rug.

"Stay!" she exclaimed. "You have at least six minutes before you need think of starting. I am sympathetic, Max. I think most royal marriages are degrading; distasteful to the men, infinitely worse for the women. The *jeune fille bien élevée* flutters from the schoolroom to her husband's arms with the innocence of a dove and the gratitude of a released prisoner, only to find all her illusions dispelled. Her husband does not care for her companionship, her new surroundings are often antagonistic to her bringing up, and her one duty is to provide royal heirs for the nation. If she fail in the nursery, Heaven help her!"

"You have taken precious good care neither to expatriate yourself, nor to provide an heir to Sitz-Baden," he retorted crossly.

"Peter is satisfied," was the pious reply. "There is only one Peter."

"You behave as if there were none at all," he said irritably. "It would be a deuced lot better for his popularity and your reputation if you lived in Sitz-Baden where you belong, and stopped amusing yourself here. You are so awfully emancipated, Augusta, your example is a menace."

"There spoke 'Benedict the (almost) married man,'" she laughed. "Never mind me, Max—you can scold me when you have more time—but tell me now why you are so outraged at having to marry the Princess Hélène. She may be charming."

"She may be anything as far as my knowledge goes," he admitted. "I am outraged because I was not consulted. For a man of my age to be coerced like a boy—it is maddening! And what is it all for?" Here he thumped the table by way of emphasis. "My father's pocket. Cousin Grippenbourg has borrowed and borrowed from the *all highest* till he owns the old spendthrift, and now he is going to gobble up the Principality and offer me as a sop in exchange. I had a word with my mother this morning and she let the cat out of the bag; it was all arranged a month ago. It seems the King took the old Prince by the throat, figuratively, like the man in the Bible, and said, 'Pay me that thou owest,' and Cousin Grippenbourg was very dignified and said it was not convenient just then, but if he could borrow a little more money to build some railways and develop the industries of the Principality he could soon pay both his debts and the interest. This didn't suit the *all highest's* plans, for Grippenbourg fits into Palatina like a bit of dissected map, and it is the land and not the money he covets, so he said to the Prince: 'You are too much of an invalid to struggle with an empty treasury; put your affairs in my hands and I will see that the annexation (which we both desire!) is countenanced by the Powers, and you may draw on me for three hundred thousand marks a year for the rest of your life, and your only child shall share my son's throne.' Cousin Grippenbourg, who had been nagged into a fearful attack of gout, groaned, and the King pretended it was a consent, and declared the whole thing settled. Now, what do you think of that?"

"Isn't he clever!" she exclaimed, with genuine admiration of the paternal sagacity. "He has probably had an understanding

with the Powers for ever so long, or he would not have ventured on such a high-handed measure. I don't see why you should complain—it all adds to your future wealth."

"I don't want to be married," he protested.

"You are so childish!" she declared; and then a look of suspicion made her eyes narrow.

"Is there anyone else, Max?" This in a wheedling tone.

Her brother's steely eyes flashed.

"Be good enough to confine your curiosity to Peter's affairs and let mine alone," he said brusquely.

She wasn't a bit offended.

"Ah, Peter!" she said sweetly. "Do you know, Max, I should like Peter better if he sometimes strayed just a thought—not much, you understand—just enough to vary the monotony of 'wedded bliss. And if sometimes I had to scheme for what I want, I fancy I should value it more. Since yesterday at this time Peter has given me a ruby and diamond tiara that I happened to admire, a basket phaeton, and a new saddle horse."

She looked far away out of the window skyward, as if these gifts came from the clouds.

"He is too disgustingly rich," answered the victim of paternal economy, "and it's making you selfish, Augusta. I came for sympathy and what do I get? Gibes, and boasts about Peter's asinine overindulgence. You used to be the best friend I had. Oh, well! I must go. What was it that old French goose said? 'Punctuality is the politeness of Kings'—well! this King's son will be as unpunctual to-day as he is bad-tempered."

But her Royal Highness melted at his reference to their past friendship and she ran, clattering her slippers, till she overtook him at the door and seized his hand.

"Dear Max," she said, "you force me to tell what I meant to keep as a pleasant surprise. I happen to know that Hélène of Grippenbourg is awfully pretty and as fascinating as she is pretty. Now you know why I couldn't be more sympathetic."

A look of relief dawned in his face.

"How do you know?" he demanded.

By way of answer she produced from the table drawer a photograph of a girl's head and thrust it into his hand. The features were almost perfect, the eyes dark and pleading, the nostrils sensitive, while the lips smiled so frankly that they contradicted the sadness of the level brows. The hair, low-

growing and curly, was wound in innumerable braids round her head. The picture was signed "Hélène" in a handwriting full of character.

The effect upon Maximillian was evident. He carried the photograph to the window and stood studying the beautiful face with his back turned to his sister. Suddenly he demanded:

"Where did you get it?"

Her Royal Highness hesitated for a moment before she confessed.

"I begged it of Otto von Steinberg, who had stolen it from his sister because he thought it so remarkably handsome. Louise von Steinberg became extremely intimate with the Grippenburgs at Nice last winter, where the old Prince Ferdinand established his daughter while he spent all his time (and the *all highest's* money!) at Monte Carlo. I believe he has led the poor motherless girl a dog's life."

But the explanation fell on inattentive ears; Maximillian was evidently turning something over in his mind.

"Can you swear," he demanded, "that Von Steinberg does not personally know the Princess?"

"Of course I can," said Augusta, not best pleased at her brother's distrust. "Why?"

"It is, to say the least, an odd coincidence that he should be put in command of the escort which receives her at the frontier and attends her on the journey. It looks as if some influence had been exerted. I wish I had asked my mother more about it when I saw her for a moment this morning."

The Grand Duchess giggled.

"I believe you are jealous," she laughed. "Jealous because Otto von Steinberg will see your Princess before you do. Are you afraid he may prove a Tristram or a Launcelot and steal the heart of your bride?"

The Crown Prince allowed his vexation to wring from him a very naughty word, and what was worse he gave way to the plebeian satisfaction of banging the boudoir door.

It is always a pity for exalted individuals to give way to temper, and next to temper, to haste, but the Crown Prince had this excuse for his rapid exit—that he was keeping a whole company of army dignitaries waiting. Dashing down the great staircase he flung himself into his brougham, and a drive of two miles at breakneck speed brought him, with half a minute to spare, to the railway station, where he was received by the field marshal

and his glittering staff, half a dozen generals, and all the railway officials in a flutter of ill-concealed impatience.

If any of those aristocratic sons of Mars expected to be invited to share the royal saloon carriage, they were disappointed, for not even the Grand Duke Peter was asked to join his young brother-in-law. Maximillian shut himself up in gloomy solitude and brooded over the slavery of Royalties for whom free will is but a term, and whose every action is subject to the censorship of Policy, Public Opinion, and Tradition.

At the end of a few minutes, however, the loveliness of the open country through which they were passing brought a soothing charm upon his spirit and in some way recalled the beautiful face of the Princess Hélène, perhaps because of a certain sadness that underlies the fleeting adolescence of the Spring.

As the features of his *fiancée* took possession of his imagination he was conscious of a distinct tightening of the heart—a sort of qualm that almost amounted to pain. Could it be that he was jealous as Augusta had declared! Why had she suggested that abominable thing about Otto von Steinberg proving a Tristram! Women were always making trouble. Fortunately he knew dear old Otto too well to doubt him. That queer feeling he had was hunger, now that he came to think about it. Why, he had tasted nothing beyond a cup of coffee that day.

He touched a bell and gave his orders to the genii of the saloon, and, as if by magic, a game *pâté*, a plate of pretzels, and a jug of ice-cold beer appeared on the table before him.

His Royal Highness smiled genially.

Worries had produced a thirst that overmastered the dread of growing stout, and seizing the jug he drank till he turned it upside down and the rim clattered against his handsome teeth.

Maximillian was himself again—his open-minded, merry, good-tempered self—and the black cat that had sat on his shoulder all the morning fled into space, exorcised by that draught of beer.

He turned to the servant behind his chair.

"Find out whether the Graf von Steinberg is on the train, and if so, say to him that I should be glad of his company at breakfast."

As he spoke the train stopped at a junction and in a moment his guest was ushered in.

Von Steinberg was the Prince's closest friend; in fact they were second cousins, and during their university life had shared every

indiscretion that fell to their lot. There was even a slight family likeness between them, accentuated by a similar way of brushing their hair and waxing their mustaches; and this resemblance had at times saddled some of the Prince's pranks upon Otto in a way that taxed his devotion to the utmost. But his Royal Highness was not ungrateful, and the friendship was of hardy fiber.

The Prince motioned his visitor to the chair opposite and cut off a generous wedge of *pâté* for his refreshment while he inquired:

"Have you breakfasted, Otto?"

"Indeed I have not, sir," he answered. "I was summoned to the war office at eight this morning to receive certain orders and only caught this train after it was in motion. So breakfast was eliminated from my day."

"Pretzel?" asked the Prince laconically, shoving the plate toward him.

"Ah!" said Von Steinberg with growing comfort, "life looks more roseate."

"Beer?" suggested the Prince.

"Claret preferably," returned the Count, glancing at the empty flagon beside the Prince's plate. "The fit of one's uniform must be considered and it is only royal clay that fails to put on avoirdupois with beer."

The Prince laughed. The impudence of Von Steinberg was his greatest attraction. Perhaps he could afford to be amused, seeing that Otto's waistband was at least an inch larger than his own.

For a few minutes conversation flagged while the cousins satisfied the cravings of nature, and then the Prince asked:

"Would you mind telling me, old boy, why you were summoned to the war department this morning?"

Von Steinberg's laughing eyes were fixed on his face.

"In my Prince's service," he said. "The honor is intrusted to me of meeting her Highness the Princess Hélène of Grippenburg, with an escort of twenty-five Hussars, and safeguarding her from the frontier to Keltzen."

"What a devil of a dust you and your twenty-five Hussars will kick up!" said the Prince, with a returning twinge of jealousy.

"*Sans doute*," said Otto, shrugging his shoulders. "We shall prove an infernal nuisance. I shall have to get my sister (who adores her) to give me a letter to bespeak her indulgence."

Maximilian leaned forward, resting his arms on the table while he said in a half-embarrassed way:

"I should like to hear what Gräfin Louise has told you of the Princess Hélène?"

There was an affectation of indifference in his tone, but the underlying anxiety was quite evident, and Otto, who was rather poor at character-drawing, made an heroic effort to recall what he had heard.

"Oh! Louise is mad about her," he answered—"thinks her mysterious and romantic, and altogether charming. I believe she is morbidly sensitive about their poverty and debts, and shrinks from notice, so that she hated being at Nice last winter, and sighed for Grippenburg, where she skates and rides and shoots and makes long tramps through the mountains. She is fond of reading and has the freedom of her father's library, and the whip hand of her old governess, but she is so yielding and sweet that no one guesses she has completely her own way."

He broke off for want of breath.

"You are eloquent, Otto," said the Prince a trifle dryly.

"You asked me to tell you all I knew," returned Von Steinberg with some temper.

Maximilian rose and drew a chair to his cousin's side.

"Otto," he said, putting his arm round his neck as he used to do when they were boys, "you have always been my best friend; do me one more favor—the greatest I shall ever ask"—and just here the train came to a standstill, and the doors were flung open while the guards shouted "Platzfeld," and the field marshal, with his gorgeous staff, was already on the platform, and the Crown Prince was forced to forego his request and play the soldier.

"Dine with me to-night," he called to Von Steinberg as he mounted the horse that was waiting for him, and rode leisurely to the head of the cavalcade.

"Now, what the deuce can he want this time!" soliloquized Von Steinberg, "unless he wishes me to elope with the lady like a robber knight of old, and leave him free to follow his fancies."

CHAPTER II

It was all very well for the Crown Prince to speak lightly of a cold in the head. It happened to be in his father's head and not in his, and that is apt to modify the point of view. The King felt differently. He had sneezed all night and breathed through his mouth till

his tongue felt like a piece of flannel and the shivers that crept up and down his back made him afraid to turn over.

His Majesty was in bed by the doctor's orders—and such a bed! It was mounted on a dais like a throne, with a canopy of crimson damask, surmounted by a crown, and a head-board of carved mermaids, whose interlaced arms guarded the royal pillows while their fishy tails trailed off gracefully along the sides. The King, who had been brought up with sound orthodox views, could have stood angels guarding his bed, but there was a freedom of pose about mermaids that made him a little uncomfortable. He agreed with the Queen that this bed was a scandal to the Palace and he promised her that if ever he had a little spare money to fritter away, he would send the mermaids to—well, to his hunting lodge—and replace them with something more conventional.

The royal invalid wore a black velvet skull-cap to guard his head from draughts, and his chest was protected by a brown merino jacket with green frogs; the rest of his costume was hidden from the eye by a crimson silk coverlet drawn up to his armpits. His cold made him chilly even in balmy June.

His Majesty was bald—hence the cap—but if the hair was blighted in its upward growth it had thereby gained a lateral force that caused it to burst from the royal countenance in such virile luxuriance of eyebrows, beard, and mustache that the features were well-nigh obliterated, with the exception of the nose. It was rather a small nose, with a mean quirk at the end.

The Queen sat—as became her—by her husband's bedside, but below the dais. Her fair hair was done à l'*Impératrice*, according to a fashion much in vogue at the time, but the broad partings and a peculiar shininess at the temples looked as if the era of caps and a false front was not far off. She was blue-eyed and very placid and might have passed for a woman of forty had it not been for the extreme redundancy of her figure and a fine network of lines about the eyes.

She was doing fancywork in cross-stitch—pansies on a grounding of gold-colored silk—and between the intricacies of the pattern and the royal hectoring that was going on, she was as nearly flustered as was possible to a person of such calm temperament.

The King had a congenial topic in the shortcomings of his son and heir.

"So he ran straight from me to you with

his complaints—did he?" scolded the King, when by dint of cross-questioning he had wrung an admission from the Queen that she had seen her son. "Of all the ungrateful, self-willed, impolitic, extravagant young fools—he's the worst! Haven't I just acquired for him (prospectively), at the mere nominal price of a bad debt, four hundred square miles of territory, with a wife thrown in, and does he thank me? Does he express the least gratitude? Not he! All he said was that it was a scandalous shame to gobble up old Grippenburg while he was still alive—his very words, Madame—and that I had taken advantage of his being in England to involve him in a situation from which there is no escape. That is pretty talk from a son to a father—and it's all your fault, Amelia; you have systematically undermined my discipline with my children, till you have made them what they are—selfish ingrates."

The Queen ruffled like a brood hen when her chickens are attacked.

"I don't see how you can say such unkind things, Leopold," she remonstrated. "You ought to be proud of such a son and daughter. They are absolutely perfect."

"In your opinion," the King corrected. "In the opinion of a doting mother! I presume I may be allowed to express my views also—I consider Augusta vain and extravagant, and Maximilian insubordinate to the last degree. However, I am wandering from the subject of investigation. I want to know what this perfect son of yours said against me. Out with it!"

"Nothing, Leopold," she quavered. "He only came to say he was back safely, and of course he told me his news—that he was going to be married. I believe he did say he regretted never having seen the Princess Hélène, but that was all."

The King's rattish eyes gleamed at her from under his bushy brows with infinite contempt, as if he considered her too clumsy a liar to answer; but the subject was too agreeable to abandon, so he resumed his invective.

"If that is all he objects to, why doesn't he make her acquaintance now? Let him go to Grippenburg this very day if he wants to! But not he! Nothing so reasonable. On the contrary, he is going on a fishing expedition with a party of men and may be gone till just before the wedding, leaving me to make all the arrangements, as if it were I who was going to be married! He'd rather grumble about her being a stranger than turn her

into a sweetheart by going to court her. I could have taught him a thing or two when I was young."

His Majesty glanced complacently at his own reflection in the long mirror opposite the bed and twirled his mustache. Very rakish he looked.

The Queen was impressed by this view of her son's conduct and cast about in her mind for an excuse.

"But, Leopold," she urged, "how could Max go to Grippenburg when there is no railway and the time is so short? The Princess will be starting next week on her carriage journey here. You have hurried the marriage so, dear, I don't see how the poor girl can get her trousseau."

The King, who had really furnished money for the trousseau, was about to boast his generosity, but checked himself in time. It was a dangerous admission to make to a person as fond of dress as the Queen. Women have such strange ideas about expenditure; instead of understanding that a donation makes one just so much the poorer, they always regard it as a proof of an overflowing exchequer, and base their own demands on that cruel supposition. He knew their silly feminine way of reasoning, and so he dissembled.

"Let her go without it!" he exclaimed, and then was seized with such a paroxysm of sneezing that his words fell brokenly between the explosions.

"I—mean—to see—him—married—before—I die, and I may not last very long, Amelia. A cold like this is sure to go to the lungs. I dare say inflammation has begun already—certainly nothing has been done to stop it! I have been very much neglected in this illness. Neither you nor the doctor has recognized its gravity. Simple remedies in the beginning are worth more than heroic treatment in the end, but you are so without resources, Amelia. I remember my mother used to apply hot bags of salt to the chest and calves of the legs—or was it hops steeped in vinegar? Whichever it was, it gave instant relief."

"The doctor only said to keep you in bed and see that you took your drops every hour," said the patient Queen.

"What does he know?" roared the King. "I tell you I am getting worse every minute. I shall assume charge of my own case." Here his face lit up with sudden resolve. "I know what I'll do, Amelia; I'll take a hot bath."

The Queen gasped.

"Not a *grand bain*, Leopold?" she remonstrated.

"I will," he asseverated. "Order the water heated at once."

"It is such an exposure," she urged plaintively.

"Then you needn't look at me," he chuckled, restored to amiability by the impropriety of his joke.

The Queen's face remained immovable; she despised vulgarity, and besides she was busy cogitating how so much hot water could be forthcoming at such short notice.

It was not that the White Palace was without conveniences for bathing, it was only that they were slightly old-fashioned. It possessed a large coffin-shaped tin bath on wheels—painted green on the outside and white inside—which could be rolled to the dressing room or even to the bedside of any stricken sufferer requiring such drastic measures, while a basin and sponge, supplemented by an occasional foot-bath, were sufficient for ordinary mortals. So adequate did his Majesty find these simple arrangements that he never forgave the Crown Prince for introducing plumbing into the Little Palace. He considered it an unjustifiable expense as well as a reflection upon his bringing up.

Finding the King bent upon self-destruction, the Queen rolled up her work preparatory to giving the necessary orders, and had just risen from her chair, when the King's own valet knocked at the door to announce that the Herr Hofmarshal, the Count von Urban, craved speech with his Majesty.

"Ah! yes," said the King. "I remember I sent for him an hour ago. I shall not take my bath just at present, Amelia, and I must release you for a little while from your amiable attendance upon my infirmities—but don't go and hide yourself so that no one can find you in case I should want you," he added, relapsing from high-flown courtesy to domestic nagging.

The Queen waddled majestically toward the door, which was flung open, almost in her face, to admit the Count von Urban—Hofmarshal and most particular gossip to the King.

A shrunken little person was the Hofmarshal, but so wiry that you felt he might outlive men twenty years his junior. His sparse gray hair was brushed forward against his temples, and his close-shaven face looked as if it were incased in shiny yellow wax. He wore a

high-standing collar whose points invaded his cheeks, a purple scarf, a frock coat, and light gray trousers. He affected an English style of dress with a particular leaning toward Lord Beaconsfield.

He enjoyed no small measure of the King's favor, not only because he kept him *au courant* with all the scandals of Europe, but also because economy with him was a fine art. He could pinch and pare and always stop short of actual meanness. His thrift made itself felt in the servants' wages and the boiled beef, but never in the comfort of the King, and so they jogged on pleasantly together.

The Hofmarshal knew to a mark what the Grand Duke and Duchess spent a month on their housekeeping, and he assured the King it was a sum that would carry the White Palace from Christmas to Easter. He discovered that the Crown Prince had been obliged to borrow from the Jew banker, Baron Pirsch, the money for his trip to England, but that he had pulled off a good thing on the Derby and was likely to pay his debts within the month. He knew the ins and outs of certain imperial liaisons, to say nothing of less exalted ones in minor courts, and he and the King talked them over with their heads close together and fairly rolled the sweet morsels under their tongues. Sometimes, indeed, the King became abnormally interested with the misconduct of his royal *confrères*, and felt that his own walk had been almost too straight; but on such occasions Von Urban had only to remind him that the oblique path was always fraught with expense, for him to wheel completely round and swear that a monarch who failed to set his subjects an example of decent living was a blot on the escutcheon of Civilization, and all Europe was welcome to his sentiments. In short, Von Urban was to the King like a cup of tea, a stimulant, but not an intoxicant.

This admirable friend and adviser was invited by his Majesty to take the chair just vacated by the Queen, and after a suitable anxiety had been shown by the Hofmarshal in regard to his sovereign's health, they settled down to the subject occupying the royal attention.

"I suppose, my dear Count," said the King, "that you have naturally been turning over in your mind the arrangements you anticipate I shall wish to have made."

Von Urban bowed.

"Your Majesty has judged correctly," he returned. "I have been cogitating plans

ever since the rumor reached me. The marriage, I presume, will take place in Grippenburg."

"Then you presume quite wrong," said the King irritably. "The Heir to the Throne stays at home to get married; besides, do you suppose I am going to have my subjects cheated out of the pleasures and profits incident to such an occasion, by allowing it to take place in Grippenburg? You are not showing your usual acumen, Herr Hofmarshal."

The Hofmarshal, slightly abashed, murmured something about the bride's family usually bearing the wedding expenses, and that the traditional custom in regard to the Heir Apparent had, for the moment, slipped his memory; and then he added, more assertively, that however remunerative the gala week might prove to the tradespeople of Keltzen, so much junketing and entertaining of foreign envoys was likely to make a severe drain upon the royal exchequer.

The King sighed audibly.

"I know it," he said, "but I've got to face it! It is part of the price of Grippenburg. We will consider later the means of minimizing the cost; but I sent for you this morning, my dear Count, to talk over plans for the lodging of the Princess at the several places where she will have to stop overnight on her way here."

"Does your Majesty furnish the carriages?" asked the Hofmarshal, warming to his work, and producing a notebook and pencil.

The King sat up in bed and pushed back his skullcap. These anticipated assaults upon his pocket threw him into a profuse perspiration. It was not like Von Urban to spring questions so abruptly, but it might as well be decided at once.

"Three!" said the King. "Three and no more, unless it be a wagon for the luggage. We will send the Queen's second best britzska with four horses and postilions for the Princess and her lady in waiting, the old landau will do for Prince and Princess Louis of Grippenburg (who accompany their niece instead of her father; the Hereditary Prince is, as you know, laid up with gout), and for the servants and luggage you must hire conveyances. I have written that they can only bring four servants. I was obliged to be explicit; the expense involved is very great."

The Hofmarshal, who was less reckless in his economies than the King, saw in his im-

agination the shabby *cortège*, and felt that something must be added to give it splendor in the eyes of an enthusiastic peasantry along the route.

"Has your Majesty considered an escort?" he demanded. "There have been tales of highway robberies and attacks by brigands near the frontier."

"Attacks by bears, quite as likely!" jeered the King. "Who stuffs your mind with such cock-and-bull stories? Of course I have thought of an escort. I have already notified the war office that I desire a detachment of twenty-five Hussars, well mounted, with an officer in command whose personality will be acceptable to Prince Louis and the Princesses, in case they may wish to ask him to share their table. In fact I have named young Von Steinberg, at the suggestion of the Grand Duke, as just the man for the position. A dashing young officer and quite the tame cat with the ladies, I am told. He can do a great deal to relieve the tedium of the long journey."

"It is a pity there is no railway," said the Hofmarshal regretfully.

"It is a pity you allow yourself to express opinions about what you do not understand," retorted his Majesty, spearing the Hofmarshal with his little sharp eyes. "There isn't any railroad because I never intended there should be till I owned Grippenburg."

"Your Majesty is before everything a statesman," said the snubbed Hofmarshal, almost crushed by his admiration of an astuteness greater than his own; though he soon recovered enough to ask:

"Pray how would you divide the journey, sir? Into four days?"

"Or five?" queried the King.

"Four would be a little cheaper," said the Hofmarshal solemnly.

"Then four let it be," said the King. "The first halt shall be at Cragfels; the second at St. Julian's in the Woods; the third at the Queen's summer Villa on the Blue Lake; and the fourth—where can she sleep on the fourth unless it be at the hotel at Loden?"

"I have a commodious house of my own at Loden, which I shall be proud to put at the service of the Princess," said the Hofmarshal, bowing, with his notebook pressed against his heart.

It was pleasant after his snubbing to put the King under obligations.

"Spoken like a friend!" exclaimed the King. "I accept your generous offer, Count.

And now let us give our attention to the cost of entertaining the Princess at these four stopping places."

The Hofmarshal wrote diligently in his notebook, and anon was lost in puzzling thought. He looked at the end of his pencil, and then he tapped his false teeth. This seemed to dislodge some ideas which flowed in items and figures, and finally he was ready with what Mr. Mantalini called the "demned total," but when he mentioned it to the King it nearly caused that simple-minded monarch to swoon in his bed.

"Are you out of your senses, Hofmarshal!" the King exclaimed, hanging his skullcap on the tail of a mermaid. "How can a dozen servants and a few chickens and eggs and summer vegetables come to half—nay, a third of the sum you mention?"

Von Urban was losing his temper.

"You forget, sir," he corrected, "that I am making my calculations for four sets of servants and the provisioning of four houses."

"Four sets of servants," gasped his Majesty. "One set is all I mean to allow, and it will be their business to get to their destination each day ahead of the Princess."

"It cannot be done, sir," said the Count firmly.

"By Jove! it shall be done," roared his Majesty.

The Hofmarshal preserved a sulkily silence.

"Von Urban," said the King in a wheedling tone, "just do your figuring over once more, and send in your report in writing. You have given me a headache with your extravagance."

"I am very sorry, sir," said the unhappy Hofmarshal. "I never supposed I should live to hear the charge of extravagance brought against me by your Majesty."

"Tut, tut, my dear fellow!" said the King, "don't take a hasty word so much to heart. We will compromise on two sets of servants, and say no more about it. Oblige me by touching that bell as you go out."

CHAPTER III

At the southern extremity of Grippenburg the post road zigzags down the mountain side by a series of masterly constructed loops till it reaches the frontier of Palatina, green with marshes that mark the headwaters of the Keltz.

A group of mounted Hussars was waiting

in the little village just over the border line one warm afternoon about ten days after the momentous consultation between the King and the Hofmarshal, set down in the last chapter. Some of the men were loitering at the door of the inn, a wretched hostelry used chiefly by traveling peddlers, and some were chatting with the custom-house officials—three in number—who were complaining of the inadequacy of their force to cope with the barefaced smuggling that went on, and of the living death of their dreary surroundings.

Within the shelter of the yard some carriages were standing, the grooms busily engaged in removing the dust and travel stains from both horses and vehicles.

The officer in command was a tall, well-made young man, conspicuous for the smartness that comes from good valeting, good tailoring, and fashionable associates. He was riding at a slow trot up and down the road, apparently too restless to stay still, which was strange because he had ridden twenty miles already to reach this point of rendezvous and had yet to retrace his steps ten miles in order to escort the Princess Hélène to the Castle of Cragfels, where she was to put up for the night.

Heat and fatigue made little impression on his strong physique; he looked as spick and span in his neat uniform as if he had just turned out on parade, and his keen gray eyes flashed over the men resting from their hard ride with the scrutiny of a careful officer, and then up the distant mountain side with expectant curiosity. The sun beat down hotly on his Hussar's cap, and he took it off and wiped his forehead with a handkerchief absurdly fine for campaigning. The forehead thus exposed was white as a girl's, and the short fair hair went in rings which he would not have tolerated for a moment had a brush been at hand. In spite of his Teutonic type he was anything but effeminate in appearance, and his face below the cap line was tanned as brown as a yachtman's, and the carefully waxed mustache was sunburnt in reddish streaks.

Finally, at his fifth turn in his restless patrol of the road, he stopped at the inn door and called for a tumbler of wine and water, and must have used more time than he supposed in drinking it, for when he again glanced up the Grippenburg road the carriages were halfway down and lo! the Princess was coming!

By the time the news had passed from

mouth to mouth, and every soldier, official, man; woman, child, groom, horse, and dog in the village had congregated, chiefly where they oughtn't to be, the carriages were well in view.

First came an old-fashioned traveling carriage, drawn by four horses long past their prime, and driven by a gray-haired coachman in a faded green livery—and then came a sort of wagonette holding three maids and a man—and then a common farm wagon piled high with trunks.

The gray-haired coachman cracked his whip, the superannuated horses arched their necks and broke into a canter, the lumbering vehicle swung gayly from side to side, and then presto! they brought up with such an imposing halt before the inn door that the groom was shaken out of the rumble behind, though he pretended it was by his own volition, and promptly pulled open the door and let down the steps.

Our young officer, who had sat like a wooden soldier in advance of his Hussars, now flung himself off his horse and arrived at the carriage door just as a large foot in a low shoe was put out and quickly followed by the generous bulk of Prince Louis of Grippenburg.

The Prince's slow sight focused on the gaudy figure before him; the gaudy figure begged to present itself as Count Otto von Steinberg, Captain in the Crown Prince's own Hussars and in command, by his Majesty's orders, of the escort detailed to accompany her Serene Highness, the Princess Hélène, to Keltzen.

Prince Louis, the embodiment of easy good nature, shook Von Steinberg warmly by the hand, and assisting the ladies to alight, he presented the young gentleman to each in turn. His wife was the first to emerge, perhaps because she was the only one free to do so, for the other two were wedged in by bags and dispatch boxes, while their laps were occupied by the Princess Louis's dachshunds, her inseparable companions.

She barely noticed Von Steinberg, and began calling:

"Come, Toto; come, Rosie; don't the little doggies want to come out of the stuffy carriage and have a nice run?"

Out scrambled the dachshunds, and then the bride elect sprang to the ground before anyone could help her, and stood gazing at the miserable surroundings with wistful sadness. Realizing that her uncle was pre-

senting the young officer, she recalled her wandering attention, and at the mention of his name a quick look of interest came into her dark-blue eyes.

"Von Steinberg," she repeated. "Is it possible that you are Count Otto, of whom the Countess Louise has so often spoken?"

"Certainly, my dear," interposed Prince Louis; "I distinctly mentioned him as Count Otto."

"You are fortunate in your sister, Herr Rittmeister," she continued; "not only is she quite the most delightful person in the world, but she speaks so charmingly of you that she makes friends for you in advance."

The smile by which she marked the compliment lit up her face like sunshine, but faded as her eyes took in the dreary outlook.

"So this is Palatina!"

The tone conveyed *Touchstone's* comment: "When I was at home, I was in a better place."

"Your Highness sees the most desolate spot in the kingdom," answered Von Steinberg.

"Naturally, where it touches Grippenburg," she said with sarcasm. "Poverty is contagious."

Von Steinberg flushed. It was difficult to reply to a remark that betrayed regret, reproach, and scorn in eight words.

"Enthusiasm for your Highness is the only contagion that has spread across the border," he answered lightly.

The lady had much to learn in suppressing her sentiments if she hoped to avoid the pitfalls of Court life, but her inexperience appealed more to him than if she had said the most diplomatic thing. A chivalrous pity for her loneliness took possession of him. Here she was—a girl of nineteen—exiled from the only home she had ever known, forced into a career for which she was manifestly unprepared, and with no one to fall back upon but the old father who had just sold her and his country to pay his debts. No wonder her eyes were sad and her lips so often parted to sigh.

Von Steinberg looked at her companions, wondering how far they afforded her comfort. Prince Louis spoke like a gentleman, and looked as if he kept a beer garden. His large head was set directly on his shoulders, and from his chin he gradually swelled out far below the belt line till the turn of his convexity terminated in long, thin legs finished by gigantic feet. His expression was amia-

ble, but you guessed that his heart had long since been suppressed by the weight of his dinners.

Princess Louis was thin and small. She had bulging eyes and prominent teeth, and she whined when she spoke. Having no children, she had naturally turned to dogs, and Prince Louis seemed hardly to know the difference between her whining and theirs, but was courteous to both and perhaps equally indifferent.

The only other member of the party was the lady in waiting to the Princess Hélène—the Baroness Grinte, a buxom widow whose black eyes had caught the fancy of the Hereditary Prince, and whose importunity had induced him to appoint her to this special service when he would gladly have kept her at home. That his Serene Highness had already offered her the hand nearest to his heart was an open secret in Grippenburg, but it was equally well known that the Baroness had no fancy for the equivocal honor, and was only playing with her elderly admirer.

To this little group at the inn door the landlord now advanced and begged that they would come in and honor his house by taking some refreshment; but the Prince excused himself on the plea that they had made a late breakfast across the border, and then suggested to Von Steinberg that it would be well to resume the journey as quickly as possible.

The carriages from Keltzen were accordingly ordered up and the family ark in which they had hitherto traveled was turned toward Grippenburg. The Princess Hélène had been leaning listlessly against the side of the door, but as the old coachman swung his horses round, tears started to her eyes and she dashed out into the middle of the road.

"Good-by, Kringel," she cried, stretching up her hand to the old servant. "You will take care of Fanchette and the pony, I know. I shall always remember how you taught me to ride, and one of these days I shall come back to see you all—oh! yes, I shall come back. Good-by, Heinrich," she called to the groom.

Old Kringel saw his horses through a mist.

"God bless your Highness," he said in a choked voice.

Princess Louis was shocked at her niece's familiarity with servants.

"Hélène," she called, "let Kringel drive on; he blocks the way," and when the girl returned to her side she added plaintively, "I

wish you could remember you are no longer a child running wild at the Schloss at Grippenburg."

Very childish she looked as she stood listening to her aunt's rebuke, with her lip quivering and the tears still falling at the sorrow of parting with her lifelong friends. It made little difference to her that her conduct had brought down reproof. She was wishing, in a sudden access of homesickness, that she were inside the vanishing carriage, going back to familiar faces and to the freedom of her old life—that there was no indifferent bridegroom at the end of the journey—no loveless marriage—no endless round of perfunctory duties.

"Hélène," broke in her uncle's voice, "here is your carriage."

There stood the Queen's second-best britzska, smarter by far than anything the Grippenburg stables could produce, fairly shining in the sun. The varnish shone; the coats of the four well-matched bays; the gold crests and buckles, the very buttons on the backs of the postilions' coats glittered resplendently. It seemed to seal her fate with its grandeur and its royal liveries.

"Come with me, Uncle Louis," she pleaded, and that good-natured gentleman at once acceded by appropriating three-quarters of the seat, and they were off.

Princess Louis looked crossly after them. She would have preferred the britzska herself, and was only reconciled to the open landau when she remembered that Toto and Rosie could have the front seat to themselves and that the Baroness had a much richer fund of anecdote than Hélène.

In the meanwhile the servants and luggage had been transferred to the Keltzen conveyance, and the party moved forward, guarded front and rear by the Hussars.

The captain of the escort was everywhere at once—now riding beside the britzska ready to answer questions of a guidebook nature—now dashing to the front to order his men to keep as much as possible on the grass at the roadside to avoid raising the dust; but wherever he went he always managed to come quickly back to a point where he could unobtrusively study the charming profile of the Princess.

In this way they had covered about five miles of the distance to Cragfels when an insignificant incident led to consequences that

might have proved fatal to some of the party, and did prove serious.

It was the King, you may recall, who was sarcastic about bears, and yet it was a bear who did the mischief. He, poor beast, was in charge of two Savoyards, and was shambling along beside them like a great dog. At the approach of the royal cavalcade he was immediately put through his tricks and reared himself almost under the noses of the advance guard.

Many horses dislike the smell of wild beasts, and the chargers of the Hussars exhibited some resentment by prancing and shying, but to Von Steinberg's relief the Queen's well-trained bays never broke their trot. So great was his relief that he entirely forgot the landau until shouts, yelps, and shrill screams announced a catastrophe.

The coachman of the landau had come upon the bear unexpectedly at a turn in the road, and the horses had wheeled round with a suddenness which caught him unprepared, so that when the Rittmeister looked back the carriage lay on its side with its occupants, feminine and canine, tossed out in the dust of the roadway.

Von Steinberg galloped back and those in the rear hurried forward, and in a moment the struggling horses were secured and the two ladies helped to their feet, but as the Baroness tried to stand she gave a little cry and leaned heavily against the young officer, declaring her ankle was sprained.

If Princess Louis heard this announcement it gave her no concern, for her attention was centered upon the dachshunds, intent to discover any injury to their absurd little bodies.

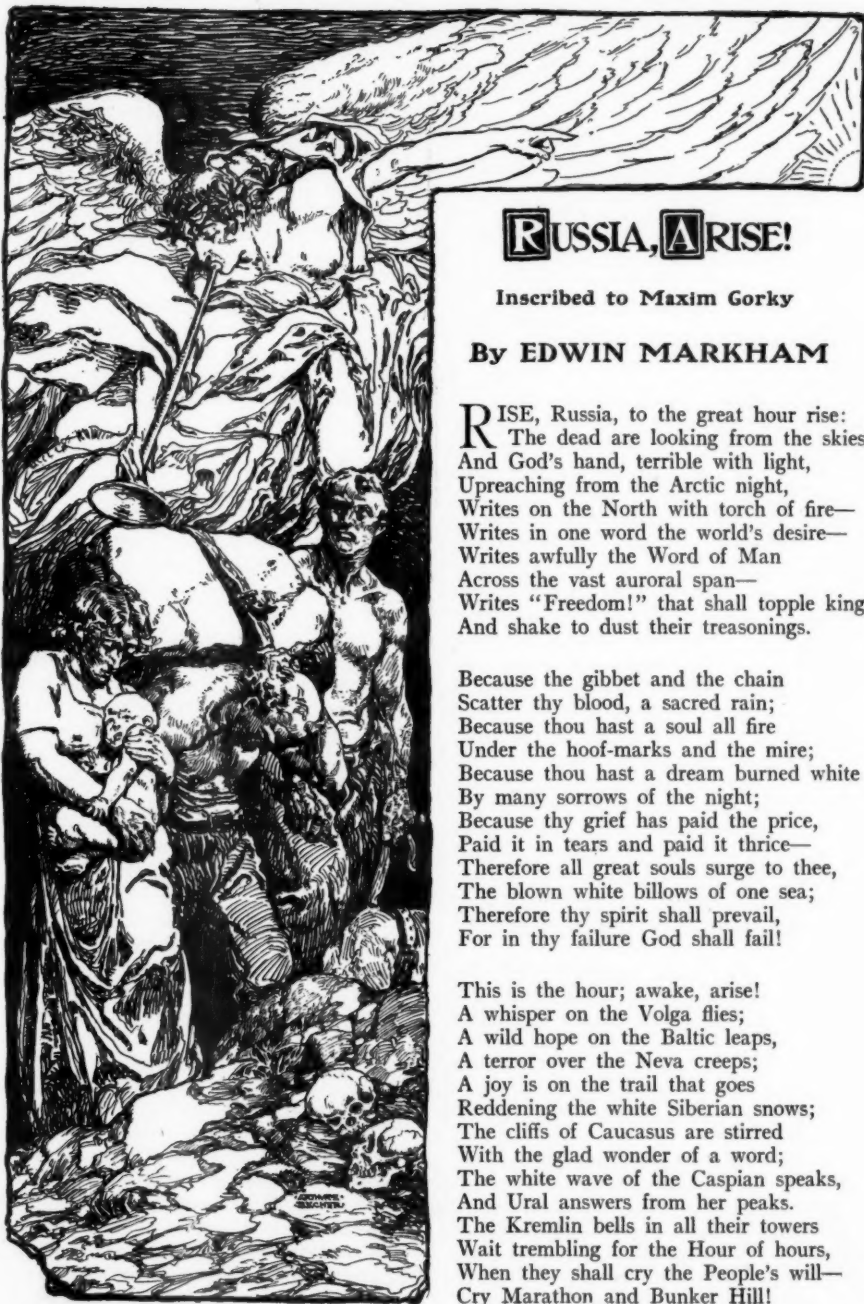
"Baroness!" she called, "I do believe Toto's paw is broken; he holds it in such an odd way. Feel it, if you please."

"Excuse me, Madame," said the Baroness coldly, "I am in great pain myself."

"But you can complain," said the elder lady sharply, "while my poor darling can only whimper his grief."

Even this reproach failed to bring assistance. Von Steinberg was supporting the Baroness in the middle of the road, the men servants and some of the troopers were busy righting the landau, the three maids were cackling and doing nothing, when the Princess Hélène appeared upon the scene.

(To be continued.)



RUSSIA, ARISE!

Inscribed to Maxim Gorky

By EDWIN MARKHAM

RISE, Russia, to the great hour rise:
The dead are looking from the skies!
And God's hand, terrible with light,
Upreaching from the Arctic night,
Writes on the North with torch of fire—
Writes in one word the world's desire—
Writes awfully the Word of Man
Across the vast auroral span—
Writes "Freedom!" that shall topple kings
And shake to dust their treasonings.

Because the gibbet and the chain
Scatter thy blood, a sacred rain;
Because thou hast a soul all fire
Under the hoof-marks and the mire;
Because thou hast a dream burned white
By many sorrows of the night;
Because thy grief has paid the price,
Paid it in tears and paid it thrice—
Therefore all great souls surge to thee,
The blown white billows of one sea;
Therefore thy spirit shall prevail,
For in thy failure God shall fail!

This is the hour; awake, arise!
A whisper on the Volga flies;
A wild hope on the Baltic leaps,
A terror over the Neva creeps;
A joy is on the trail that goes
Reddening the white Siberian snows;
The cliffs of Caucasus are stirred
With the glad wonder of a word;
The white wave of the Caspian speaks,
And Ural answers from her peaks.
The Kremlin bells in all their towers
Wait trembling for the Hour of hours,
When they shall cry the People's will—
Cry Marathon and Bunker Hill!

THE FOUNTAIN

BY ANNA MCCLURE SHOLL

Author of "The Port of Storms," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY W. L. JACOBS



Of course I do not wish you to set aside the traditions of a lifetime"—he paused, then with a gesture of impatience continued—"but we can no longer maintain our inordinate pride, when this land is rotting away, and this house is crumbling for lack of money, and the sole saviors are you and I—you a poet, and I a scholar," he added with a faint note of irony that seemed to Gordon, already feeling the dejection of the place, to deepen the chill twilight of the room. In a more impersonal mood he might have taken, as he had many times before, a kind of pleasure in the picture before him, the ascetic, distinguished figure of his uncle against the background of the library expressive alike of the intellectual faiths and the intellectual vanities of generations of the same family. Gordon had once said that the library possessed more vitality than the family, as if these carefully collected books had somehow drawn their possessors out of the hardy highways of life into shadowy bypaths whose vistas faded into eternity.

"And for remedy you wish me to marry Miss Blent."

Richard More's clean-cut, sardonic features expressed displeasure.

"You are indecently frank," he answered. Gordon smiled.

"What is the use of beating about the bush? You learn that the daughter of the house is friendly to me. You know—we both know that this place must come under the hammer before six months are over. The Blents are trying to live down the saponaceous origin of their fortune. They want their only daughter to marry, not money, of which they have a

nauseous amount, but family—our sole asset. Desires exactly dovetail, but—I am not in love with Julia Blent."

"In love!"

The weary note in his uncle's voice took away the sting of the words. He leaned back in his chair and regarded Gordon with the detached air of a scholar-monk whose celibacy of seventy years makes him look upon human passions as little more than painted fires.

"And you really expect to marry for love!"

"I hope that I shall not marry without it."

"Where have our dreams brought us?"

"You to eminence—me"—Gordon paused and a boyish smile lit up his face—"me to a newspaper office—under my arm two slim volumes of verse."

He rose and went to one of the broad, deep windows and looked for a moment over the lawns on which bright autumn leaves lay thickly.

"I miss Henderson—where is he?"

"He was sent away two months ago. I could not afford to keep him any longer."

Gordon turned from the window.

"The grounds look uncared for."

"The whole place looks uncared for. Two servants where twenty are needed!"

"I think I'll take a stroll about."

His uncle picked up a pen.

"I will go on with my writing," he hesitated, then a look of impatience overspread the delicate, egotistic features.

"Is there another woman, Gordon?"

"No, uncle."

The old man drew his shabby velvet smoking jacket more closely about him.

"It's chilly here—Do you remember Paul Forney?"

"The author of 'The Second Judgment of Paris'?"

"Yes. You recall that for ten years he has done nothing of value."

"I know he has dropped out."

"Do you know why?"

"Something about his marriage?"

"Everything! He married for love a woman whom he idealized. She was, in reality, of a petty and feeble nature, a poor little string which has since strangled him. He does hack work now to support her fretful maternity."

"There is another method of destroying the artistic impulse," Gordon said.

"There are many. Which is in your mind?"

"Death by smothering—under cloth of gold."

His tour of the house was becoming all too readily his uncle's advocate. The tarnished gilt and faded brocades of the drawing-room from whose draughty elegance he soon withdrew; the silent galleries and staircases peopled only by the yellowing portraits of generations of his family—the russet autumnal look of the whole place made a strong appeal to him to save it at whatever personal sacrifice. To marry Julia Blent—what an easy and close-at-hand solution of a difficulty moving swiftly toward the domain of tragedy; for Gordon knew well enough that his uncle's hold on the house, on the library it enshrined, was one that if loosened would mean death. Blind idealist! he had ignored the world and its ways through more than fifty years of scholarship, only to turn at the biblical age of departure, and demand of youth that it pay the long-neglected price by sharp obedience to worldly interest.

The house seeming suddenly to suffocate Gordon, he went out into the garden. Matted chrysanthemums trailed on the ground borne down by their excessive flowering. Autumn leaves made little dry sounds in the silence. Gordon turned and looked up at the broad, gracious *façade* of the old dwelling, vine-covered, with here and there patches of warm red brick showing. For nearly two hundred years it had sheltered his family, and to its hospitable walls his mother had brought him as a child, when his charming and irresponsible father could no longer provide a home. His uncle—a remote and dreamlike figure to the little boy—moved by the inveterate pride of scholarship for which the Mores had always been distinguished—had put him

through a long and severe education culminating at Cambridge and later at Heidelberg. He owed Richard More much—too much.

He turned away from the house and wandered to that side of the garden farthest from the Blent estate whose lawns and terraces and statues and hedges in the Italian style had the look of having been arranged by some amiable magician overnight. It threw into relief the ancient tangled garden about More House, which recalled long-ago summers and roses picked by hands forever still. As Gordon made his way through a little wilderness of box, the rising wind brought to his ears the splash of water, and he remembered that he was near the fountain which had been one of the delights of his boyhood. It was singularly placed, occupying an opening in the evergreen hedge which formed the boundary between the More estate and an adjoining one of much more modest dimensions.

He seated himself on the broad rim of the basin and looked curiously through the splashing water at the adjoining garden, almost as tangled and forgotten as the one across which he had come. The present tenants of the property, his uncle had told him, were gentle folk in reduced circumstances. In his present mood it seemed to him that poverty was the sole reward of gentleness. To succeed you must inevitably coarsen.

Yet his mind was more than half made up. The fountain recalling memories which now could only jar upon him, he rose and wandered off to the stables. An old hound, coming out stiffly from his kennel, greeted him with a deep bay of delighted recognition. But the dog was the only living thing in the wide yard. Gordon turned from the open stable doors that he might not see the deserted stalls.

When he returned to the house he found his uncle asleep in his armchair. Thus relaxed, and, as it were, off his scholarly guard of dignity, Richard More looked old and tired and feeble. The cohorts of books around him seemed his victors rather than his tools.

Gordon woke him with a gentle touch on his arm.

"Lunch is served, uncle."

"Yes, I know—of course—I have been pondering on the best method of combating that ridiculous theory of Herr Koenig's—on the Chaucerian origins."

Gordon smiled.

"And I've been thinking of Miss Julia Blent. I shall call on her this afternoon."

II

A EUROPEAN education stood between Miss Blent and the paternal soap factory. Even Gordon, feeling already the irksomeness of a marital relation unrelieved by idealism, had to acknowledge to himself that she went through the motions of good breeding very prettily. As he sat opposite to her that afternoon, on tightly stuffed pink satin, he made up his mind, however, that he would not go through the motions of romance. He would marry her—but by all the fair gods of a fading Olympus he would not make love to her! So far he would be a free man.

"You must love More House very much," she said as she handed him a cup of tea.

"I do," he answered rather curtly, refraining from adding, "I am here this afternoon because I love it."

"It's a duck of a place—so old and mellow. It makes our house look disgracefully new."

"I'm afraid our shabby grounds are not an addition to any landscape."

"Oh, but they could be fixed up so beautifully—" she began, then stopped in embarrassment, while a deep blush overspread her face. Gordon perversely refused to come to the rescue, but the situation was saved by the entrance of Mrs. Blent, who, because of some anxiety, seemed very short of breath.

"Well, my young man, it's good to see you. Julia, I'm just tuckered out trying to find which gardener cut those roses I was savin'. Give mother a cup of tea, dear. How's the old man next door, Mr. Gordon?"

The fat, friendly face seemed innocent of condescension. Gordon, beating down his pride, gave the desired information, and brought Mrs. Blent her cup of tea.

"Wish you'd fetched him along. Come to dinner, both of you, to-morrow—can't you? We ought to neighbor more—but my! I'm that afraid of your uncle. He does talk like a book, and it always seems to me he means somethin' different from what he says. I suppose he does know a sight. Julia, give Mr. Gordon another cup. Don't you think Julia's lookin' well?"

"Remarkably well."

"You look kind of thin to me—workin' hard?"

"Harder than I ever worked in my life," Gordon answered fervently.

This first call became typical of all that followed. On each occasion of what Mrs. Blent termed "neighboring" he went through

the same sensations, a dull anger turning to disgust (rather of himself than the Blents), and disgust turning to a kind of bitter amusement. His greatest effort at self-control was to preserve a kindly manner toward his uncle, but the sight of the old man bending luxuriously over his books, undisturbed now by a problem which seemed settled, always brought Gordon into a softer mood.

Richard More accompanied his nephew more than once to the Blents', where his old-ivory look formed a discordant note among the raw pinks and bright gilts of the drawing-room. They were returning one day from a tea-drinking, and had reached their own garden, where the elder man, in whose face were dim apologies, paused and laid an affectionate hand upon his nephew's arm.

"Gordon, don't think I don't appreciate what you—" He broke off, then added: "But you are saving my life in saving this place."

Gordon nodded, but he made no answer. He was impatient to be alone. At a turn of the walk he excused himself and crossed the lawns in the direction of the fountain. The splashing of the water was borne to him on a sunset wind which stirred softly the withered leaves about his feet. After the glare of the Blents' drawing-room and the ugly prose of his purpose there, the scene was like the soft touch of a beloved hand.

As he approached the fountain he saw through the thin veil of water a figure seated on the opposite side of the basin, a young girl whose eyes were fixed in a deep absorption upon the splendors of the western sky. Her slender body, graceful and motionless, seemed so much a part of the brooding light about her and the coming mystery of evening that Gordon gazed at her for a moment frankly, and with no sense of intrusion. Then she turned her head and saw him.

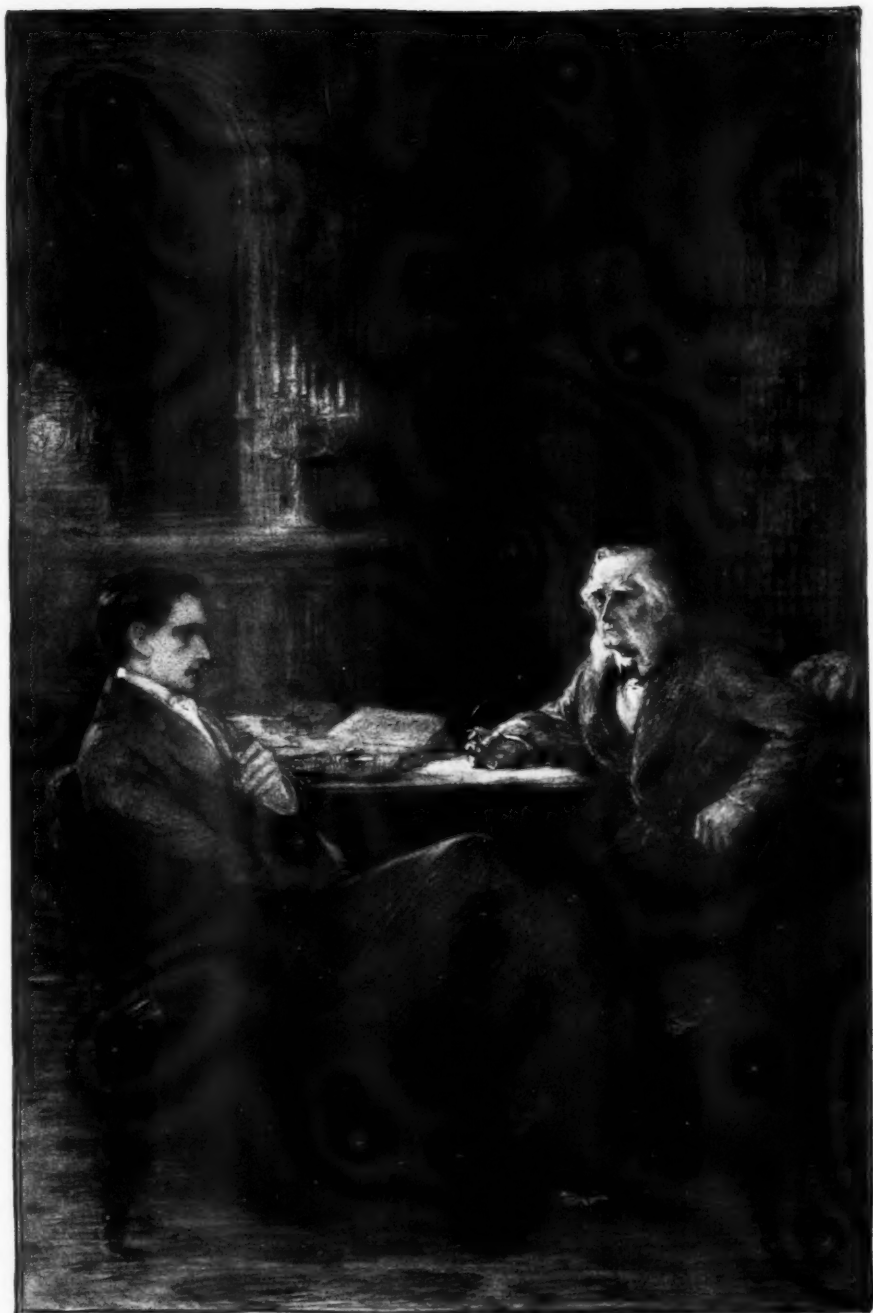
She returned his look with one of quiet wonder. Her eyes, large and dark, seemed to hold a child's soul, but the mouth was delicately wistful as if with some prescience of an intricate maturity.

"I beg your pardon," Gordon said. "I did not mean to—to intrude."

She smiled.

"Part of the fountain belongs to you—does it not?"

"I used to wish when I was a boy that it all belonged to me," he said simply and as if it were the most natural thing in the world that he should speak of himself.



Drawn by W. L. Jacobs.

"Where have our dreams brought us?"

"That is what I feel about your garden. And yet I think it is mine because I love it."

"Do you really believe that you can possess things because you love them?"

"Oh, yes!"

She spoke quickly and with a little catch of the breath, turning her face to him with a bright eagerness. He saw then how young she was—seventeen or eighteen at most. She seemed indeed like an embodiment of April, possessing a kind of withheld, enchanting promise.

"Then," he said, "that far-off sky is yours with all its little golden windows."

"If you could play they really were windows," she answered, "I suppose you could see anything you wanted from them."

"That's the comfort of playing—do you play much?"

She smiled and leaning over the fountain trailed her hand through the water.

"Oh, a great deal when Jimmie's home!"

"And who's Jimmie, if it is not impolite to ask?"

"My big brother."

"Is he a good playmate?"

She gave a little sigh of content.

"The best in the world—for he never laughs at me. He sees things, too."

"What things?"

A sudden flush overspread her face. Shyness held her for a moment.

"Oh, we—we pretend we see things invisible—things beyond! A hill away off is never just a hill. It's—"

"Part of the delectable mountains," Gordon finished.

"Oh, you do know, don't you!"

"I used to know—long years ago. I used to see."

"But not now?" she questioned gently.

"Not now. There are no hills in town, and the buildings are so high we can't see above them comfortably."

"I should think you would always wish to stay here," she said with a little wave of the hand toward the garden behind him.

"I wish I could, but my work prevents it. My uncle loves the place even better than I do."

"He is very old and learned, is he not?"

"He knows books—yes."

"I like—some books."

"Poets?"

"Yes."

The sunset glow was clothing her with a remote beauty. To Gordon she seemed im-

measurably remote—a part of that ideal world whose gates were shut.

"I think I have something that properly belongs to your side of the fountain, though we found it, my brother and I, under the dividing hedge—it was the week we were pantheists—and we carried it away for our altar."

"Your altar?"

"We built one to Pan deep in the wood," she explained, "and we put this little marble tile on top. It had a Latin sentence on it, which Jimmie would never tell me the meaning of, but I think it was because he couldn't translate it."

She laughed merrily, a clear, low, birdlike laugh. Gordon was beginning to feel a wind of enchantment steal toward him from hills beyond the world. The sordid perplexities of life receded, and he went to meet an advancing tide bearing the magic cargoes of youth.

"I think it must be ours—we were always very strong on mottoes in our family. Will you bring it to me to-morrow—and perhaps I can tell you what it means."

"Bring it to the fountain?"

"If you will be so good—at any hour you choose."

"At noon, then?"

"At noon."

She rose and bade him good night. She was tall, but even her height did not destroy the impression that she was only a child. Gordon had treated her as a child in asking her to bring the tablet to him, but, as he went back through the garden, she seemed to grow older and older, and to become at last a part of what he had desired and believed when the windows of his life opened only to the dawn.

He met her next day and the next and the next. They quickly became playmates, Gordon following her moods and fancies with the keenest pleasure he had known for years. One day they sailed boats; on another they made wreaths of autumn leaves; on another they played the story of the princess who loses her golden ball in the fountain. These hours rendered tolerable the inevitable calls upon Julia Blent. Even in the pink-and-gilt drawing-room he saw the flash of waters, and the lovely beacon of a child's face. Had that face shown anything but childlike pleasure in a substitute for "Jimmie," Gordon might have questioned his own delight. As yet he was content to drift.

He went one day to the fountain, quite boyishly happy over a new toy for her, a rumped

St. Bernard puppy all paws and enthusiasm, but his playmate was not there, and though he waited an hour for her with many a glance across the garden to the windows of her home, she did not come.

He was troubled, and questions came to him. Had she suddenly "grown up"? Had her father—she had no mother—forbidden her to come to the fountain? Had some one disturbed her happiness with conventional objections? It could not be—she was such a child!—and to meet her in the same spirit he had gone back many years. Finding no answer to his wistful conjectures he went away at last, dejected, the squirming puppy tucked under his arm.

She did not come the next day, nor the next, though Gordon went to the fountain morning and evening. He was filled with a vague suffering, with an anxiety growing keener and keener. Yet it did not occur to him to write to her, or if it did, it seemed as if a letter could no more reach her than if it were addressed to some little lost princess of a forgotten tale.

One evening, when he had dined at the Blents', where he had been conscious of a too expectant atmosphere, he went, after his early leave-taking, straight to the fountain. A full moon shone upon it, warm and golden, for the land lay under the halcyon trance of St. Martin's summer. The spell of the place at once enveloped Gordon, took him from the fever of his thoughts into the peace of the woods and fields.

He seated himself by the marble basin, and for a long time watched the water, while through his mind fairy processions moved, led by his playmate of one short week; vistas opened in gray old forests, and the sunlight struck across the sapphire of seas whose coasts no man has ever defined.

When he looked up at last he became conscious that he was not alone. Through the moonlight and through the thin veils of falling water he saw that she was seated opposite to him. She was in white, and she wore neither hat nor cloak. Her face was paler than he had ever seen it, but her expression was happy and expectant.

The first joyous leap of his heart was followed by a strange chill of unreality. It seemed that if he spoke to her she would vanish. It seemed to him that she had lost her childlike look, had become more beautiful, but older, in the short week of her absence.

He spoke her name at last, and at the sound

of it she rose and came around the fountain, her face in the moonlight, white, but radiant, her arms held out to him. For a moment a mist came before his eyes. When it cleared she was close to him. She still said nothing, but her silence seemed rapture.

"Oh, I needed you, and you knew it!" he cried.

That she should have left him abruptly seemed to him afterwards the effect of his own too eager words. Through the quivering joy that followed the short, bright meeting came the sharp accusation that he had not met her as a child. Was it the bewitchment of the night—that look in her of an eternal womanhood? And she had not spoken. Well! she did not need to speak. Without words she had told him everything.

Yet he would greet her to-morrow—she would surely come to-morrow—in the old way, for he could wait now—wait through the months and the years till all her childhood was completed.

He must tell his uncle at once that he had found—what? His ideal?—his bride? It would be difficult, for everything must now be sacrificed for her, houses and lands and the ties of blood.

He entered the library softly, lest his uncle should be sleeping, but he found him bending over his desk hard at work. At the sound of his nephew's footsteps he looked up eagerly.

"Ah, there you are, Gordon! I thought that I should not be able to work after that heavy dinner—they have too many courses. You look as if your walk had refreshed you. Where did you go?"

"Not far—only to the fountain."

"The fountain?"

"The fountain on our boundary line."

"Oh, yes, on the poverty side of the estate! I don't get over there once a year. Martin told me this evening that our neighbors on that side are in bereavement."

Gordon recalled that strange sense of unreality at the fountain. His face in the shadow grew white. With an effort to control his voice he said:

"A—a death, you mean?"

"Yes. The daughter of the house died yesterday after a brief illness—a girl of seventeen, I believe. Have you time to listen to a new chapter of my book? Why, what is the matter?, You look ill!"

"Nothing—nothing is the matter. I think I got cold—I sat too long by the fountain. By



— W. L. Jacobs —
Drawn by W. L. Jacobs.

"Her silence seemed rapture."

all means read the chapter. May I light a fire?"

The monotonous hyper-refined voice began the reading. Gordon sat with his head turned away. Had he dreamed it? Had it been a trick of moonlight, or had she come to him from her new house of peace to bid him to be true to himself!

"Dearest!—dearest!"

He was alone with her in a far-off and inaccessible place.

"You think I have not emphasized too much the influence of the Provençal poetry?"

"I beg your pardon, Uncle Richard—no—no—certainly not."

"I believe that you have been asleep, Gordon."

"No, I have not been asleep. It seems to me a—very strong chapter."

"I wager you didn't listen. What is the matter? You seem to have something on your mind."

"I have."

An expression of impatience crossed Richard More's face.

"Well, what is it?"

"I cannot marry Julia Blent."

His uncle broke the silence at last, his features looking suddenly sharp and withered.

"That is a strange resolve, after matters have gone so far."

"But they have not gone far. There has not been a word of love-making—I had a rag of conscience left—we have scarcely been alone together."

"But it was understood——"

"Then they took too much for granted. I am going back to town to-morrow."

"To the old grind?"

"To the old grind."

A flush of anger overspread his uncle's high bald forehead. His voice grew thin and high, as he said:

"Do you realize that in six months I shall be homeless, my books sold—my—my life over, and that you have it in your power to prevent this?"

Gordon's features contracted.

"I realize everything—but I can't pay the price."

"I believe there's another woman in the case. Are you involved with some woman?"

"The woman I love is dead."

His uncle seemed not to hear him.

"If you go away—if you go away from your clear duty you need not return. The family is of low origin, I admit—but the girl is well-bred—and decayed stock like ours," he went on plaintively, "needs fresh blood even though drawn from the soil. More House has been ours for nearly two centuries—why, Gordon, we can't leave it—you and I can't leave it, and these books, my books——"

His trembling hands began to fumble among the volumes on the table. To Gordon no satirical speech of his uncle's had ever hurt him so much as this sudden collapse into the appeal of a frightened childhood, the childhood of old age clinging desperately to its lifelong toys.

"Uncle, I've tried; I cannot—there's something better—something higher— We'll find some other way."

He rose and began to pace the floor, his head thrown back, his lips pressed closely together. His uncle watched him, then as he saw no signs of relenting the plaintive look left his features. They hardened into the old sardonic mask.

"Do you remember that I paid your bills through college?"

Gordon winced.

"I am reducing the debt. The sooner I go now the better."

"There is a midnight train," his uncle said dryly. "Unless you can see things in a different light, it would be as well for you to take it. I am afraid that our future intercourse would not, under these conditions, be harmonious."

"As you will."

An hour later Gordon descended the stairs, accompanied, as it seemed to him, by all his kin of the past, their faces sad or reproachful. Was he depriving them—poor ghosts—of a shelter, as well as the old man who had refused him his hand at parting? He opened the great front door, and stood for a moment irresolute. Behind him was the house of his race with all its tender associations, before him struggle and poverty and perhaps defeat.

But as he stood there, torn, wretched, the price of the ideal already, as it seemed to him, his life blood, there came to his ears across the intense stillness of the sleeping garden the sound of splashing water. He turned then and softly closed the door behind him. With a sure step, and not stopping again to look back, he went down the garden path to the road which led to the station.

HOW THE THING WAS MANAGED

BY L. C. HOPKINS

ILLUSTRATED BY THOMAS FOGARTY



“WHETHER the bill can be defeated,” answered Major McGuire, the attorney, “depends entirely on how the thing is managed.”

“We want you to manage it,” said the man with the silk hat and the diamond rings. “What will it cost us?”

“Let me see,” said the major as he put the tips of his fingers together. “You people are now running some twenty pool rooms and turf exchanges in different cities within the State.”

The man with the diamonds nodded. The exact number was twenty-five.

“I suppose you skin the boys for something like a thousand dollars a month at each place.”

The other nodded again. That was a conservative estimate.

“That’s two hundred and forty thousand a year. If this bill passes, it means the death of your business once and forever.”

Another nod.

“The expenses of the campaign will be at least ten thousand dollars, and I should have another ten. Cheap enough. Less than ten per cent of one year’s gross proceeds.”

The man with the silk hat looked as if something had hit him between the eyes.

“The people of this State,” pursued McGuire, as he looked his prospective client in the eye, “have made up their minds that these turf exchanges, which are doing more than all other influences combined to demoralize and ruin our youth, shall go. It will take an awful fight to prevent the passage of the bill. The people are dead set for it.”

The conversation lasted a while longer, but before it ended a satisfactory arrangement

had been made between the major and the turf-exchange magnate.

The latter had been gone but a few minutes when the clerk laid a card on McGuire’s desk bearing the name “James Elwart McAllister.”

“Jimmy Mac,” said the major, “I’m glad to see you, and that’s a fact!” They grasped hands, and the major then thwacked his caller soundly on the back.

This young gentleman with the blue eyes, the pink carnation, and the well-creased, brown checked trousers, which he lifted gently at the knee as he sat down, was the senator from Callory.

“Major,” he returned, “I pass the compliment back to you.” And he blew it delicately to the major through his fingers.

“I suppose you’ll want me again this session?” inquired the senator, after further exchange of compliments and commonplaces.

“Sure. Same price?”

“Couldn’t think of hiking you before the draw, major.”

At that, McGuire filled out and signed a check payable to the senator’s order for the sum of three thousand dollars.

“And you are worth every cent of it, Jimmy,” said he, “for you’re the comfort of my life.”

The senator beamed with pleasure at the compliment as he folded the check and put it into his pocket. This business transaction meant that during the session of the Legislature which had just opened, the senator from Callory was owned outright, body, mind, and soul, by McGuire, and stood ready to answer his call and do his bidding at any moment of the day or night.

A very deep affection existed between these two. Each knew the other was absolutely to



"Jimmy Mac was the comfort of his life."

he trusted. The major spoke truly when he said that Jimmy Mac was the comfort of his life. If Jimmy Mac bound himself to the major, as he had done each year for half a dozen, McGuire never had a qualm about his selling out on him, or playing him false. McAllister was a man of the keenest sense of honor, and no bribe could tempt him, after his trade with the major was consummated.

"What're you up against, major?"

"Oh, five or six little ones, and I've just to-day accepted employment by the turf exchanges."

The senator's face lengthened. "I hate to hear it," he said. "It's a gone case. There's no power can stop it. The people are wild about these turf exchanges and they're going to put 'em out of business."

The major smiled. "We'll give 'em a run for their money, anyway, my boy. We'll give 'em the damndest run they ever had! Poll both houses quietly in the morning and take dinner with me to-morrow night."

"Good," said the senator, as he closed the door.

After dinner the next evening the major carefully scrutinized the sheet of paper McAllister gave him. They were in the library; the major standing back to the fire, his cigar at an angle, the paper in one hand, the other at his chin.

"Hum—" he commented. "It's a Senate bill. Thirty-eight against us. Guess we'll have to let it pass them. We ought to be able to keep it there fifteen days or so, however. Is Middlebrooks among 'em? Yes, here's his name, bless him! We couldn't do business without Middlebrooks, could we?" and the major laughed. Middlebrooks, senator from Lindale, was an ex-Baptist preacher, pompous, fat, conceited, and long-winded as a desert simoom. "I want to get him started right away," he added. "Send him to the office to-morrow at four o'clock. By the way, what outside cards are you playing to keep the boys on easy terms?"

"Automobiles," responded Jimmy. "Half of 'em have never seen 'em before and they're simply crazy over 'em."

"Keep it up," said the major. "Wear 'em out! Rent 'em by the week and charge it to the house!"

The next afternoon the senator from Lindale was shown into McGuire's private office.

"I'm heartily glad to see you, senator," was the greeting. "Sit down."

"I was informed," remarked the senator heavily, "that you wished an interview with me."

"I certainly did. I wanted to talk over this turf-exchange bill with you. It looks to me as if we had a chance at last to get rid of these abominable dens of infamy."

"Well said, sir!" cried the senator. "Abominable, thrice abominable dens of infamy is a good name for them! There never was such a stench in the nostrils of the people of our fair State as arises from those branch offices of hell! That's what I call them!" He brought his fist down on the table. "Branch offices of hell! And they've got to go! The people have arisen in their mighty wrath and they are going to wipe them from off the face of the earth."

The major shook hands with him.

"I can't tell you how glad I am, senator, that the bill has you for a champion! The people can always rely on you. Your energy and your eloquence are always to be found on the side of right and morals! If there were only more like you, senator! If there were only more like you!" He looked out of the window.

"I've been thinking that the bill is not yet quite complete," McGuire resumed. "It ought to be amended so as to prohibit betting at baseball games and selling pools or playing games of chance at county fairs. While we are on the subject, let's clean out the whole business."

"To be sure, to be sure," warmly approved the senator. "I'll draw and present the amendments myself."

"I trust you'll make a rousing good speech for the bill, both in the committee room and on the Senate floor."

"You may depend on that!"

"You must remember," cautioned the major, "that these fellows are slick rascals! They've got plenty of money! We mustn't let them get round us!"

An expression of unspeakable foxiness crept over the face of the senator from Lindale.

"I'm aware of that," he remarked, "but there are one or two of us against them who know something of this little legislative game ourselves!"

The major shook hands with him again.

"Who will be the principal supporters of the bill in the House?" he asked casually, after a moment.

The senator lowered his voice. "Brown, of Binghamton; Roscoe, of Plymouth, and Mayfield, of London. Mayfield will engineer the campaign in the House, but he doesn't want to be known in it. Don't mention it to a living soul. I tell you, he's a crafty one! If there's anybody in the House can put that bill through, it's Mayfield."

The major looked out of the window again and sighed. "If there's any man in the House can put the bill through, it's Mayfield," he repeated. This was not sarcasm. He knew only too well that it was cold truth.

Some nights later the major and McAllister put their heads together over a number of sheets of paper on which were set out a few important facts concerning the respective members of the House of Representatives.

"How do you stand at poker since the session opened, Jimmy?" asked McGuire.

"Three hundred ahead. All senators," he hastened to add as he saw a reproving look in the major's eye. McGuire appeared relieved.

"Skin the senators all you want to, but it's about time you began losing a little to the House members. The judiciary committee will kill old Middlebrooks's amendments tomorrow and the bill will go through the Senate next day."

"Yes, I think it will," said McAllister. "The old dummy told me to-night he was about convinced his amendments would make the bill unconstitutional on account of two subject matters, and he thought he'd have to withdraw them; though I've fought a good fight for them, brother," he added.

The major held his sides and howled.

"What he's done to that committee is nothing short of cruel," he said. "He's been jawing 'em and yelling at 'em the entire week. I saw Wilks, the chairman, this afternoon, and he looked ten pounds lighter than he did ten days ago. What would we do without Middlebrooks!"

"He's worth his weight in gold," responded Jim. "We owe him just eight days' delay. Sixteen days of the session are gone," he added.

"Not so bad," commented McGuire. "Now let's get to work on this list."

"Adams, of Rockdale: lawyer; thirty-six; thinking of running for governor; voted against child labor last year and for colored public schools; open to diplomatic negotiations; can be got drunk any time and plays a dangerous game of poker; has played the turf exchanges and is red headed against the bill.' Hum!" The major rubbed his chin.

"Albert, of Greene: twenty-two; loafer and ladies' man; first cousin of Judge Hancock, county court; is going to run for clerk; plays poker; is easy; prides himself on being a good loser; insolvent; had some money, but lost most of it to turf exchanges; will vote for anything for a hundred dollars; dead against the bill.' Hum!"

The major glanced on down the list.

"Brown, of Binghamton: thirty-four; reformer; can't be bought at any price; drinks beer and won't play cards; insolvent; red headed against us; is running for justice of the peace; has a patent car coupler with which he'll devil the life out of you."

The major moved on to Mayfield, of London.

"Forty-two; slick as a greased pig; lawyer; record keeper of the railroad commission; thinking of running for Congress; sure winner at poker and will stand any size game; has lost an enormous amount of money to the turf exchanges, but won't say whether he's for or against the bill."

The major read that twice; then he passed on to Roscoe, of Plymouth.

"Forty-five; lawyer; thinking of running for governor; supposed to be buyable; red headed against us; does not play the races, but gambles in cotton; voted for the colored school bill; is running for solicitor of his county and has no opposition yet; is a deacon in his church; has some money; is a dangerous opponent; controls ten or twelve votes."

The major paused, scrutinized that item also with care, and then went rapidly over the others. A varied crowd they were; almost all running for reelection, or for some other office; the majority open to "influence," direct or covert; most of them fond of a good time, loving a bottle of wine, a good supper, and a game of cards; but for all that, not so bad a lot as one might imagine, the truth of this assertion being evidenced by the fact that the poll of the House of Representatives showed twenty-seven against the bill, forty-three non-committals, and one hundred and fifteen in favor of it.

The next morning the Senate passed the bill by a vote of thirty-eight to fourteen. The following day it was read the first time in the House and referred to the committee on general judiciary.

That night McGuire and his lieutenant held a very serious council of war.

"This bill," said the major, "has very little politics in it. It's not connected with the railroad ring, the cotton-mill clique, or any other organization in the Legislature. I think the thing to do is to keep it separate from every other trade and combination we have on foot, and give



"What will it cost us?"

it a perfectly free, fair, honest fight in the open."

Jimmy Mac's silence signified his approval.

"I guess we'll have to spend about a thousand apiece on Brown, Roscoe, and Mayfield," continued the major. "But it's hardly worth while trying to buy them outright. They're not to be trusted. They must be stirred up in other ways. We must make 'em take an interest in life. They've got entirely too much time at their disposal." He looked over his list again.

"Here's Brown with his cussed car coupler. Well, we'll organize a corporation and take some stock in his car coupler. We ought to be able to keep him occupied with that for a while. Here's Roscoe, running for solicitor of his county without opposition. The idea! Whoever heard of such a thing! A man running for solicitor without opposition! Why, it's the most absurd proposition I ever listened to! What's the matter with those boys down in his county? Have they got enough offices to go round among 'em?"

McAllister saw the drift of things.

"I'll just run down Sunday and get a good man out against him," he said.

"Precisely. Take five hundred dollars with you for his campaign expenses. Get a strong man—an enemy of Roscoe—and let him get busy right away. Let's see. Roscoe voted for the free colored school bill last session. The very thing! Tell the new man to put his race on the colored school bill! Tell him to ask the people of his county if they're going to stand for a man who voted to use their money and raise their taxes to establish free schools for nigger pickaninnies! Why, the thing's so easy it's a shame to do it! Roscoe is a beaten man already!"

Jimmy could scarcely contain himself.

"Now Mayfield," the major proceeded. "Record keeper of the railroad commission. Why does the railroad commission require a keeper for its records?"

"They have about as much use for a record keeper," responded Jimmy, "as you have for a third hind leg."

The major laughed. "I remember something about that office. I think it was established some years ago by a bill which Mayfield himself introduced, and that he's held the place ever since. Do you know what it was created for?"

"For about eighteen hundred a year," replied Jimmy.

"Well, it's easy. We'll do away with the

office. Who's our friend in the Senate who is Mayfield's enemy?"

Jimmy glanced down the list of senators. "Johnson."

"Explain it to him and get him to introduce a Senate bill at once."

McAllister made a note of it, and a little later the conference adjourned.

It came about, therefore, that during the following week Brown was casually informed that the best man in town to help him with his car coupler was Major McGuire. Mayfield was transfixed by the appearance in the Senate of a vigorously supported bill to abolish the office of record keeper of the railroad commission, and Roscoe was startled to the core by information from his county that a certain man of the name of Jonas, one of the strongest men in the county and one of his bitterest enemies, had taken advantage of his absence to enter the race for county solicitor, seemed to have unlimited money resources, and was spreading it broadcast that Roscoe should be defeated because he voted for the colored school bill.

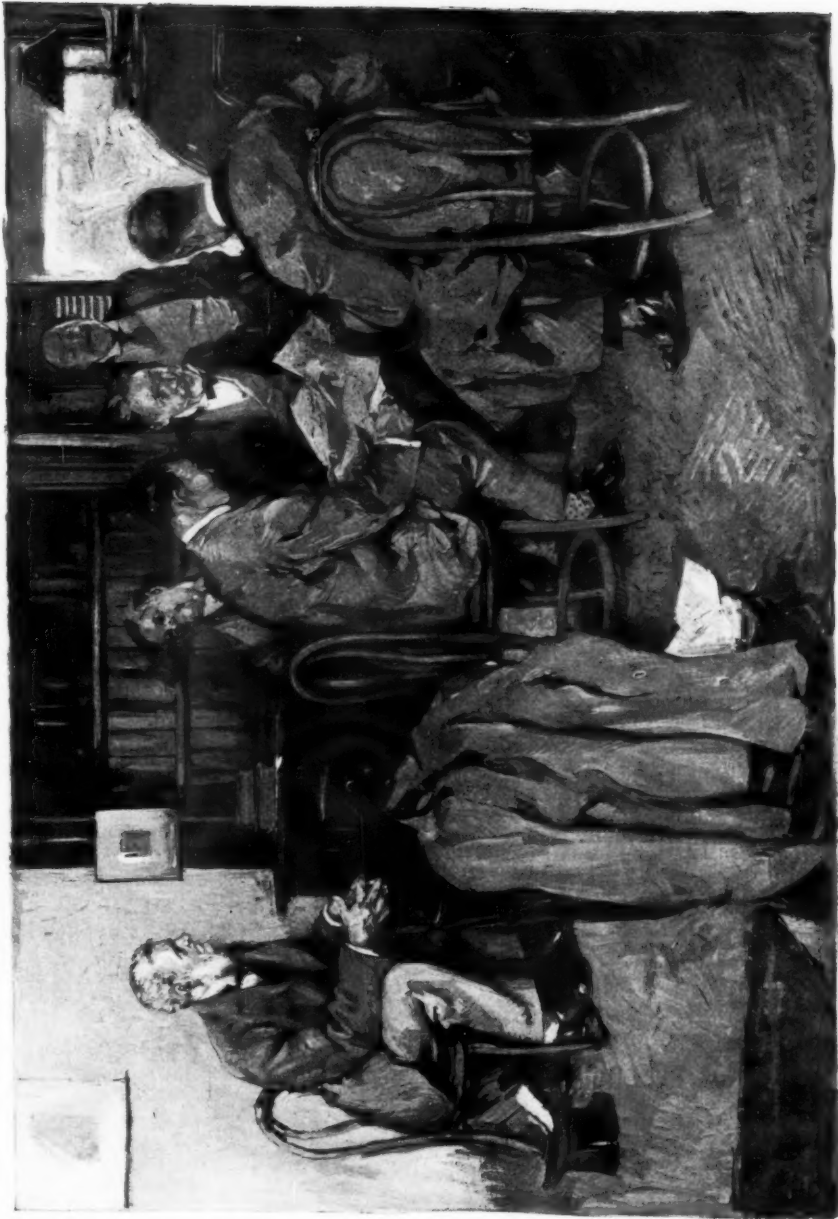
The major received car-coupler Brown with coldness.

"I've financed several patents successfully, but I've never seen a car coupler that was worth a cent," he remarked brusquely. "I've heard of yours, and it may be some good, but I haven't time to talk to you now. Come in again—come Monday afternoon—and I'll see what I can do for you."

Brown found McGuire in a better humor on Monday, and the more the major looked into the car coupler, the better he seemed to like it. They had several interviews, and when the major learned that the bill had been made a special order in the committee for Saturday afternoon he wrote Brown he should be glad to have him meet three or four of his best friends, who were all wealthy and influential men, at his office at three o'clock on that day.

Brown called him up by 'phone and told him he was in a dickens of a fix; that he had promised solemnly he would be present at a committee meeting of the judiciary on Saturday afternoon. The turf-exchange bill was a special order.

"Too bad," sympathized McGuire. "I didn't know about it. I never go about the capitol, you know. I'm afraid it will wind up the coupler business, for these men were to meet with us at my special request. I've got



Drawn by Thomas Fogarty.

"Brown, the major, and the latter's four pals got down to business."

them pretty well interested in the matter; but they're all busy men, and they would get mighty cold if we put them off."

"I'll be there," replied Brown desperately. "I'll arrange some way about the committee meeting. They don't really need me, anyway. The bill will be approved by a big majority."

"So I've understood," responded the major. "I don't see why you need worry about it. The whole responsibility of it isn't on your shoulders, anyway. You didn't introduce it, did you?"

"Certainly not. I'll be at your office Saturday," he repeated.

On Saturday afternoon, Brown, the major, and the latter's four pals got down to business without delay, and McGuire opened the conversation:

"I've made lots of money out of patents, but I never would touch a car coupler. There are so many of them, and they're mostly absolutely no good. This contrivance of Mr. Brown's, however, seems to me a little out of the usual run. I think it's entitled to some consideration. Of course we all know that a car coupler that is a success is simply a world beater."

Just then his buzzer sounded.

"All right, this is Major McGuire," he said into his telephone.

"This is Jimmy Mac," said the voice on the wire.

"All right, colonel; what can I do for you?"

"Is Brown there where he can hear you?"

"I think we'll reach your injunction on the next call of the docket."

"I've got the committee stacked to beat the band."

"I'm glad to hear it."

"Roscoe left on the noon train for home. We got 'em to send him a wire that if he didn't leave everything and come for at least a day and organize his forces he was a beaten man."

"We won't need any witnesses," said the major.

"Adams, Hewett, and Jackson had lunch with me to-day. I served 'em champagne in tumblers; they're drunk as lords; I've put 'em to bed, got 'em locked in their hotel room, and the key is in my pocket."

"It's simply a hearing before the judge," said the major, "and no witnesses will be necessary."

"Smithers and O'Bryan have got Teelman, Blackstraw, Austin, and Jamison into a game of poker at the Grand Hotel and are losing to

'em to beat the band. They're good for all afternoon."

"I don't think the case will consume more than two hours," said the major.

"Mayfield's left with Brewster for a ride in his new automobile. Brewster has sworn he'll get him back in time for the committee meeting, but the car'll get out of order eight or ten miles out, and Brewster won't be able to fix it before night."

"I think the case is in excellent shape," said the major.

"There won't be more than eight members present," continued Jimmy, "and seven of those will be our men."

"Much obliged, colonel."

"Well, good-by, boss!"

"Good-by."

Thus it came about that the bill to stop the turf exchanges—the pet of the Legislature, the pride of the State—received that solarplexus blow, an adverse committee report; which, while it by no means put an end to it, mightily encouraged its opponents and mightily demoralized its backers; made the newspapers abuse the members of the House for everything they could think of; caused open charges of bribery and unfair dealing to be made against lukewarm but entirely honest adherents; and, worst of all, created discord, dissension, and unfriendly feeling among its organized supporters.

"The bill will be re-referred to-morrow," remarked McAllister that night.

"Certainly," replied the major. "Where's the best place to send it?"

"How about the committee on agriculture?"

McGuire laughed. "I'm afraid of those cussed farmers, although the agricultural committee is the one to which the bill should naturally be referred. How's the crop of local bills this session?"

"There are more locals than I've ever seen before."

"Then how about the committee on county matters?"

McAllister consulted his memoranda.

"Six out of the nine are against us. Truitt is also a member of the judiciary and spoke for the bill in that committee."

"Who is Truitt? Can he be bought?"

Jimmy turned over some other papers. "Two hundred dollars," he answered. "Controls also James, Hugo, and Renfroe."

"Cheap enough," commented the major.

"Fix him to-morrow. I'll see that the bill is referred to the county committee. When the

minority report gets before the House, you have a motion made to refer it to the committee on insane asylums."

"The committee on insane asylums?"

"Sure. It'll go to the county committee, all right."

Jimmy took another glass of wine and smiled good night.

The next afternoon the major had an interview with Senator Middlebrooks.

"How's the turf-exchange bill?" asked McGuire.

The senator's eyes glowed. "Those infamous scoundrels think they've got us beat," he snorted, "but we'll show them a thing or two before the fight is over!"

"It seems to me now's your chance to do 'em," replied the major. "You see, they think they've got you whipped and they won't be as careful as they have been. They think the bill's killed."

"Killed?" echoed the senator. "They'll be disabused of that idea before this session's ended! I can guarantee that!"

"I heard last night at the club that when the minority report got in they were going to move to refer the bill to the committee on insane asylums."

The senator's face grew black with rage.

"You don't mean to tell me," he said between his teeth, "that those hyenas—those pestilential devils—are going to try to get it to the insane asylum committee?"

"That's what I heard," replied the major, "and the thing for you to do is to be ready for the motion, sidetrack it, and get the bill referred to some other committee. Now which do you think is the best?"

Middlebrooks drew a committee list from his pocket. "Let's see. Here's the agriculture, blind asylum, county——"

"Who's on that county committee?" interrupted the major.

Middlebrooks read their names aloud.

"How do they stand?"

The senator consulted another list. "I believe we have a large majority of them with us," he said.

"Then I'd have it referred to them, by all means. See a lot of your best friends in the House and get everything ready."

Middlebrooks assented gladly.

The major then suggested that the senator should get up a circular containing a clear-cut account of the merits of the bill and some good reasons why it should pass. He might sprinkle some apt Scriptural quotations in it. Middlebrooks thought the idea an excellent one, and the major, after a show of hesitation, subscribed twenty-five dollars toward the cost of printing and mailing the circular.

So it happened that a motion was made to refer the bill to the insane asylum committee, which motion was skillfully sidetracked, and the reference made to the committee on county matters.

Two days later each member of the House received in his morning mail a neat envelope. In it he found a circular, on the back of which appeared in large letters:

"WILL YOU STULTIFY YOURSELF?"

Opening it, he found some twenty Scriptural reasons why the turf-exchange bill should pass. At the end appeared the signature "Hiram Middlebrooks, D.D.," on reading



"*Thrice abominable dens of infamy!*"

which each member dropped the circular into his wastebasket with a disgustful groan.

The senator then, at the major's suggestion that nobody could have the same influence with them that he could, devoted all his spare time to impressing the merits of the bill on the several members of the House, with the result that the turf-exchange bill was spoken of everywhere as "that cussed bill of old Middlebrooks."

In the meantime the bill was being flim-flammed almost to death in the county committee. Truitt, on whom the supporters had hung many hopes, suddenly appeared cold.

"It seems to me," he said to the other committee members, "that the Legislature has spent pretty nearly time enough over this Middlebrooks bill. I'm for it, as you all know; I spoke for it in the judiciary committee; but it isn't right for our county committee to be worried with it. It should never have been referred here. We've got county matters enough to take up all our time. I've got several locals here which I've got to account to my constituents for."

The other members were all in the same position.

That very day Collins had received a telegram from one of his political backers at home to the effect that if the bill to protect their oysters didn't pass he'd be beaten in his next race.

During that week Renfroe also received a wire containing the same gloomy prediction in case he didn't put through a certain county stock law.

Warren got a bulky special delivery letter in which he was reminded at length that the bill to prohibit fishing for suckers in Jones's Creek had not yet reached its second reading.

The other members of the committee received like communications, as did members of the House who had locals pending before the county committee. The result of all of which was that the members of the county committee got busy with a business energy that was surprising, and the poor bill to exterminate the turf exchanges was buried beneath an avalanche.

In the meantime the bill to abolish the office of record keeper of the railroad commission had passed the Senate and was before the judiciary committee of the House; Brown's car-coupler corporation was consuming his entire time; and the opponent of Roscoe for solicitor was gaining strength in a way which pretty nearly drove Roscoe crazy.

All the time, however, the indignation of the people at large was growing, and the press was warming the individual members of the county committee, so that one afternoon, within a few days of the end of the session, they got together in desperation, and after a five-hour wrangle returned a report recommending the passage of the bill.

The major and McAllister knew this had to come; they were ready for the consequences, and when an attempt was made in the House next day to put the bill on its final reading there straightway broke out what the newspapers characterized as "the most skillfully managed and the most outrageous filibustering that ever disgraced the floor of the House."

There never was anything seen like it. It came from every part of the room; it was engaged in by men who had never been thought of as being against the bill; and, withal, was engineered and forced in a way to open the eyes of many of the oldest members.

All throughout the day it continued, and when the House finally adjourned, in the midst of a perfect uproar, the Middlebrooks bill was no nearer its passage than it had been at early morning.

Jimmy was tired that night.

"We can't keep it up, major," he said despairingly. "They'll force it to its passage in spite of us, and we're whipped. You can't go against public sentiment always. It's bound to win in the end."

The major looked sorry for him.

"You have managed it like the master you are, Jimmy, and it's been a hard fight. But we're not dead yet. You're right about the filibustering, though. There's a limit to it. The best thing to do is to make a trade with them that if they will let it go over until Friday afternoon, we'll let them put it on its passage. That'll give us three days to get things in readiness, and, by gosh! we'll beat 'em in the open in the last quarter!"

The major's eyes gleamed with the spirit of the contest. McAllister reflected.

"Why Friday?" he asked suddenly.

"On Thursday and Friday afternoons there are to be some extra fine races in New Orleans," the major answered.

Jimmy jumped to his feet. "By jingo! I believe that'll win!" he cried. "Get 'em to the turf exchange Thursday, get 'em a straight tip that is a straight one, and they'll fill the place on Friday and there won't be enough left at the House to make the constitutional majority!"

"That's the precise programme," the major remarked smilingly. "I've thought it all out. The manager will fix the boys Thursday. He is prepared to lose a hundred or so apiece to them that day, for he knows he'll get it back with good interest the next. What a comfort is that requirement of ninety-three affirmative votes! It's saved me many times before this—that rule which makes an absent man the same as a vote against the bill! The thing'll work like it was greased, and it won't cost a cent; on the contrary, it'll be profitable."

So it came about that on Wednesday night there were two champagne dinners given in the city, at each of which were present fifteen of the most indifferent and most sportily inclined of the supporters of the bill. The bill was not mentioned at the dinners, but the straight tip on the next day's race was freely and adroitly circulated. Figures, records, and past performances of the various horses were found accessible, and it was proved to a mathematical certainty that Jenny May couldn't lose.

And she won.

And at other champagne dinners Thursday night the aggregate net winnings were counted up to something like three thousand dollars in genuine coin of the realm, and a straight tip on the next day's race was found in general circulation, traceable to the same reliable source whence had sprung the tip on Jenny May.

When the House was called to order on Friday afternoon and the bill was put on its passage, there were barely a hundred men in their seats.

Mayfield was off wrestling with the steering committee trying to keep the bill to abolish the office of record keeper of the railroad commission from being put on the calendar; Roscoe was uptown writing letters to his county paper calling his opponent everything from a dastardly liar on down; Brown was attending a car-coupler meeting; fifteen members were off playing poker, or automobile riding; and forty-six were at the turf exchange, from which they returned a little later, sadder and wiser men.

The major and the senator from Callory had another dinner together that evening, and sat smoking and laughing until long past midnight.

At last the major looked at McAllister affectionately and remarked, "Well, Jimmy Mac, we'd as well balance accounts and adjourn."

The senator produced a memorandum book and read off the items:

Truitt.....	\$200
Six small members bought outright at \$100 each.....	600
Expenses of Harrison to five counties.....	100
Lost to Glynn, Randolph, Perkins, Howell, Cloghorn, and others, at poker.....	1,400
Dinners.....	400
Automobiles and other incidentals.....	300
	\$3,000

The major drew out his check book. "I'm out three thousand dollars to you, five hundred for expenses of the coming solicitor of Plymouth County, five hundred for car-coupler stock, and twenty-five to Middlebrooks—four thousand and twenty-five dollars, added to your three-thousand expense account makes seven thousand and twenty-five dollars, or in round numbers three thousand less than the ten I figured on. I guess we'll just divide that three thousand. That'll be fifteen hundred added to your thirty, makes forty-five hundred dollars coming to you." He handed the check to McAllister.

The latter looked at it.

"It isn't right, major," he protested. "I'm not worth it. I'm not really entitled even to that fourteen-hundred-dollar poker item, for I won more than a thousand of it back."

The major put his hand on the other's arm. "You're entitled to it and more, too, my boy. You're entitled to a clean thousand extra, if for nothing else than simply for being the comfort of my life."

McAllister was deeply affected. "Besides that," he continued, after a time, "I took a little flier Thursday afternoon on my own account and won twelve hundred dollars."

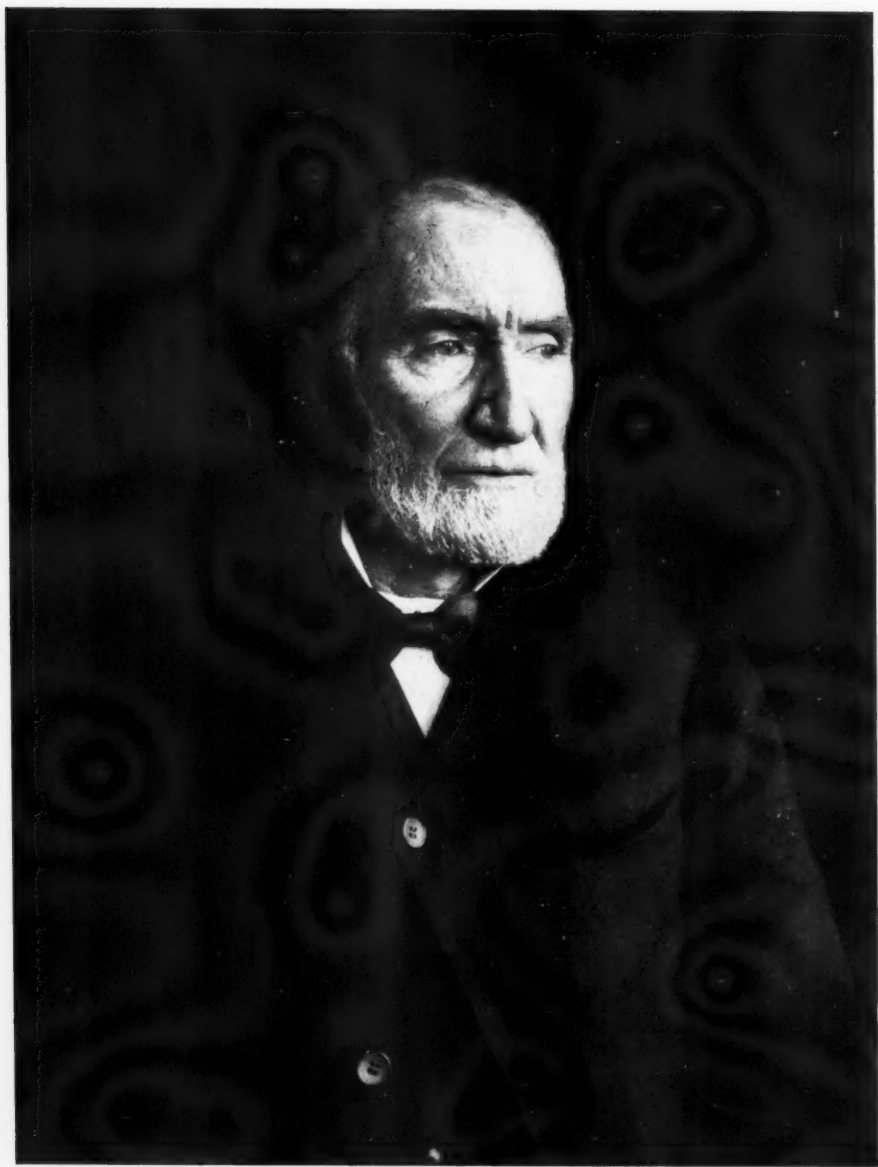
"I did the same on a somewhat larger scale," remarked the major. "With the aid of some friends of mine, I distributed several bets through exchanges in different towns, so as not to attract too much attention, and managed to average about a thousand dollars at each place."

Jimmy Mac looked at him with yearning. "I am but an amateur after all," he said sadly. "Nor will I ever be anything else. Every time I get conceited and think I'm getting into the professional class, I get 'sot back'!"

He rose to go. "Suppose we'll get the same employment next year?" he asked at the doorstep, "or is the bill dead for good?"

"I've already made the necessary arrangements," replied the major. "Truitt will introduce it the first thing, and fight for it tooth and toe nail."

"Major," said Jimmy, as he wrung his friend's hand, "I wish I was related to you!"



JOSEPH G. CANNON

SPEAKER CANNON

BY RICHARD WEIGHTMAN



THE Hon. Joseph G. Cannon, Speaker of the United States House of Representatives, is now beyond all dispute one of the most powerful forces in our national equation. Perhaps

the President may have greater influence and potency, but the Speaker really controls the House of Representatives, which body is charged with the operation of every vital function of the body politic. As things now stand, the Speaker can regulate our revenues, forbid war, and dictate terms of commercial reciprocity with the outside world. He can make even diplomatic treaties impossible by withholding from them the financial means of actual force. Like his predecessors, Thomas B. Reed and Charles Crisp, Mr. Speaker Cannon has been freely denounced as a "Czar," a "tyrant," an "autocrat and despot." These epithets reflect in their mere application (or misapplication) only the power of the office.

But Mr. Cannon has no pride in power nor leanings toward despotism. His ancestors came to this country from England shortly after the founding of the colonies, seeking refuge. They were Quakers, and landed at Nantucket, where the old Quaker graveyard still offers mute though eloquent testimony to their former presence. But Quakers did not find elbowroom or physical safety in New England. Certain fugitives from tyranny and standard bearers of freedom, who were in the majority, concluded in due course of time that those who did not agree with them in matters of opinion had no right to live, and so the Quakers, or such of them as had survived the pious enthusiasm of the dominating class, moved southward with all reasonable and practicable expedition. They scattered by the way; some in New York, others in Pennsylvania, in Virginia, and so on

down to North Carolina, where Mr. Cannon's forbears settled. There they found asylum, sympathy, congenial environment; but, about 1840, there was another hegira, and Joseph G. Cannon, at the age of four, was transplanted to Indiana, passing later to Illinois, where he spent his early youth, and there, ever since, he has made his home.

The *Congressional Record* disposes of Mr. Cannon in ten or twelve lines. It tells us that he was born in North Carolina, and the next thing we hear of him is that he was a lawyer in Illinois, several years later. Of his Congressional career, covering some thirty years, we already know the general outlines and chronology. He has sufficiently impressed himself upon the public mind—not by noisy protestation, fluent gesture, tiresome iteration, or any other expedient of demagoguery; but through the medium of action and achievement. Samuel J. Randall, a Democratic Speaker, first recognized his worth and assigned him to the Committee on Appropriations. Afterwards a Republican Speaker made him Chairman, and from that important and responsible place he ascended to the chair he now occupies with such completeness and distinction. All this has come to him through a perfectly legitimate evolution. Some say of him that he is rough, abrupt, unpolished, even despotic and tyrannical. In Washington, it is on the tongue in certain quarters that he rides roughshod over this or that burning statesman; that he denies to some unknown, bubbling Cicero the opportunity he deserves and craves. It is told that he has quenched a genius here and throttled lurid eloquence there or somewhere else. In other words, he has run the gamut of brutality. Yet all the time he is doing his plain duty without fear or favor—exactly what Speaker Thomas Reed did, and what his Democratic successor, Charles Crisp, performed even more strenuously.

He is the head of his party, and this is a government by party, for the majority in Congress are there to exploit and, if possible, to realize the principles and policies of their party. There can be no two opinions as to the Speaker's duty in these circumstances.

Mr. Cannon claims to be, and is truly, the servant, more than the ruler, of the House. It is a fact that there is no moment during any session of Congress in which he cannot be deposed and stripped of his authority. He does not hold office for any stipulated period. He is the one potent factor in our Government who has no fixed term of domination. The President is sure of four years, the Senators of six, the Representatives of two; but the Speaker of the House exists from one minute to another. The majority can dethrone him at any time; he holds place by sufferance alone. To say that such an officer is or can be a Czar, a ruffian, an oppressor, is to talk the baldest nonsense. Yet his power is undeniable. About a year ago, during the short session of 1905-6, Mr. Cannon received a notification, a species of round robin, from the House, signed by more than three hundred members, an overwhelming majority. He sent them word that he would oppose—and opposition from him meant inevitable defeat—the measure they were advocating. A committee called upon him and asked by what authority and on what warrant he denied the plainly expressed wish of the House. He said: "I deny it only in my capacity as Speaker, but I shall oppose the measure on the floor in my personal capacity as a Representative. It is within your power to oust me from the chair. You can do it, and welcome. But while I remain Speaker that bill cannot pass. I am frank, and you have your remedy. Good morning, gentlemen!"

Of course that was the end of it. The bill died the death of many bills. But it is a well-known fact in Washington that its erstwhile advocates afterwards rejoiced over its grave in the exact ratio of their previous advocacy. Mr. Cannon was right, and they all made haste to tell him so. Such is the predicament and the position of the Speaker. He is an autocrat in one sense, perhaps, but he governs by the consent of the governed. The House of Representatives groans under tyranny exactly as long as it finds such groaning to its taste.

According to the accepted definition of the phrase, Joseph G. Cannon is a self-made man. He is not a product of the university. His was a good old-fashioned knockabout

education in the rudiments—quite as much, perhaps, as the state owes to any individual—and the rest he has made for himself. He enjoys, moreover, an additional advantage as the result of his early knockabout training: his was no forced development; he continued growing unhindered by the results of early luxuries. Mr. Cannon in his seventies is sound in head and heart and wind and limb, as any man of half his years.

But, after all is said of his physical and mental qualities—his superb health, abounding vitality, unerring common sense, and imperturbable courage—the characteristic which dominates and overshadows all others in Joseph G. Cannon's make-up is his patriotism. One encounters a large and varied assortment of patriots as he stumbles along the political pathway. There is the patriot, for example, who relieves his mind by despising and suspecting everything foreign, from the individual to the institution. There, also, is the patriot who believes that it is our national mission to persuade other peoples of their folly and wickedness in differing from us as regards habits, dress, religion, moral codes, customs, observances, and ideals. Mr. Cannon's patriotism contemplates only the United States, its happiness, its political integrity, its continued growth, and its permanent prosperity. He has a big heart and the widest sympathies, but he finds profitable employment for them here at home, and he exploits his emotions in fields where he knows their influence is needed and where he has some reason to believe they will bear useful fruit.

One meets in public life occasionally a big, strong, earnest man who really wants to serve his country; who has the pluck, the brains, and the power to do it, when the opportunity comes his way. This is usually a man without obtrusive vanity, never dealing in mere language for the sake of hearing his own voice, caring not a straw whether people realize his greatness, bent only on the main result, and harboring, at most, a vague and humorous speculation as to what the country will say of him in case he wins. No one has ever seen Mr. Cannon in the act of striking attitudes, nor can it be said with truth that he seeks acclamation by any trick of deference or flattery or pose. So far as the outside world can see, or has the smallest right to suppose, he has never had an aspiration beyond that of filling his whole duty in the position in which he finds himself at the moment. He is

the same now that he was ten or twenty years ago—a plain, unpretending American citizen, shrewd, kindly, sincere, genial in private intercourse, wise in council, imperturbable in emergency, and fearless in action once decided on.

The spirit that inspired the Revolution of 1776 still lives among us. Cannon's forbears, despite the Quaker strain, were of those who backed the Declaration of Mecklenburg and fought for the cause it heralded. In the country where he was born was to be found and is to be found to-day, the same sturdy independence, the same love of liberty, the same stern, indomitable devotion to Anglo-Saxon ideals of social order that animated the pioneers of the seventeenth century, for nowhere in this land have those customs and ideals been preserved more faithfully than in the South. That section has not yet been demoralized by commercialism. There is still something finer and nobler than mere pecuniary success—something more sacred than worldly precedence. Anyone inflicting injury upon the individual who claims the right to sell his labor as he pleases does so at his peril. It is a land inhabited by a people maintaining a social organization that perpetuates the customs, standards, and ideals of the founders. Mr. Cannon has this inheritance. He transplanted to Illinois the Anglo-Saxon ideals that dwelt in his very blood, and found for them congenial and undisturbed environment and atmosphere. He is actuated to-day by the same temper and determination his ancestors bequeathed to him. The Constitution has in him a potent champion. In his case, the purpose of the Revolution has been obscured by no bewildering influences of impact and association. He is the most beneficent and reassuring anachronism conceivable. He represents a translation to this generation of the conviction, the courage, and the unselfish devotion of the propagandists of a hundred years ago.

To meet him, and hear him talk, in the unreserved fashion he likes so well, is to experience vivid glimpses of an extraordinary personality. But he has of himself the most temperate and modest estimate. If one might presume to speak for him, to put his ideas in his own words, he might do so in the following sentences: "I love my country and my people. I want to see them prosperous and happy. It is my first desire to have a dispensation of good feeling, common purposes

of patriotism, an uncompromising devotion to the ideals and standards of our forefathers, personal liberty in its true sense, and a careful avoidance of everything in the nature of foreign complications. Whatever I can do to this end, I shall be glad to do. Any powers or accomplishments I may possess are at the country's service." Speaker Cannon is steady as a rock, clear-headed, sensible, courageous, combative with a calm stubbornness—unswervingly patriotic. He does not play to the galleries. There is no duty in public or in private life from which he could be diverted by any consideration of popular applause. The most democratic of men, he mixes with all kinds of people without demonstration, without resort to the politician's expedients. Plain, simple, always approachable, never undignified, he is a welcome and honored guest in varied gatherings in the finest and most pretentious drawing-rooms of Washington, in political corners, in the quiet homes of his friends. No wit, no humorist, no obvious raconteur, yet possessing a humor all his own, he is master of every audience, the center of every intellectual constellation, the respected oracle of every social meeting.

If our special need in this troublous and bewildering emergency be that of intelligent, hard-headed, thoroughly equipped, and straightforward American statesmanship, the agent is not far to seek. Nor is there any doubt in the minds of well-informed and thoughtful men—especially in Washington—that the need is real and imminent. We are drifting toward socialism so rapidly that staid and quiet citizens are losing breath. The propaganda is launched by wild-eyed polyglots and well-intentioned visionaries; it reaches Congress, refined by successive clarifying fermentations into an alluring but intoxicating potion. So-called statesmen embroider it with persuasive eloquence, infold it in a nimbus of alert and specious imagination, present it in most radiant and misleading masquerade. The credulous see the millennium taking form. The multitude bursts into ecstatic epithalamium. All is wonder, hysteria, infatuation. We live in an age of mountebank prophets, buckram heroes, pinchbeck oracles, fustian leaders, hectic standards and ideals. And what is needed to check this forbidding tendency is a strong, simple, unselfish barrier—a man entirely sane and self-contained—a patriot with brains and nerve and common sense.

THE COMMERCIAL SIDE OF THE MONROE DOCTRINE

ITS RELATION TO THE PAN-AMERICAN PROGRAMME AT RIO JANEIRO

BY HAROLD BOLCE



It was said in the House of Representatives last year that the Monroe Doctrine is as strong and as far-reaching as the American navy. That is an inadequate appraisal. The Monroe Doctrine is as strong as the American nation, and as far-reaching as the destiny of this Republic. As originally written it was a definite gospel, prompted by specific fears. The conditions that then made European colonization possible in the western hemisphere have passed away, but the Monroe Doctrine has kept on growing with the larger growth and larger consciousness of the American people. The Monroe Doctrine to-day is not a written document. It is interpreted anew by every succeeding President. It is adjusted to every new emergency. The best international lawyer now requires an entire volume to explain what the Monroe Doctrine is, for America's virile foreign policy is compressed in that little phrase.

With considerable asperity foreign writers, particularly in Germany, have been setting forth that the Monroe Doctrine is not a principle of international law. Senator Lodge, in commenting upon this, says that neither was the independence of the Thirteen Colonies a principle of international law, but that the American people have made that independence one of the great facts of history—a fact with which it is unwholesome for the nations to quarrel.

Tilden said that the Monroe Doctrine might be a good thing if we could only find out what it is. Volumes have been written to

determine what Monroe had or did not have in mind when he wrote the Doctrine. That is an idle controversy. It is what the Monroe Doctrine means now to the American people that is important.

I asked an eminent economist, who holds an important place in the Federal service, to give me in a sentence an epitome of the Monroe Doctrine. "The Monroe Doctrine," said he, "is the dream of America, and the nightmare of Europe."

The Monroe Doctrine has never been an impotent instrument. With that document for his authority, Uncle Sam warned the armies of France out of the Republic of Mexico, and left Maximilian to the fate of the people of that country. In the Monroe Doctrine Uncle Sam to-day finds ample rules for defining boundaries between South American claimants. General Grant gave a new interpretation to the Monroe Doctrine when he said that American republics would not be permitted even to transfer a part of their holdings to European nations.

When three of the leading empires of Europe sent their navies not long ago against Venezuela to collect debts from that country, a nation whose most important vessel was a private yacht bought by President Castro for purposes of possible flight, we found in the Monroe Doctrine ample warrant for the reference of the whole question of claims to a court of international equity. And to keep off the bill-collecting battle ships the Monroe Doctrine gave Uncle Sam warrant to assume the receivership of the bankrupt republic of San Domingo.

The Monroe Doctrine is a perpetual annoyance to Europe. Bismarck called it an

international impertinence. The chancellors of the Old World would have far greater occasion to fear the Monroe Doctrine if they realized that its interpretation is not the opinion of a passing President or the foreign policy of a temporary Cabinet. Back of the Monroe Doctrine is the force of American Public Opinion, which has been called the most despotic power in the history of mankind. It can compel, as it has done, an American President to go to war against his will.

When our young republic, in 1823, proclaimed the Monroe Doctrine, it served as an ultimatum to monarchy.

In the intervening generations we have been faithful to the Monroe Doctrine, notwithstanding the fact that the whole country from Mexico to Patagonia has been at times a theater of political anarchy. In a contest between an enlightened European government and a despotic South American republic the sympathies of the United States are found to be arrayed against the European nation. We are no longer afraid of Europe. It is obvious that a new spirit has come into the Monroe Doctrine.

The extension of our foreign trade until we shall become in our external traffic one of the greatest, if not the greatest, commercial power is one of the confident programmes set down for the American nation. To bring us into our heritage of trade with the Latin-American republics is included in the scope of the Monroe Doctrine as interpreted to-day. To promote that commerce is one of the purposes of the Pan-American Congress at Rio.

Thus far the Monroe Doctrine has not extended American commerce. It has been our international ideal, and we have been faithful to its precepts. We would have more trade with South America if England owned that entire continent. The latest figures show that little British Guiana bought more goods from America, by one million dollars' worth, last year than the whole of Venezuela did, and Venezuela has an area equal to all that of the United States east of the Mississippi River and north of the fringe of Gulf States. The Britisher the world over is a big buyer of American merchandise. To Canada, with its less than six million people, we sell more goods in six months than we do in a whole year to all the republics of South America, with its upward of forty million inhabitants. Theoretically it would appear that a practical nation like America would gather material

benefits from its guardianship of a continent. The opposite is true. It is the European nations, protesting against the Monroe Doctrine, who have prospered most in the southern portion of the western hemisphere. In the past decade, for example, Germany's progress in Brazil has been phenomenal, while we have lost ground in that republic.

The latest returns show that the amount of merchandise bought by all nations, exclusive of the United States, amounted last year to 11.6 billions of dollars. Of that America supplied 14.33 per cent. If the Monroe Doctrine were of any value in getting foreign trade for the United States, our proportion of the commerce of South America would be greater than our share in the trade of countries beyond the pale of our political protection. But of South America's imports we supply only 13.28 per cent.

We have a greater proportion of the trade of far-distant Cape of Good Hope than we have of South America's commerce. We supply 13.44 per cent of the goods going into the countries of the South African customs unions. And this is all the more remarkable because these British colonies have a discriminating tariff in favor of the exports from Great Britain. We export nearly twice as much merchandise to the Cape of Good Hope as we do to the entire Republic of Brazil.

Ten years ago our exports to Brazil were greater than they are to-day. With the exception of the Argentine Republic, our trade with the countries of South America is absolutely insignificant. And comparatively our trade with Argentina is paltry. England exports to that republic more goods than we sell to the entire continent of South America.

THE LARGER SPIRIT OF THE MONROE DOCTRINE

Why do we uphold the Monroe Doctrine? It has not brought us the trade, neither has it brought us the good will of the Latin-American people. On the contrary our suzerainty and overlordship of the western hemisphere have excited the unsuppressed detestation of the Latin-American republics. And it is unlikely that throughout the United States there is any genuine admiration for most of the republics south of Mexico. Nevertheless, we stand sponsor for little revolutionary despotisms whose form of government is at least seventy-five years behind the civilization of the better nations of Europe.

Why, then, does Uncle Sam continue to act as the policeman of the New World? We have disavowed dreams of empire in Latin-America. In this Europe does not credit us with good faith. Hanotaux is inclined to believe that there "exists on the American continent a peril more imminent than the famous Yellow one."

It is difficult for Europe to understand our application of the Monroe Doctrine except upon the ground of a superb chauvinism. The American people themselves, face to face with the fact that the Monroe Doctrine has brought no commerce to the United States and that the application of this principle has given over some of the best parts of Latin-America to anarchy, masquerading in the form of democratic institutions, would be puzzled to explain why we are so irrevocably pledged to the maintenance of this international gospel.

It is not land hunger that takes us into the tropics and beyond the equator. And the fact that the American nation, the greatest of all the commercial powers, has not secured the trade of South America is proof sufficient that we have not tried to get the commerce of that continent. I wish to show that in spite of the absence of any direct benefits from the Monroe Doctrine, its latter-day application is the most important item in our whole international policy. Our modern interpretation of this venerable gospel is, consciously or unconsciously, serving to insure the solvency of the world. What will henceforth give perpetual vitality to the Monroe Doctrine is the sensitiveness of international finance.

We have kept the monarchs of the Old World out of Latin-America, but the money lenders of Europe have managed to get a very formidable mortgage on the whole domain from the Rio Grande to the Straits of Magellan. Latin-America now has a public debt of over \$1,600,000,000. Some of these mismanaged republics are in a condition of perpetual bankruptcy. The interest and other annual charges of their national debt now amount to over \$82,000,000 annually. At first thought it might appear that it is not the province of the United States to protect the people of Latin-America against the financial intrigues of their own rulers or against the larger scheming of the financial operators of Europe. In reality, however, the importance of steadying the crazy financial structures of Latin-America cannot be overestimated.

It may seem less heroic to-day to defy the

Napoleons of finance than to make "monarchs tremble in their capitals." But the money power exercises a greater dominion than ever king or conqueror did, even in the days when a papal line drawn from pole to pole divided the planet between Portugal and Spain. Submarine cables have so vitalized and internationalized the finances of the world that what concerns one nation to-day concerns them all. This great fact was brought home very graphically and disastrously to the United States in the conditions that preceded the panic of 1893.

The great House of Baring Brothers had guaranteed the interest on the national debt of the Argentine Republic, but Argentina was destitute of funds, and was unable to meet its obligations, and so in the first week of November, 1890, the famous London house, established before the Revolutionary War, found itself face to face with collapse. Had this fact become known at once, panic might have swept around the world. But the Bank of England determined to save the day, and quietly arranged for a loan of \$65,000,000,000 to the House of Baring.

Then to safeguard itself the Bank of England raised its rate of discount one per cent.

Of the disaster that had threatened the great House of Baring the world for a brief period remained in ignorance. All that was known to the nations was that the Bank of England had increased its discount per cent from five to six. To a layman that might seem to be a little thing. The news was flashed to America, and within two days three of the important banks of America were unable to meet their balances at the clearing house of New York! The *Financial Chronicle*, in its issue of November 22, 1890, said: "When the Bank of England, without apparent cause, raised its rate of discount to six per cent on a Friday, two weeks since, financial circles here realized that some disaster in the London market, of unknown and, perhaps, therefore of uncontrollable limits, was impending."

The extreme susceptibility of American interests to financial conditions in South America was graphically set forth recently by President James J. Hill, of the Great Northern Railway.

"Overspeculation in Argentina," said Mr. Hill, "brought disaster to the House of Baring. It was on a Saturday morning that the news reached New York, and by Monday morning the farmers of Nebraska and Minnesota were unable to sell their wheat!"

Some people question Uncle Sam's right to act as the receiver for insolvent San Domingo, but anyone who will study the path of panics will realize that it is a solemn obligation upon the part of the American nation to avert, whenever possible, any financial collapse in the countries of Latin-America. The disaster that began in Buenos Ayres reached America when our harvests were prodigal, and when our factories were running overtime.

It is more picturesque, perhaps, to think of the Monroe Doctrine as safeguarding our export trade with South America. In 1890 we were shipping at the rate of \$32,000,000 worth of goods to the southern half of this hemisphere, but twenty years of such commerce would not compensate the United States for the loss we sustained in the three years of failures following the fall of the House of Baring. In that brief period of panic the liabilities of failures in the United States amounted to \$650,000,000.

THE MONROE DOCTRINE AND THE MONEY POWER

Thus, as I have stated, it is this international character of finance that makes the Monroe Doctrine to-day a living principle. The 632 banks in the United States that went down in the panic of 1893 had no interest in the Argentine Republic. The great railways that went into the hands of receivers had no Latin-American trackage. The planters whose cotton declined two cents a pound and the farmers whose wheat declined from 83 to 52 and whose corn from 50 to 37 cents a bushel were not, as far as they could see, concerned in the failure of a South American republic to meet the interest on its national debt. They had toiled just as sturdily in 1893 as they had in 1890. The financial loss as set forth in the official record of our failures from 1890 to 1893 is but a small part of the damages sustained in the United States. The contraction of confidence and the paralysis of business resulted in a loss amounting to billions. Many immediate causes of our panic are cited, but the prelude to them all was a vast failure in a South American republic.

If some virulent and eternal pestilence stretched from Cape Horn to the Tropic of Cancer, the American Government would invoke every principle of international law and every fact of sanitary science to combat it. Such a widespread area of pestilence would be

a standing menace to our industrial welfare. The insolvent character of a great part of the New World constitutes a similar danger to the industries of the United States. Latin-America is in the clutch of a financial plague.

I have prepared a table showing in the first column the amount of debt held against the South American republics; in the second column the amount of interest and annual charges paid upon these debts, and in the third column I show the amount of uncovered paper money in Latin-America. It is a startling fact that in the countries south of us over \$1,000,000,000 worth of paper money is not redeemable in gold. Here in the following table is disclosed a fiscal condition which justifies the United States in reading a large modern meaning into the Monroe Doctrine:

COUNTRIES.	National Debt (U. S. currency).	Interest and Other Annual Charges.	Uncovered Paper.
	Millions.	Millions.	Millions.
Argentina.....	479.7	35.02	290.6
Brazil.....	540.6	23.94	369.8
Costa Rica.....	14.6	.62	
Guatemala.....	12.1	.70	
Honduras.....	96.2	.22	30.2
Nicaragua.....	5.9	.37	
San Salvador.....	3.6	.20	
Chile.....	107.3	4.72	30.7
Colombia.....	14.4	default	370.0
Ecuador.....	5.7	.39	.3
Mexico.....	175.9	9.07	54.0
Paraguay.....	11.2	.15	10.5
Peru.....	23.1	
Santo Domingo.....	26.2	default	4.2
Uruguay.....	127.3	6.74	9.7
Venezuela.....	49.3	default	.6
	1693.1	82.14	1170.6

The downfall of a Latin-American republic therefore represents, first, the alarm of Europe and the collapse of some of its financial houses; second, a reflex disaster in the United States; and third, the utter demoralization of the South American people who hold the spurious paper of the defunct republic. Vital interests of so colossal a character will justify larger and larger interpretation of the Doctrine of Monroe. It is not that America has grown sordid. The sturdy opportunism which in the days of the Revolution asserted the American spirit in the name of Jehovah and the Continental Congress has directed its attention to the money power enthroned in the republics of South America.

The more than \$1,000,000,000 held in

Europe against the Latin-American republics does not by any means represent that amount of money loaned to them. These revolutionary states with their uncertain tenure are a poor risk. In one case, \$15,000,000 worth of bonds of a Latin-American republic sold in France brought less than \$1,000,000 in actual money to the needy republic. These Latin-American countries have all paid a staggering price for the dignity of having a national debt. In some instances, the interest in two or three years, on the mythical sum which they did not receive, more than amounts to the actual loan obtained from Europe. In a large sense, therefore, the claim of Europe against Latin-America is the bill of a caterer for a Barmecide feast.

THE PAN-AMERICAN PROGRAMME AT RIO

Two distinct and seemingly irreconcilable issues now confront the nations of the New World in their relation to Europe. The first deals with the right of alien countries to resort to force, if necessary, for the collection of their valid claims against Latin-America. The second is the Calvo doctrine, which would absolutely prohibit the bill collectors of Europe coming with their battle ships to emphasize their claim. In fact, the Calvo doctrine would virtually deny to any foreigner in Latin-America the right to appeal to his home government.

The position of Uncle Sam in this controversy is a delicate one. The Hague tribunal which fixed Venezuela's terms of payment to Great Britain and Germany decided that the preferred creditor of a South American republic is the one that with its battle ships first preëmpts a customs port of the defaulting country. This establishes a dangerous precedent. Yet, there is no disposition on the part of the United States to shield Latin-American republics from the payment of their debts. Instead of diminishing, these national obligations are growing constantly larger and more burdensome. "It is a nice day; let us go out and create a national debt," is the way "Fenn on the Funds" refers to the thought that was in the mind of the South American statesmen who saddled these debts upon their countries.

In glaring red letters, revolution has written "Default" over half of the western hemisphere. The shores of all Latin-America are strewn with the wreckage of financial investment. In sounding phrase, the constitution of these republics proclaims that

foreigners within their confines are entitled to the same rights that the citizens there enjoy. In this there is much cynical humor, for the citizen has no redress whatever against spoliation at the hands of the government, of revolutionists, or of chronic "liberators." Mr. Edington says that three people, the number that it takes to make a riot, are sufficient to constitute a South American republic! President Roosevelt, in justifying our action in giving stability to the Republic of Panama, enumerated fifty-three revolutions which had taken place in that country in fifty-seven years, and he naively added that the list he furnished was incomplete.

Against the Latin-American nations, many of them mismanaging their resources, and all of them multiplying their national obligations, there is scheduled an inevitable reckoning day. Moreover, adventurous business men from the United States, as well as from Europe, have invested millions in South American ports. These interests cannot be lightly disregarded. And when it is realized that many of the South American revolutions are precipitated at election time by the parties in power, so that the government can, with some show of justification, go out and make the whole process of balloting a farce, the rights of foreigners, if they are to be ultimately determined by corrupt and autocratic administrations, are precarious. That Washington has no high regard for some of these South American countries was evident in the righteous contempt we displayed toward Colombia at the time of the emergence of the Panama Republic. It was openly stated at our Federal headquarters that Marroquin was President of Colombia simply because he had put his predecessor in an iron cage and had him carried into the forest. The New York *Independent* made the statement that no man had been elevated to the presidency of a South American republic through the medium of a lawful election. "It is bullets, not ballots," adds this publication, "that turn the rascals out."

Toward the end of his career Bolivar said: "In Latin-America there is no such thing as good faith, neither among nations nor among men. Our constitutions are books, our laws are papers, our elections are combats, and life itself is a torment. We shall arrive at such a state that there is no foreign nation which will condescend to return and conquer us and we shall be governed by petty tyrants."

That is, of course, a sweeping statement and

prophecy. There are able and just statesmen in Latin-America, but some of our leaders in the United States are convinced that in the present condition of misrule, repudiation, and negation of the rights of aliens, to uphold the doctrine of Calvo would be to place our indorsement upon international anarchy.

It is possible that the present Pan-American Congress will prove to be one of the greatest international conferences of modern history. It is a notable thing that our Secretary of State is to be in attendance. Mr. Root does not go as a delegate, but he was chairman of the committee that prepared the programme. Mr. Root, in speaking of the conference at Rio, said:

"The Brazilian Government appropriated half a million dollars for the expenses of the Congress. I think that the work of the Bureau of American Republics, the existence of the International Union, and the holding of these Pan-American conferences afford the best means of breaking up the comparative isolation of this country from the other countries of America, and establishing relations between us and them in place of the relations—the rather exclusive relations—that have existed hitherto between them and Europe.

"Our relation with them has been largely a political relation, while on the other hand their ties of race and language and inherited customs and usage—the relations which have come from the investment of great amounts of European capital in their country, which have come from the establishment of numerous and convenient lines of communication between them and Europe—have made the whole trend of South American trade and social relations and personal relations subsist with Europe rather than with the United States. So that, while we occupy the political attitude of warning Europe off the premises in Central and South America, under the Monroe Doctrine, we are comparatively strangers to them, and the Europeans hold direct relations with them."

Secretary Root foresees a great commercial future between the United States and Latin-America. In the following forecast of conditions there is ample intimation that the steady element in the Latin-American republics, the absence of which Bolivar deplored, will be introduced by the United States Government when our capital seeks extended investment in these southern republics. Mr. Root says:

"There is, I think, a strong and genuine desire on the part of the South American statesmen—and they have very many able ones—to promote a greater knowledge on the part of their people of the people of the United States, and on the part of our people a greater knowledge of the southern republics, and to promote greater intercourse. Just at this time, of course, the great increase of capital in the United States is on the threshold of seeking investment abroad. We are about at the close of the period during which all our capital and all our energy

were engrossed at home, and I can see in the State Department an enormous increase of business relations between American and other countries. They are going into construction work, and they are pushing their way making banking transactions, and all over Central and South America capital is ready to go. I take it to be the proper function of government to help create situations of friendly relations and good understanding, which will make it possible for capital to go."

OUR COMMERCIAL FUTURE IN LATIN-AMERICA

It is fitting that the Pan-American Congress should be held in Brazil. That country, in area, is the biggest republic in the world. Its geographical extent is so vast and curious that Brazil has on its boundaries every republic of South America save one. The possibilities of Brazil are virtually unlimited. To-day it has but about five people to the square mile. With a population of 17,000,000, Brazil has a total foreign trade of \$310,000,000. In 1850 the United States, with a population of 23,000,000 had a foreign commerce of \$318,000,000, or practically the same as that of the great republic of South America to-day.

The United States has been indifferent to the possibilities of South America, forgetting that the development under way there now promises to duplicate our own. It was in the third decade of the nineteenth century that the United States commandant at Fort Dearborn wrote to the Secretary of War recommending the abandonment of that military station, contending that the nature of the surrounding country was so poor that it would never be able to support a population sufficient to justify the United States Government in keeping up a military post there. To-day Chicago is the survivor of Fort Dearborn, and from that dynamic center radiate 120,000 miles of steam railway. Hanotaux, in his remarks about the American Peril, mentions this incredible transformation.

Already, Argentina is demonstrating to its fellow South American republics what great strides can be made on that continent. "Buenos Ayres," observed Prof. James C. Monaghan, in speaking of this subject, "is the largest city in the world south of the equator, and second only to Paris among all the Latin cities."

In 1870 the total export and import trade of the United States amounted to \$828,000,000 dollars in value. South America's now exceeds \$1,000,000,000.

There is a trade worth striving for. At present it is in the hands of Europe.

IN CURE OF HER SOUL

BY FREDERIC JESUP STIMSON

("J. S. of Dale")

"Plays made from helie tales I hold unmeet ;
Let some great story of a man be sung."

—Chatterton.

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. WENZELL AND ARTHUR BECHER

BOOK IV

"In la sua voluntade é nostra pace."
Paradiso.

LVI



SOME weeks after the events narrated in the last chapter, Mamie Rastacq was sitting in the shadiest end of the majestic Rhinefell terrace, calling up the past. To tell over one's vanished yester-days is never so serene an occupation as to tell one's beads; and sadly, on poor Mamie's string, she found few gems. And they, alas! had passed unnoticed at the time; the bulk, she found, had been but shining glass. How they had deceived her, though! Did they deceive all women? They had, certainly, that poor woman upstairs.

It is well, at one's worst, to think of others. Mrs. Rastacq, of late years, had been taught to see this; so she shook her thoughts from her own self and set it to think of Dorothy. She had been very silent with her, uncommunicative, but Mamie did not feel it was for lack of mental process on her part.

Mamie had seen very well what had happened, and Dorothy doubtless knew it; and Mamie liked her, at all events, for being too proud to try to explain.

And while Mrs. Rastacq was so sitting, the Major joined her. For Mamie had cast about for a guest, and decided, on the whole, that he

would best do. The Major had not been at Gansevoort Manor, and had made no effort to discover what had happened there. He had contented himself with explaining his absence from the house party on the ground that Pete was an unlicked cub; adding, only for Mamie's ear, that he trusted he was now a licked one. The addendum had suggested to Mamie that he was still not, possibly, too uninformed to be in a condition to render valuable advice.

But to-day old Brandon was out of his most excellent temper. "I am tired of it all," he said, as he threw himself, almost brusquely, into a chair beside her.

"Tired of what?" said Mamie gently.

"Tired of the set you live in. Tired of the Duvals, Einsteins, Marosinis, Gonzagas—and the Markoffs—and your Pizzis and your Pazzis and your Puzzis—the French have a word for them—*rastaquouères*—pardon me, I didn't mean to pun upon your name—"

"My name was Livingston," said Mamie. "But what are the *rastaquouères*?"

"They are the people who live in Paris and are not Frenchmen—the people who thrive and fatten on a society they have not made—the people who swarm in sunny France like the locusts and would run away at the shadow of a Prussian helmet—the people who are sunned to monsters in our air of liberty and equal opportunity and have no patriotic gratitude—the people who are ignorant of the truth that has made us free and neither care nor understand. Oh, I am not narrow—they are not all Jews and dagoes—there are political

rastaquouères at Washington, moneyed ones in New York, and some of the worst of them are Yankees from Ohio. 'Toll, toll, überall toll—' I feel like old Sachs—only not so good-natured—it is a Rasta world. And our Eva loves it."

"Speaking of Puzzi's," said Mamie, "she wants to go abroad."

"And the best thing she can do. And speaking of Hans Sachs, there comes your Walther—hers, I mean."

"What!" cried Mamie, starting up. "He's off duck-shooting."

"Perhaps his ducks are in his saddle-bags. But my eyes, thank goodness, are still good."

The carriage road took a wide circle around the great lawn and then led away straight opposite the house thus made visible, as in a French park, at every *rond-point*; and coming along it, at the gallop, was a man on a foam-flecked horse. It was certainly Pinckney, for he saw them, and took off his hat, then disappeared to the left as the circular avenue plunged into the forest. The Major, who had stood up and waved his handkerchief, sat down again.

"He is more an Arthur than a Walther," said Mamie pensively. "And as for Eva—"

"Well, what for Eva?" snapped the Major savagely. "What do we know of her? What did he know of her? He didn't write any prize songs after he married her."

"That was left to Beckmesser," smiled Mamie.

"Oh, the ideal woman is a nuisance. The canonization of the sex by the nineteenth century is as much one extreme as the simple view of the mediæval Christian—who saw in her only the surest mode of being damned—was the other extreme. The modern woman at her best may make a good healthy *hausfrau*—what early Christian first discovered she has a soul? Give me the normal, un-morbid classic view—before St. Paul and Augustine elevated her to any sinful eminence."

"And what do you consider the classic view of her?"

"That she makes a charming mistress, but a bad divinity."

"Oh, I was speaking of good women," remonstrated Mamie.

The Major looked at her as if he had found a new note. Then he burst out again: "Oh, the good woman! Give me the bad. The good woman—who glorifies the earth awhile

for a man, then breaks his heart—such a one is like the beguiling fairy in the old knight's tale—she takes and leads you by the hand down into the enchanted valley and then, when both of you discover where you are, she stabs and leaves you. Good women may do more harm than bad."

He stopped, for Austin Pinckney strode out of the main door. Booted and spurred, he had not stopped to brush the dried mud of yesterday from his gaiters. To the Major it was obvious that he had ridden hard. "Where is Dorothy?" said he.

"In her room," answered Mamie, grasping his hand. "Shall I show you where it is?"

"Please tell her first I am come, if you will be so kind, Mrs. Rastacq." He waited until she had left the terrace; then turned to the Major.

"I thought you were off shooting," said the Major hastily.

"I have been on a riding trip," said Pinckney, "but to-day I had a telegram from my office. Mrs. Somers, my wife's mother, died in Paris this morning."

In a minute Mamie had returned. "She is waiting for you."

"Mrs. Somers has just died—in Paris," said the Major.

"Oh!" cried Mamie, with the natural cry of any woman; she had never known Mrs. Somers. "Do you want me to tell her?"

"I think I had better tell her first," said Austin. "But I wish you would come with me."

The Major continued to sit on the terrace. After a quarter of an hour had gone Mamie returned. "What will he do?" asked he.

"She will go to Paris. He will not go with her. She leaves by to-morrow's steamer. He is going to Lenox to the baby. She has her maid, who has been with her before. After all, she has often been over without him. He is not needed there."

"I am not so sure of that," said Brandon. Mamie answered subconsciously: "He will go wherever he is needed."

The Major looked at her, but said nothing more. After a while Austin and Dorothy came down together. She was not in black, but she made no complaint of her want of mourning, as she might once have done. She did not seem to think of her dress. The Major went up and shook her hand; then Mamie put her arms about her and led her away.

LVII

FATHER BASIL CONYNGHAME, of the Brotherhood of the Virgin, that night knelt more than his allotted time before the altar that was in the chapel at the end of the long gallery. The great chapel was at the end of the cloisters below; this little oratory, dedicated to the Child Virgin, was dressed with a simple altar, a hassock or two, and plain wooden benches for those who were too weak to kneel; it was used only by the invalids from the hospital and, at night, for the lonely orisons of those of the brethren who felt the call to penitence or prayer. Now Basil Conyngame had knelt there many hours and searched his soul.

Not in vain, it appeared; for when at last he rose (it was nearing the hour of prime and the breath of a dawn of June was in the garden) his eye was bright and clear and his face (though always, with its high cheek bones and aquiline nose, the face of an enthusiast) serene. To one of those who quailed—or melted—before his burning eyes, in his ministrations of the working day, it would have seemed a still newer revelation, so pale and strong was it, so pure, so radiant—"calm with having looked upon the front of God." As that of the Florentine when Lethe's shriving stream was past and before the rebirth in Eunoe brought eternal remembrance and its deathless joy. Like one whose soul is put asleep, before the message of the Magdalen—for "first was Mary Magdalene to see the risen Lord."

All that night he lay in prayer. One would not say he wrestled with the Lord, that is the prayer of the pre-Christian, Jew, or Puritan. The Christian, most of all the later Catholic, learns first the lesson that His will is peace. Long since, years since, he had dedicated, not his walks and ways alone, but his soul and self to God; his mind and heart to service of his fellow-men. There was naught now remaining of the self that had been Basil Conyngame.

So Conyngame had not been praying for himself, unless to avert a sorrow that he would share with all his world be deemed a selfish prayer. And now he bathed, and walked in the garden, as he planned his work for that day. After all, he could go on alone now; the summer's tasks were easy and the winter's work well done. He listened joyously to the singing of the birds and buried his gaunt face in a great new rose. For

Conyngame was no ascetic, except as his nature quailed at grosser pleasures, nor indeed a Roman Catholic, though many an honest clergyman thought their "Brotherhood" as bad. He called himself a priest, and had taken the vows of poverty and celibacy; he was a Catholic, but not a Roman Catholic; their very name betokened not Mariolatry, but tenderness for her that had been the mother of God. But he had been praying for a woman now.

She had given that year of her life to stony ways; she had trod by his side in their humble path; and now, in his deep vision, he had bade her go. No one is too high for humble service; but one star differeth from another in glory. There are many mansions, and some can best serve in the wider world. There were other ministering angels whose hearts were as kind as Mary Ravenel's, other nurses for the sick with hands as gentle; no one who had such vision of the perils of the time, the aims or lack of aims of women, the needs of men. He had chosen for his own the meaner streets of his native Baltimore; a larger world, the whole Republic that they both loved, had need of ladies such as (he had found) was this his favorite cousin's child. For Conyngame, like many of us, believed that commercialism had done its worst, and that we Americans are now at last once more upon the plane of an ideal, a high resolve, again to lift our country to the level of its mission on the earth.

Then, too, there was her health—her bodily health—the first duty to the Creator, even of an angel, is to live the life on earth. The mediæval poet never brought his angel nearer to this world than the garden of Paradise; the profounder modern mind had placed her still on earth. So Conyngame had urged her, when her strength, that spring, the year after her grandmother died, showed signs of failing, to leave the close city for a while and travel with some friends abroad. She had had no garden to walk in as had he. Ravenel was gone and she had no place now in New York.

He had given her, that day when she left, a handful of the sweet Southern jasmine; and now he plucked a blossom or two that still remained in the garden, as its fragrance reminded him of her. He did not wholly understand. To such as Basil Conyngame it was no mystery that any woman should choose the single life—it was his creed to hold that such might be the higher service; yet, somehow, it was a puzzle to him that this one

had—perhaps it is a corollary of the doctrine of an unmarried priesthood that a woman's highest service is rendered with and through her husband. But in his secret soul Basil believed that no priest could really see the highest truth, minister so deeply to the human heart, as he whose soul had soared beyond the bonds of sex. He would have denied it—humbly denied it to any holding a different faith—but it may be thought the prejudice was there. His friend Austin Pinckney knew far more of the world, was a wider man, a far more potent instrument for the world's good, even a wiser man, than he—but the priest could not but feel that there were some things the lawyer could not judge as well. Yet how Pinckney himself had grown from that brave young boy he had married! He had seen clearly enough, as he had thought, into the white page of his youth; it was a white page, he was sure, but it was blank. Now something in the man (not in his mind, that was clear enough) but in the *man*—baffled him. True, he had heard, in the remote way that priests may hear such rumors, that his marriage had not been "happy." To such a view as Conynghame's, the very phrase was unintelligible. It was no question of happiness. Any marriage, every marriage, should be a sacrament—or it should not be. It was the very forgetfulness of this, thought Conynghame, that made the shame of the modern secular law.

For a moment his mind had wandered; then it reverted to his cousin. True, he had once spoken of her to Pinckney; his friend had simply answered that he knew her. "She is the noblest woman I have ever known," he had urged; but Austin made no response. He believed that he had been bred a Romanist; his wife, he fancied, was of no religion. But Austin's mother had been a Boston Unitarian; his father was consul to a Lutheran court.

Conynghame thought of his work for the day: his work for many days to come. Consumption, the chief scourge of their poor, was less dangerous in the summer; the people could be given sunlight, could be got away; but there were the children's ailments, most terrible in a Southern city, and the sorrows, profounder almost than any human sorrow, that come with the dying of a little child, and, more than always, the desolate homes of erring men. How marvelous after all the love of women! Of the thousand homes that Basil visited there were not ten whose misery was not caused by sins of men. And the

women's truth—it was the "upper" class where women took these things lightly—that was why women like his cousin were more needed there. Well, he had promised to write to her about the poor people she had left. She was not coming back, to labor in his vineyard; but she had not lost her care for the souls that dwelt there. Hers was no perfunctory service; it was the very wealth of her heart that had enabled her to scatter largess of its love among them.

The Rev. Basil Conynghame gathered his long frame together. It was time to be up and doing. The day promised to be hot. Even as he did so, he heard the tinkle of the garden bell, and strange! it was his friend Austin stood before him. He was passing through Baltimore, he said, on his way to Washington—the thought had occurred to him to get off there for breakfast. He was not needed in the Supreme Court until two o'clock—how was Conynghame? He wanted a walk in his garden—how lovely those jasmines were.

They walked and conversed desultorily. Pinckney did not seem to have much to say, but Conynghame knew nothing of politics and ascribed his abstraction to this. The priest was aware, at least, that his friend just then was fighting wild beasts at Ephesus. "How is Haviland's campaign getting on?" he did ask. But Pinckney only answered that it was hardly a campaign yet, merely a question of the people's wresting the nomination from the New York machine. He lingered on, though, and Conynghame felt that it was time for his work to be beginning. Intentionally he led their steps toward the gate again.

"Have you seen anything of your cousin, Miss Ravenel, this winter? I heard she had been ill."

"She has not been ill—only a little overworked. Yesterday she went abroad, for a good long rest I hope."

"I am very glad," said Austin. "Is she to be gone long?"

There was nothing unusual in his voice, but the man of the world suddenly became as a little child to this priest of souls. After a quick glance, which Austin did not meet, he answered:

"A year—I hope, perhaps more. She is not strong."

"I am very glad that she will have the rest she needs. You know my opinion of her."

"She is much interested in Mr. Haviland's

campaign." Now Conynghame forbore to look at the other.

"Tell her, if you write, that it is promising well. Now I must go for my train. And I suppose you have your work to do?"

"We all have our work to do."

They made a round of the garden once more and neither spoke. Then Conynghame: "How is your wife, and the boy?"

"The boy is fine," laughed Austin. "My wife is well, too. She is in Paris with her sister. Little Austin is with me—or, rather, with his aunt at Lenox."

Austin felt curiously conscious that this man—this priest—was meditating what he should say. But some minutes more went by. Then they came once more to the gate. Then suddenly he felt the burning eyes blaze through the curtain of his own. And it was the priest that spoke. But he spoke very gently, and he laid his emaciated hand lightly on Austin's as he did so:

"Remember, my dear friend—for Mr. Haviland, for you, for all of us—shall I seem presumptuous if I say it to one who is far abler than I—to one, a Catholic perhaps, who well may have his own priest—remember my years may help me to see, at fifty, better than one who is in the heat of conflict, yet in the middle years—if I say to you that this world is a world not of fulfillment, but of preparation?"

Conynghame saw the younger man start; for Mary Ravenel had said it last. He looked away. So Basil added: "It matters not whether Haviland gets his election; the thing is to prepare the people and in so doing to prepare himself."

But Austin did not take Basil Conynghame's remark for Haviland.

So he left him with his thought; and the priest walked there alone with his. By his own love, he had seen.

LVIII

A WESTERN man comes to New York for the first time with a certain sense of defiance. He would indignantly deny that the great city imposes on his imagination—and he affects, perhaps in the year 1896 with belief, to condemn its works and despise its ways—yet the defiant note remains. In that sense the Mississippi River still divides America—a boundary more significant than it had in all the centuries it flowed between France and

England and so on into Spain. "New York is not American," they say in the country that a century ago was France. And periodically they revolt at the tribute that they pay to it.

Yet in the height of such an outbreak Armitage, of Arizona, sought that city. Three years, off and on, he had been at Washington, seeking only to get permission to work a public benefit, and he had hardly been put off with fair words. Bills to award pensions—land grants—private privileges—passed by his little vehicle as if their wheels were greased. Bills to take lands from the public—to lease lands from the Indians—to brevet monopoly—all were taken in turn; only the bills to protect the public—bills for pure food, fair dealings, equal rates—slept with his own in the Senate committee room. He wanted only to make land, not to take it—to make fields of waving grain where not one blade grew before—but his river was officially navigable and he needed the Senate's kind permission. Yet he never lost heart, or, what is more, his temper, until one day when he discovered that the very Senator of a neighboring State who introduced his bill was secretly opposing it. And as he was patiently waiting his turn in his committee room, he listened to an argument (it was for the inviolability of these very Indian lands) made by Mr. Austin Pinckney, of New York. And Armitage noticed that the chairman of the committee, a Senator from Kansas, whose custom was to remove his boots and go to sleep in his blue woolen socks on his plush sofa during many of his hearings, sat up all through Pinckney's discourse. Diffidently, after it was over, he then reintroduced himself; it was six years since they had met; and the reminder was unnecessary, for Pinckney had greeted his friend with outstretched hands. Then he had told him of his troubles; and Pinckney bade him come to New York. "You should have gone there first," said he.

But to Armitage, who found getting his charter so difficult, the raising of the money when the law was passed had appeared a simple matter. And so Pinckney then went back without him. It was only when Congress again adjourned without action that he bethought him of the lawyer's advice. And withdrawing his dead bill from its pigeonhole, he packed it up with his plans and surveys. All his fortune was there—in land. Even then, he had not been able to buy up all the lands over which his *acequias* might flow.

But he was willing enough that others should profit too—only now it was a desert; not even useful as a cattle range—the very Moquis and Apaches abhorred it—he was the first white man that had taken an interest in it since the courtly Coronado marched through it, a century before the village of New Amsterdam was born or thought of.

Armitage's sense of dignity as a Westerner prevented his going to any but the very best hotel, though he had very little ready money left in Washington and not much more at home. He wore a black coat and a felt hat—it was not an unfamiliar wear in Washington—and went downtown by the Elevated. When he found Pinckney's offices he was amazed at their magnitude—to be sure, there were several partners, but the rooms through which he was ushered seemed interminable. There were dozens of clerks, a library; in the last room before you reached this a very beautiful girl sat alone, and but for the typewriting machine he had taken her for a lady client; he removed his hat instinctively. "Mr. Pinckney?"

"Mr. Pinckney is with a—friend," she said. He noticed that she used this word with a touch of amusement. "Have you an appointment?"

"I—I did not think of that," said he. "I come from Arizona." The distance of the journey, or the simplicity of the excuse, must have impressed her; for after looking him full in the face—she has such lovely eyes, thought Armitage, as he felt himself reddened—she said that she thought Mr. Pinckney would see him.

"I should not wish to disturb him if he is busy."

"Oh, I do not think he is very busy," the lady said, this time distinctly with a smile; and, after knocking, she entered the next room. Left alone, Armitage noticed a very handsome bouquet of long-stemmed roses upon her desk. So it was New York that permitted ladies such as she was to take to typewriting! He could not but feel she would have done better on the Western prairies. The door opened and a man appeared, of a different type from any that Armitage had seen downtown: healthy and pleasant-faced, but awkward and with a stooping gait, and dressed in a rough homespun with a wide straw hat. It had not escaped the quick-witted Westerner that most of the men on Wall Street wore silk hats and frock coats, nor did the look escape him that lingered on the lady typewriter's face as this man said, "*Good morning, Miss Aylwin,*" and

went out. Meantime Pinckney was calling to him to come in.

He laid his plans before him, and the latter listened attentively. Once or twice he opened his mouth as if to speak; then he seemed to decide to remain silent. The area to be covered had increased somewhat since he had talked with him those years before in Arizona; now Armitage thought he should need seven millions of dollars. But Pinckney only seemed to want to talk about free silver. Like all his part of the country at that time, Armitage believed that a moral wrong had been perpetrated—intentionally, and by a few participants—whereby the value of gold had been artificially enhanced. But his friend seemed to view the unlimited coinage of silver in a similar unmoral light. Still, he took it pleasantly enough. So Armitage said:

"I told you six years ago that Wall Street was the dealer, and every twenty years or so you call in all our chips, and now you say our white ones are no good! And you've got most of the blue ones out of the game!" But Pinckney only smiled at this. He was graver than Armitage had remembered him and seemed much older; in Arizona, Armitage had thought himself the older of the two. But he had a very winning smile, and Armitage, merely saying that there was nothing now to do in Washington, waited.

"It is only that I don't want you to be disappointed—it is a very bad year to get money in New York."

"I only want a few introductions," said the Westerner confidently.

"That, of course—I can take you now—the Miners' Bank."

"I don't think I'll go to-day," said Armitage, glancing at his hat. "I suspect I am a little wild and woolly. And I think, on the whole, you had better not accompany me. It will be less embarrassing to both of us. A list of names is all I require—of banks or bankers who will consider my proposition." Armitage shared the usual Western tendency to slip into Latin-English the moment he was the least bit self-conscious; otherwise his diction was as good as his manners were simple. Austin himself saw no reason for the change of apparel; the very slouch hat and black broadcloth suit lent a reality to the irrigation scheme; however, with the tact of middle life, he forbore all comment.

"Let me know if you need my help."

"Oh, I'll round them up alone," laughed

the other. "If I lasso any, you can come in for the brand. It must be possible to throw one out of such a herd"—and he looked over the long list that Austin had just dashed off for him. "I hope that Mrs. Pinckney enjoys good health." It was the first shade of embarrassment he had shown.

"She is very well, I heard only to-day. She is in the south of France. The boy is with me—that's the last picture of him."

"Good!" cried Armitage. "Mr. Pinckney, he looks fine. I want to hear of him. You must send him to the ranch and let me make a cowboy of him. If I may presume, will you send your lady my respectful compliments?"

"You may presume anything, old fellow, only don't mister me. And you must dine with me to-night."

"Only on one condition—that I'm not to bother you with business. I'm not going to beset your dinner table! I'll let you know when it's all done."

"When you've rounded 'em up," laughed Austin. And he thought how much a finer instinct of commercial manners the stranger had than many of New York's successes: they made no scruple to discuss business affairs at feast or funeral. When Armitage had left, he took a long look at the photograph before replacing it in his desk. Then he took up his wife's letter.

"*I feel that I must stay with Daisy one more summer,*" she said. "*Her husband is quite impossible, and I fear she may have contracted an attachment. At least, there is no doubt of it on his part. He is a silly young fellow, just out of Harvard, and quite ten years younger than Daisy is—but I really am afraid it may ruin his career. Please write and tell me what I ought to do—and thank you so much for letting us take the villa at Cimiez again.*" Then at the bottom of the letter were the words, "*I hope you are coming over this summer.*" For one reason or another, Dorothy had never returned to New York since her mother's death. Two winters had been passed with Austin's German sisters.

To Köllner, coming back, it appeared that Mr. Pinckney was in a brown study. Papers were on his desk, but he was not reading anything. Even his eyes seemed fixed on a point of space. He turned, and tiptoed out very gently so that Austin might not hear him.

For ten days nothing was heard of the business, though Austin saw Armitage frequently. Then (he had dined with Austin in perfect

cheerfulness the night before) he strode in one summer morning. "Mr. Pinckney, when I talked about the money power out on the range, I was half jolly. I thought the boys that used that expression were the ones that couldn't walk down Broadway for fear of the high buildings. Well, I'm a tenderfoot on Wall Street, but it's taken me only ten days to find it's a real thing. If I hadn't worn my wool on the outside, I'd 'a' found it out in one. And now I've struck the trail for Arizona——"

Austin pushed his papers back with a laugh. "What's the matter, Dick?"

"Look here, Pinckney, do you know Sherman C. Pillsbury, director in the —— National Bank?"

"Of course," smiled the other.

"Oh, he ain't president—he's just a plain director. Then S. C. Pillsbury, trustee of the Universal Life Insurance Company?"

Austin nodded.

"Same man. And Sherman Carter Pillsbury, vice-president of the Cosmopolitan Trust Company? Same man." Armitage went on hurriedly. "And S. Watt Wilcox, office on Broadway, banker, president? Same man. And James G. Duval, president European Trust Company—no, he's only on the executive committee? Same man though. And Jacob Einstein, Junior (he's about eighty though), on the executive committee of the Cosmic Life? Same man. They're all the same man. They're the Money Power, and there ain't nobody else got any money in New York. And their names don't show on the signboards. We've hardly heard of them in the West. They're not Vanderbilt or Astor or J. P. Morgan, but I tell you they've got a lead-pipe cinch on the industry of eighty million people. What's more, I tell you they ain't four men, but only one of them—the others is just, you may say, visions— When I'd seen Pillsbury I'd seen 'em all—and it would have been just the same if I'd seen Duval or Einstein. They're all tied up in their own lariats like a bunch of stampered cayuses—throw one and you throw 'em all; they throw you and you're down—and out."

"Come, come," laughed Austin. "I may have written names in one connection——"

"There are others?"

"Well, there's the Standard Oil crowd——"

Armitage groaned.

"There are the Jews——"

Armitage groaned again, but not so badly.

"Am I not right?"

"You were very quick in finding it out."

"How do you account for it?"

Austin paused a moment; then he spoke seriously, and his words carried conviction to the hearer. "*Money*—mobile money—is the greatest earthly power. Our very nursery tales told us this: of the purse of Fortunatus; of the hoard of the Nibelung, fashioned to a Ring, that wields the Will of the world—yet we forget it. Now there is but one way to the hoard—and that is savings. The work of the hands—in farms or factories or railways—has no harm in it. It is *money*, ready money, that is the power—and the danger. And what do we, the American people, do with our savings? In the old days a farmer, a little manufacturer, a shopman, when he saved, could enlarge his business, add to his mill. In these days of trusts there are no small trades, no independent factories—so now he saves. And eighty million people put their savings into savings banks—there they do little harm, for these can only loan on mortgages—or into trust companies—they are more dangerous—or into life insurance—and that is the most dangerous of all. You have simply struck the concentration of control of quick capital. Eighty million people have handed over the dynamic power of all their savings to a group of six or eight men."

"*One man*," persisted Armitage. "I have met him."

"Oh, no; you only met Mime—now let's try Alberich!"

"And yet you are surprised that Americans hate Wall Street!"

"Are you not here wanting eight millions? Where else can you get it? Let us be fair. It is this very saving, this concentration, of capital that enables it to serve the myriad American enterprises—how long would it take you to go among the people who have deposited this money—the business men who have struggled, good years and bad, to meet their life insurance—and get the loan you need? Then, small capital is cowardly; it takes a mighty hoard to brave great enterprises. All America has been built up in this way. It is like the great storage lake that hoards up the water for your own river valley."

"Sherman C. Pillsbury holds it up all right. That may all be, but I'd like more hands at the sluices. Where may this Alberich live?"

Austin laughed and gave him Haviland's address. "He will tell you."

"You're sure his real name ain't S. Carter Pillsbury?"

"Now will you vote the Democratic ticket?" laughed the other.

"Or J. Watts Wilcox?" muttered Armitage as he closed the door.

Austin rang his bell. "Send me Miss Aylwin," he said to the boy who entered. He meant to dictate a line to John. But the boy returned with the message that she was out. It was unusual for her to be out in the morning hours. She had absolutely no interests outside of the office.

At the same moment Köllner entered. He had been in and out of the office for weeks or more.

"It ain't no use, sir," said he. "I might as well go home. I think she does not even want to see me."

And then, more gently, more sympathetically than he had needed to be with the healthy Armitage, Austin sat down with the young German and began to talk of the affairs of Laurel Run.

LIX

JOHN HAVILAND was sitting in the firelit library, Grace's two hands in his. We have not seen so much of these friends as we could have wished: braw deeds mak' ill telling, said the Scot; perhaps they counted more in the world than in our story. Moreover, their romance was over and has been elsewhere told. John had bravely won her, and her whole heart was his. But the elect of earthly paradise stay not within its gates—what are wings given for but to fly afar? aye, and even to the places "mute of light"—it was only Dante's dainty lady would not trust her wings beyond the stream of Lethe. Grace knew her city's world better than the "Man in the street"—better than most ministers—better (for she saw the heart's higher secret) even than the district party leader. While John was mayor it was she who would tell him what the city needed. And now that the wave of national prosperity had caused the machine to believe they might elect an easier man, it was she that bade him stand aside in patience. Party ideals, even national ideals, were fading in the blaze of wealth; there is a time to serve, a time to stand and wait; so there was a fight against his renomination, but this disturbed her not at all. Daughter of the grand old Massachusetts judge, she had been born in the ermine; but it is the rust of idleness, not the

stains of conflict, that leave the lasting spot. Should he withdraw? Surely not—the people might be misled, but not for want of an honest leader. And John, who loved to hear the voicing of his own resolution on her gentle lips, patted the hands, still so pretty, that lay between his own. "And what have you been doing?"

Grace said she had a pleasant surprise for him. "I have been to see Mary Ravenel—she has just got home." John sprang to his feet. "Now don't go around there directly—besides you don't know where she is."

"Where is she?" laughed John. "She's worth a dozen state committees."

"She's got the nicest little apartment you ever saw—around on Thirty-ninth Street—and it was all quite ready for her. The steamer only got in this morning, but that lovely *protégée* of hers—Miss Aylwin—had been around there for days fixing it up. Do you know, she even had flowers there from Laurel Run."

John laughed. He guessed that he knew who sent the flowers.

"John, will Austin be nominated for Attorney General?"

"He can have the nomination if he wants it—the Democrats are particularly virtuous just now. But why?"

"You know, dear, I think he ought to go to Europe for a whole year? Poor Dorothy will not come home and perhaps she ought not to. Mary had a great deal to say about that sister of Dorothy's. It seems she has left her husband."

John grumbled something about a good riddance.

"But that foolish Brevier boy is still with her. Miss Brevier, I know, is heartbroken. Yet I can see, Mary thinks they all ought to come home. She despises Paris society more than ever. You just ought to hear her wave the American flag."

"If the American flag follows Mary Ravenel," laughed John, "it won't matter about the Constitution! Ravenels have led it before."

Gracie sighed. "I am afraid we need more Ravenels."

"Why won't she marry?"

Grace shook her head. "Mamie has a theory, but she won't tell. I never saw anything like the sympathy that exists between those two, or anything like the change it has made in Mamie. If Mamie could only have married a man like Austin Pinckney!"

"I am not so sure of that. It takes sometimes the worst in others to develop the best in us. Tony Rastacq, once and forever, disillusionized the poor girl of Vanity Fair. If I were a woman, I should fall in love with Austin Pinckney. But women follow a more ungentle spirit. It has not made much difference in his Dorothy."

"I am not so sure of that. Mary Ravenel saw quite a little of her in Paris. She thinks she is much changed."

"I don't for one moment think there was ever anything really bad about her. But she was worse than wicked! She was shallow, she had no soul."

"The Greeks made the butterfly the symbol of immortality——"

"Hush," said John. "You mustn't say such things in New York society! That erudition is provincial—it savors of Berkshire, Mass.! How is the State Commission?"

"John, if you don't run, who'll they put in?"

"Whom, whom! Some Orange County storekeeper, I suppose—a fellow with a human smell about him—a man with magnetism."

"I'm not a schoolmarm. If they do, all we've done is thrown away. You're magnetic enough for a governor——"

"Well, why can't you get New York city to take an interest?"

"They've no interest except for business. They're wonderful in commercial public interest—anything to promote the port of New York; but as for civic interests—why, Boston has twice as much!"

"That's because they've given us their railways and we and Washington have bottled up their port. They've leisure now for charity and public work—they've got no other business! But New York was always the same. It slept quietly under the British flag from 1776 to 1783—it was the only town in the colonies that didn't throw them out. At the time of the Port Bill, a New York committee reported that 'they could not discover the wisdom of hazarding the freedom of their own port by indulging any romantic sympathy for the people of Boston.' Look here!"

John took down a "Life of John Jay," from which he read: "*An injurious influence was exerted on the manners and habits of society in New York by the number of adventurers whose residence was merely temporary and who resorted thither for the purpose of accumulating*"

fortunes.' That is 1775. You see, it was always so! But we prosper, all the same."

"What Major Brandon calls the Rastas prosper—none of them care about the country. Not the Duvals nor the Marosinis nor the Delgados nor the Einsteins. One Jew, Markoff, is liberal with his subscriptions. The New Englanders and the Presbyterians are the only ones that work. The Knickerbockers are too lazy for public life."

"They're going to give us a President," laughed John. "And the Jays themselves—and Jerome—and the Bayards?"

"All Huguenots. Mary herself is a Huguenot. Austin, too, comes from South Carolina. Freddy Wiston is the only old New Yorker I can count on. Even Mr. Gower comes from Connecticut."

Whereupon John kissed her for a bigoted provincial—

There came a ring at the door that reverberated through the house; such a bell as was full of presage—there are such bells—others are as the tinkling of cymbals. Both Grace and John started up. They were not deceived—the door of the peaceful library was flung open, and Mary Ravenel, not waiting for the servant, appeared.

"Mr. Haviland? I am so glad—you must come at once—I have got a carriage—a terrible thing has happened—"

Beautiful she stood there, with a face of snow. She was like the angel Azrael.

LX

It was on this day that Armitage had been called back by Austin to New York. Conservatism had long since triumphed, and capital emerged from its holes. His money had been raised. For the millions advanced, the bankers asked to have an equal amount of mortgage bonds. Besides this they were to be given, for nothing, half the capital stock. Armitage would have demurred at this, but that the terms demanded were no longer a surprise to him. They were the best that had been hinted of the year before; and even then they had not been willing to advance the money. Moreover, he saw that Pinckney had something more to say.

"You will say these terms are outrageous; that you are giving half your property for the privilege to borrow on the other half. But what is that half worth without the irrigation? These are the usual terms to inventors.

Half to the inventor, half to the financier, besides the actual cash outlay. In a sense, you have invented this land. The value of the invention remains to be proved."

"I have given twenty years of my life to this enterprise—what have they done?" Armitage spoke earnestly, but not querulously.

"Well, for one thing, they have got your act of Congress. It was rushed through at the special session called last month to pass the tariff act. You remember there was a few days' lull when the Senate and House failed to agree? Benton, of Missouri, started to agitate his anti-trust act, so the Speaker let your bill get in ahead."

"My bill?"

"Certainly—here it is. And here's your charter and your list of directors."

"Sawtelle? Why, that's the very Kansas senator that opposed it behind my back—said the waters might back up into Kansas."

"Well, he's taken quite a lot of stock I hear. You and I have nothing to do with that. They can sell their stock to whom they like. And I've got you a good man for treasurer—Frederick Wiston. He'll be with you for the right thing every time. So you'll really still have control of the company. Besides, you're president. And both Levison Gower and Haviland are on your board—it was he got the life-insurance people to give the money for your bonds."

"Oh, S. Carter Pillsbury again," sighed Armitage.

"Not quite," laughed Austin. "And with a difference—you and Wiston are the difference. But Pillsbury had to go in."

"I make no doubt it is the best arrangement possible."

"Not quite. For I insisted on one thing more—that your time and money should be counted as well as their financial influence. And your five millions of land are to be taken at fifty cents the acre—Spanish title proved. That will give you two million and a half of the bonds—one-third the total issue. I am sorry, but I couldn't get them to count your time! They said you must take stock for that—as they have done. You know, old man, a minute at Washington may be as a thousand years—in Arizona."

Armitage laughed, this time unreservedly. "Pinckney, you have done all that man could do—and more than any Westerner could." He grasped his hand. Then as he stood there, he dropped it without a word. "What was that?" cried Austin.

A shot had rung out from the adjoining room. Austin flung the door open and rushed in. The Westerner waited to be summoned; he had recognized the gunshot, even to the bore of the revolver. But it was but for a moment.

"Armitage!"

He saw upon the short couch at one end of the room the fainting form of a woman supported in the arms of the young German. He remembered to have seen him there the year before. With a glance only for the revolver, noting how it lay there on the floor, he was at Miss Aylwin's side. Köllner, speechless, still held her in his arms, but her head had fallen. Pinckney rushed out to the telephone. "Lay her down," Armitage said. "Open her dress." Then, as the German seemed not to understand, he shoved a cushion beneath her head and gently laid it there; disengaging the other's arms from his support, he quickly tore the collar from her throat. The poor girl gave one shuddering sigh. Köllner grasped his hand to prevent him. "Man, she must breathe!" And noting that the bullet had gone through her dress, he tore it apart with his two hands. There was a second sigh and a quiver of the eyelids, and the poor heart stilled.

"She is gone!"

Köllner threw himself on his knees again, as if to stanch the wound; but it was not bleeding externally. Then he drew her dress together and laid his handkerchief over her face. He stood up and looked at Armitage.

"She iss dead."

"How did it happen?"

The German looked a minute at him silently. Armitage fancied that he had lost his wits. Köllner bent down again over the body of the woman he had loved in vain. Then, without rising from his knees, he turned his eyes again to Armitage. The Westerner met their gaze; this time he refrained from asking questions. He turned away, and stooped to pick up the revolver.

"Leave it alone!"

It was Pinckney, returned. With him were the people from the other offices and a man whom Armitage saw to be a surgeon. But Austin closed the door as the doctor entered. Armitage caught one glance of an awe-struck group, the messengers, the clerks. The doctor bent but a minute over Miss Aylwin's body; then reverently he replaced the handkerchief where Köllner had disposed it and closed her gentle eyes upon this world.

LXI

"It is all over. Death was quite instantaneous." It was the doctor who spoke.

Thank God for that, seemed to be their thought; only Fritz Köllner gave a sort of smothered sob. The surgeon bent himself and said a word in Austin's ear. "No," Armitage heard him say. "Please see to it. But then you must come back——"

"Come back?"

"Come back until they come." The surgeon left the three men sitting there. To Austin the hours seemed endless. Already, at the main door, he could hear the insistent buzz of reporters. He had telephoned to Mr. Gresham, now doubtless at his house; the old gentleman usually left the office after three. And he had caused a guarded message to be sent Miss Ravenel.

Köllner still seemed like one dazed. Armitage watched him curiously. He remembered now to have seen him often in Miss Aylwin's office, not once but many times before. Perhaps he wondered why they were waiting.

Austin was called a moment to the outer office. As he went out Köllner rose and walked over to the couch where the poor woman's body was lying. There he sank upon his knees.

Armitage tiptoed softly back into the library.

When he returned, it was because of a loud knocking at the outer door. Then he heard Pinckney's voice in colloquy with several men. In a minute more the door opened and the police came in.

"Everything is as we found it, captain." As he spoke, the German stood up. The police officer but glanced at him. "This is the revolver." The officer took a ruler from the desk and, taking up the revolver, lay the ruler on the floor where the revolver had been, pointing it as the revolver had pointed. Armitage witnessed these acts with evident disapproval.

"No doubt, sir, no doubt." The chief of police spoke with the respect he owed to one who had been his district attorney, yet with the air of one whom the powers of the great may not distract from his appointed path. "You say there was no motive?" He spoke in English, carelessly, as if the German could not understand; and yet he looked at Köllner rather than at Austin's reply.

"None that I should deem sufficient. The

last," said Austin, "that I should deem sufficient. She died without speaking."

"She was dead when I came," said the surgeon, "and I happened to be close by, waiting in Mr. Radnor's office. The revolver was fired close to her breast; the dress is badly burned; death must have been practically instantaneous."

"How many shots were fired?" The officer asked this of Köllner, who made no answer.

"One shot," said Austin; "we only heard one shot. And it was very loud. We should have heard any other, I am sure."

"But one shot has been fired," said the officer, looking at the revolver. "How long had she been here?"

"Since the morning, they tell me in the outer office. She had complained of being ill and had not gone out to lunch."

The officer stepped up to examine the body. Köllner made a step forward; Armitage laid his hand on his arm gently. Then the officer turned to Austin and beckoned him aside.

"How long had *he* been here?"

"They tell me he had but just gone in."

"Those his flowers?" He had seen the roses on her desk.

"She had a bouquet of roses every day. She always had them, they tell me. But I have noticed it before she even knew young Köllner."

"He may have known her taste—you say he brought none with him?"

"Those are faded," said Austin. "They are yesterday's."

"Where does he live? Where may they have come from?"

"He lives—in Maryland, at a place called Laurel Run. He must have arrived this morning. I had not seen him before. He has long been a client of ours. I have every confidence in him." But as Austin spoke he noted, beneath the roses, something the officer had failed to see—it was a little bunch of jasmine, of the kind that grew sheltered in the Ravenel gardens. All this time Armitage was looking on with increasing disapproval. Köllner did not seem to hear.

"Now, what is your story, my man?" The captain of police suddenly rounded on him. But Köllner made no movement.

"What have you to say for yourself?"

Pinckney touched the officer's elbow.

"Remember, what you say may be used against you. Now then, what was it?"

Köllner looked at him stolidly. Then, as a

light seemed to break on him, he started; and, after a moment, compressed his lips and spoke. "I haf nothing to say."

"Search him—search him at once, before he has time to throw anything away." Armitage sprang up; the officer laid a hand on his arm.

"It is a mere formality," said Pinckney. Then he whispered to Armitage, "They will not find anything upon him."

Armitage stared at him. "You think——"

"They cannot search his heart."

"Well, of all the tenderfoot—" Armitage stopped; his eye, for a moment, had caught that of Köllner.

"Was there any money in that desk?" the head officer asked, coming back to Pinckney.

"She used, I believe, to keep the petty cash for the office in there."

They opened it; a small sum was found. The drawers were filled with files of receipted bills, neatly docketed. One side was locked, without a key. There are times—epochal moments of life, times of love and death, of shame or tragedy—when even the socialist must admit the State's interference to be horrible. The officer turned to Miss Aylwin's body once more. "She must have had the key with her——"

"Stop right there, Mr. Officer," cried Armitage, while Austin also laid his hand upon him, saying quietly:

"It is not necessary now. The drawers can be sealed. If she has the key it shall be saved for you. You need not search."

"Well, I did not believe the motive was money," said the officer meaningly. Austin made no reply. A louder murmur was heard from the outer office, and in a moment Radnor, followed by Mr. Gresham, burst into the room. The tears were streaming down the old man's cheeks; Armitage and Austin stood up, and all, even to the officer, left the room. They heard him sob: "My child! My poor child!"

"Any relation?" asked the officer.

"None that I know of," said Pinckney.

"None whatever," reiterated Radnor. "Don't you think you'd better take him away?"

The captain opened the entry door and two stalwart policemen trooped in. Köllner seemed to start as the handcuffs snapped upon his wrists, then resigned himself again.

"Well, if I can do nothing more—" It was the doctor who spoke. He was anxious to get away.

"Nothing, thank you," said Austin. "Captain, if any bail——"

"Out of the question," snapped the officer. He picked up the pistol. "And I'll keep this——"

"An' you'd better get him away before my old friend sees him." It was Radnor spoke. Köllner went off without a look. All the doors opened; they heard, from the outer office, the talking stilled; a sudden hush. Then in a minute the distant, low, but dreadful roar of an angry crowd.

"It is the people in the street," whispered Radnor. "There's a thousand of them already. And there ain't an office boy among the lot but would kill him but for the police."

"Mr. Radnor, Mr. Armitage." The Westerner looked at Austin's senior critically as the three sat down. Then in a minute Mr. Gresham appeared, wiping his eyes.

"How long has this been going on, Mr. Pinckney?"

"You mean Köllner's visits? Five years—eight years——"

"You knew of this—infatuation?" Gresham spoke calmly enough.

"I knew he wanted to marry her. I knew—I guessed—he has asked her many times."

"Poor girl—and this is the end."

"Has she no relations?"

"She has an old father—no one in New York. She has supported him for many years. But he is too old to come—too feeble. He ought not even to be told. He has lost his memory. Fortunately, she has always kept up her life insurance. I have sent for Miss Ravenel—she was her greatest friend. She has just telephoned that she is coming."

"Mr. Pinckney, with your permission, I will leave you now." It was Armitage who spoke. "Our affairs can wait. And I've a word or two to say to that sheriff of yours." Radnor also rose to go. The two partners were left alone. Then Armitage returned.

"The man was mad?" said Mr. Gresham.

"I do not know. I do not know what to think," said Austin. Then he heard Haviland's voice in the outer office. The door opened behind him, but he did not turn his head. He felt her presence in the room. He held himself as in a vise. He had never seen her since that day of storm at Ravenel.

"Was it here?" asked Mary.

Austin turned. There was no word of greeting, though it was four years since they had met.

"She is there." Her eyes fell; but Armi-

tage, as he looked on, saw Austin's face. He went away. But this was all.

Mary went in; Austin followed her with his eyes; then closed the door.

When in a few minutes she came out, she was crying. Austin kept silent, with clinched palms. "It shall be from my home," she said. "Mr. Haviland——"

But Haviland had gone out. Miss Ravenel went on, to Austin alone: "You believe he did it?"

"He had but just come. They tell me, he seemed beside himself when he arrived. He had not gone in a moment before the shot rang out. He brought those flowers——"

"And she took them—and put them in her glass of water—and then, you think, he shot her?"

Austin was struck to silence. What the policeman had failed to see he had seen; but what the two men had not noted stood out most in her clear woman's wit. He, too, remembered a glass of water—it once had saved him.

"I do not mean the roses, they were hers," manlike, he went on arguing. "But the jasmine—see?" Gently he turned the great roses aside, where the dainty yellow bloom was hidden. "That came from Laurel Run. I know where it grows."

"I gave it to her myself. All day she had been busy making a welcome for me! And I did not even see her. I sent it to her in the evening." They stood there, face to face, and knowing each the other's truth. Death so makes life simple.

Gresham and Haviland came back and talked with Miss Ravenel in a low tone. Austin walked to the window and looked at her in the waning light.

Radnor entered. "The undertaker's people are there."

"Good-by," said she to Austin. She went up and put out her hand.

"Good-by," said he. "I am glad to see you looking so well." And that, again, was all.

Going out the great steps into Wall Street, Haviland and Miss Ravenel found themselves between a line of policemen. With difficulty they kept the people back. "Extras" were thrust into their hands; but in front, before the very newsboys, was a phalanx of reporters. Mary sprang hastily into their carriage, as Haviland pulled down the curtains; but even as he did so, a sheaf of black-lettered news-

papers was thrust in. "Murder in the Office of a Wall Street Law Firm!" was the headline.

"You must come to our house. The reporters would give you no peace at home. They will find out that you knew Köllner." Mary looked at him.

"It was not poor Fritz who shot Miss Aylwin."

LXII

ALL that winter Köllner stayed in jail. The newspapers—they said the people of New York raged for his execution. Even the men in the street, that afternoon, had been in a mood to lynch him. Throughout all, Fritz Köllner said no word. He persistently refused to tell the police, even to tell Mr. Gresham, what had happened in those fateful moments after he had entered poor Miss Aylwin's room. Then another, a more melodramatic murder, came along, and the newspaper public might have forgotten all about poor Fritz but that the district attorney's office still postponed his trial. Then the "yellow" journals got another chance to make manifest their virtue, and the district attorney got his day in court. It was pointed out that over eight hundred homicides had been committed in Greater New York since that official came to office. For these murders there had been but a hundred arrests, twenty-seven trials, and two men executed. Nor did the attorney general's office escape criticism. The charge of supineness gave place to that of corruption; it was openly alleged that Pinckney's influence stood in the way of justice.

It was true that Austin had talked much and often with the police commissioner. He had followed Armitage's cue and asked no word of Köllner, but he had imparted his convictions to the head of the police. Haviland, too, inspired by Mary Ravenel, had been working through his own party leaders. And somehow her conviction of Köllner's innocence through but the one word spoken on that day had imparted itself to Austin. He had a talk himself with the district attorney.

Then it was that that official showed him a letter. It was a letter which had been found in Köllner's pockets, who had vainly tried to throw it away. "You see," said the captain of police who had made the arrest, "the evidence of motive was not all inside him, after all." The letter was but a note, without a

signature. It was on dainty paper, delicately sealed in gray wax; it ran:

You must not come again to New York. Believe me, it is quite hopeless. You would not importune me, I am sure. I am sure you can find a better wife in the valley. If you knew all, you would not wish to marry me. *I am in disgrace.*

There was neither address nor signature.

"It is in your clerk's hand, I think?"

It certainly was in Miss Aylwin's hand.

"But what does she mean by disgrace? Her character was flawless——"

The police captain shrugged his shoulders. The commissioner went on: "Well, with anyone else we should have thought— Now don't get excited; you're as bad as your friend, Mr. Armitage, who wanted to throw us all out of the window! No, we don't think it's that. But you must admit that the only alternative is that he shot her. And that made your cowboy friend almost as mad as the other! 'Any d——d fool that ever saw a gun play must know that Dutchman never owned the hand that fired that gun. He *couldn't* have done it!' But when we asked him why, he would not tell."

"I think he's right."

"Well, confidentially, so do I." The police captain snorted. "And that's why we've held up. But how to prove it? You see he won't say a word. And the public wants his neck."

"They'll turn around and send him flowers when they find he's guilty all right," said the captain. Then Austin made a sign to the district attorney and that officer was dismissed.

"To begin with, we don't know it's a murder." But the commissioner shook his head.

"It's *always* a murder. There's a hundred jobs done where one man swings for it. And there's a thousand more parties die—husbands poisoned, workingmen sandbagged, old people put quietly away, girls got rid of—where ten of those are known as murders. When a murder's known to be a murder, it's a failure *as* a murder." But Austin was familiar with the pessimistic notions of the police department and he turned again to his successor. "You must find what motive she had to kill herself. Köllner never will tell."

"You know the department has money to spend in detecting crime. But there isn't any fund endowed to save obstinate dunderheads from the consequences of not opening them."

"There need be no trouble about money. Haviland and I will see to that."

"Then your partners—Mr. Gresham turns to ice when we ask about her affairs—and Dick Radnor would kick us down the elevator if we proposed to break open her desk, but it's got to come to that sooner or later."

"First you find out who sent her those roses every day; to my knowledge she's had them for ten years——"

"You suspect——?"

"I suspect no one," said Austin gravely. "I suspect no one but her worst enemy."

The district attorney looked at him. "Well, we are not quite such fools as we look. See here——"

It was a bill, for more than a hundred dollars, for "roses"—addressed to Miss Kathryn van Kortlandt, at the Hotel Waldorf-Astoria.

"And here."

It was another bill, of still larger amount, for "American Beauties" delivered to Mrs. Auguste Duval, at the Holland House.

"And here." This one, from another florist, bore the name of Miss Clare Clinton, the Brevoort.

"Webb tells me he used to send them to her ten years ago, at the Ocean House in Newport. And she had hotel bills at all these places, but they are mostly paid."

"She?"

"It is the same person, of course, always Magdalen Aylwin. She led two lives—Miss Aylwin at your office—Miss Clinton, Mrs. Duval, Miss Van Kortlandt, in uptown hotels. But she was perfectly straight, as far as I can make out. No one—still less any man—would ever come to see her. She only stayed from Saturday to Monday and was supposed to have a place out of town. Her manners were dignified, even to shyness. Saturday nights she often went to the theatre—to the opera if there was one—but she never bought prominent seats and always took a maid. Several of the maids I saw. They were very fond of her, and cried bitterly when I told them what had happened to her. They could not believe she was not a great lady, as she had represented herself. She pretended to know all the prominent women in the boxes and would point them out to the maid. She did know a few—Mrs. Antoine Rastacq, for instance—but always seemed to avoid them. The maids would get very angry—every one of them—when my detective asked if there was no gentleman in the case. But of late she had been letting her hotel bills get behind. Now I have told you the facts, how do you account for it?"

"It seems incredible, but it is simple enough. She came to New York, an ambitious country girl, and was dazzled by it. Five days in the week she was a working girl. The sixth day and Sundays she played at being a great lady. And she sent herself the roses!"

The district attorney nodded. Austin felt the good fortune that this official was a gentleman. "Her salary was large?"

"Ample. But she sent a large part to the support of her father and mother. They live or used to live in Hadley, Mass."

"The mother died last summer. The father has lost his memory—of her, of everything. We have examined all that. Her life insurance will be paid——"

"If Köllner murdered her," said Austin.

"Could he have known?"

The other shook his head. "His motive is but dumb devotion."

"To save the memory of the suicide?"

The police commissioner evaded the question. "Now what have you found?"

"She dismissed all her Sunday-school classes the week before. She would give no reason—only cried a little when she was asked. She adjured the older girls to be very good, and told them to marry soon and not to mind if the man was not a gentleman! She had spent the day before getting ready the apartment of her one great friend—Miss Ravenel—who was returning from abroad. But she did not wait to see Miss Ravenel——"

The district attorney nodded. "I know—in her room—her own room, I mean; it was but a hall bedroom in a genteel boarding house, we found a trunkful of what are known as the 'society' newspapers. In a locked photograph album was a whole series of photographs of herself in her best dresses, ball gowns even, low-necked opera things, dinner dresses—there was a scrapbook with cuttings; one in the *Town Woman* referred to the 'beautiful Miss Aylwin at the Ocean House'—it was after that she used to change her name. Then there were even a few clippings about her from the country paper at Hadley—all respectful enough and speaking of her as if she were a personage in the New York world. There was even an item from the *Times* about a house party at Ravenel."

"I remember it," said Austin.

"I can only wonder that she did not burn these. That was really the only thing that made me hold on to Köllner. The impulse must have been a sudden one. When is it the

custom of your firm to make up its annual accounts?"

Austin started. "I do not know," he answered icily.

"Come, come, Pinckney—the poor girl is dead—and you and I want to save an innocent man. No jury will believe these fairy tales we have been telling!"

"At least let me go and prepare my partner—I will find out. You can come in half an hour."

Going over, Austin found Armitage there waiting. He had returned from the West. "Dick," he said, "Köllner is innocent."

Mr. Richard Armitage gave an explosive sigh. "I knew it all along."

"How did you know? Why didn't you tell?"

"I saw that your Dutch friend was a gentleman, and making some play. Being a gentleman, I naturally backed that play. And now I suppose we can go and set the poor fellow free?"

"Not quite," said Austin. "We must go through the poor girl's accounts. Her private desk is locked. The district attorney won't release him without a confirmation of his suspicions."

"The desk is mine—I will not have it opened," said Mr. Gresham when approached upon the subject.

LXIII

THE spring had come, and Mary Ravenel had been down at Laurel Run. During the winter she had gone there frequently; the whole management of the watch factory had fallen to her hands, its manager in jail; besides this she had taken, in addition to her own classes in New York, poor Magdalen Aylwin's Sunday school. At Laurel Run she had lived in the house of one of the older working girls, and devoted much of her time to the heartening of old Mrs. Köllner. Once or twice she had taken the poor mother to New York to see her son; for during all that time her confidence in his innocence had never faltered. But even to his mother, Fritz had never revealed what had happened. Ravenel was dismantled; she never walked in the garden now. She preferred the exhilaration of the climb up the Laurel gorge.

Her cousin, Father Conyngame, came out to see her as often as he could; and sometimes she would help him with the old work in

Baltimore. It seemed to him, brave and strong as she was, that she had more than she could do. He tried to help her in turn, but her enemies were of this world, where his spiritual powers availed not; moreover, his own notion of one life was to burn it out even as a candle is burned on the altar of the Lord. And the struggles of the spirit are best quieted by service, even service of the body. To one who has renounced the earth comes already some vision of the souls that do not dwell therein. And so he put her from his heart.

Freddy Wiston was a great help to her in a business way; so, in other wise, was Mamie Rastacq. Of Austin she never heard; but she kept up a correspondence with Dorothy, who was still at Cimiez. She only knew that Austin was working hard to prove poor Köllner's innocence. So another winter joined itself unto the past.

There are times when the present seems more unreal than any past, more empty than any future. Mary Ravenel never permitted herself to be discouraged—the greater difficulty but showed the greater need; yet it was an hour as when one mounts a weary hill to see the way lie long before him. The tragedy of the poor woman's end lay deep upon her, and the greater the sense, still undefined, of tragic fruitlessness that was in her life. The ascetic priest could not help her here; he did not dream his mission to reconcile one with this life. And Mary had a sense that she had sought, first, indeed, to elevate, but also to reconcile, Miss Aylwin to the world she found—and that she had failed. Too, those years abroad had been as an anæsthetic. Life in Europe, particularly when one is ill, quiets one's energy, lulls one's conscience. Her duty had been there to recover her health. It was true that she had seen much of Dorothy, and she had found her—for the first time in her life—unhappy. Truly unhappy—not vexed or discontented—it was a good sign.

Then, one day, Miss Ravenel was aroused by Haviland's telegram from New York: "Köllner is to be released to-night—everything is known." And joyously she ran down—she had been sitting in the gorge, above the long cascade where the "run" sang deep beneath the stones—to break the news to his old mother. First she only told her that she had come to take her to New York, that she might see her son that day. But her little feet ran lightly, with the tread of them which shine upon the mountains, and with

one look at Mary's eyes the old dame said, "My son is free."

They went to the Tombs, and there found Armitage and Mr. Radnor waiting for them. Pinckney, they said, had been there, but had gone. Poor old Gresham sent careful word that he rejoiced with them—but his heart was too heavy yet to come. "I never saw Gresham so broken—I will tell you at the house," said Haviland. So even the jailers went away; and Köllner, in his prison house, was told that all was known, that Magdalen Aylwin had pressed the pistol to her own pure heart. They even knew the reasons. Was it not so?

Köllner looked at his mother, then at Miss Ravenel.

"You may speak freely," said John. "It can do the poor girl no more harm. Was it not so?" Köllner bowed his head. Then they asked him how it happened. But Armitage, who had been getting more restless, growled that they might leave the poor lad alone with his mother. John laid his hand upon his shoulder. "But one thing we must know—did she say anything? Did she explain?"

"Fritz," said Mary Ravenel, "did she tell you anything, or did she fire before you spoke to her?"

"She fired even as I did open the door—I did not even see her do it. How else would I not then have prevented her? I loved her very much."

"Did you know—that she had stolen money?"

Köllner looked at Haviland, his blue eyes opened wide. Then, as they filled with tears, he sobbed out: "You know I knew she was in trouble—the policemen they took my letter from me and had read it—so I had to come. And I know nothing more."

John took his hand from Armitage's shoulder, and the Westerner sprang up. "You must come to the West with me—and ride, and ride—I need a man like you. Come, man, we'll start to-night. Will you?"

"I should be very pleased to go away," said Köllner. "First I must go back to the watch factory, to Laurel Run, with my mother here." And he kissed her, as the others turned away.

"It was hardly a thousand dollars," said John, in the carriage going home. "It might have been going on some years, but she had always managed to replace it before. This time, she saw that it would be discovered.

She had taken it all from the petty cash. Large sums, vast sums, had often passed through her hands before and she had never touched them."

"Poor Mr. Gresham was almost crazy with grief," John continued, as Miss Ravenel made no answer. "When he consented that we should look at her book, the deficit appeared at once. She had not attempted to conceal it. 'A thousand dollars,' the old man kept saying to us. 'A thousand dollars! Why, didn't she know she might have had ten for the asking! Why didn't she ask me?—why didn't she tell me?'—he kept on saying." Mary only pressed her handkerchief to her eyes.

"We looked carefully through the desk—we even thought there might be some letter of explanation. But there was none. There was not even a word for you—she had your picture in the desk, though. And here it is. After all you did for her—"

"After all I tried to do. I never could succeed. I could not make her look at things our way—" The poor girl quite broke down.

"The cause seems all too trifling—does it not?"

"N-no," said Miss Ravenel gravely. "It was not that she took the money, but that she knew herself that she *could* take it."

"Still, I do not see. Most defaulters have some great cause, some pressing need."

Coming to his wife, John bade her look after Mary. He had never thought she seemed so lonely, so much in need. And with Grace he left her. In her plain black evening dress, he thought to himself that she had never been more beautiful. The two women sat on the lounge before the fire, their hands clasped together. And he could see that already Mary Ravenel had won her faith again. He listened while she spoke to his wife:

"No, I will not lose heart. The poor child's life is not so hard to understand. The world intoxicated her—and she had to stand apart. Others might have envied, might have sinned. There was no sin in her nature—only that her soul was never touched. She saw other women radiant, flattered, followed—she sent herself flowers as if they had been sent to her by some one else, as she had seen them get them. The life of luxury dazzled her—and one day in the week she chose to play at being rich. The world held up to her no other standard of success. The poor child's life was like an Arabian Night's tale

—her Sundays, her poor, pitiful notion of what she thought the fashionable hotel, the opera, the flowers, the carriages, gave the color to her life. Monday mornings the fairy spell would vanish and she had to come back to a drab world."

"If she only could have married that good man!"

"If he only could have touched her heart, she might have found her soul. But she could not get beyond his workman's hands. Oh, it is we who are to blame, we who are to blame!" cried Mary. "We set up no ideal but money-making, and the money that men make we spend not worthily. It is not enough that men leave millions to a college, an asylum; dead money does no good. And yet the men are not to blame. It is the women, wives, daughters, the mothers for the daughters, set the standard. What lesson of content in *her* lot did the poor child learn from the opera boxes! Plutocracies, ages we call of commercialism, have existed in the world before now. And they have fallen in corruption—it was much that this poor child could even keep herself from that. Yet even Venice learned to forbid mere ostentation! It is not so much the luxury, the comfort that the rich can really use, if only for themselves—it is the show of senseless possession, the pride of possessing things that others must go without. We women must bring about the change. A man will follow where a woman leads. We must get ideals—it comes back to that—we must learn not to be vulgar in our hearts. That, I am sure, was what most rankled in her: she knew herself equal, finer, than the women who seemed to sweep in triumph by. It is our fault, our fault."

The speech was simple, perhaps would have seemed a truism but for the blaze of insight that glowed in her lovely eyes. Then the lids fell again and Grace made bold to say:

"You have not failed."

"Oh, I failed with her—I could not seem to make her see—" The girl's head sank upon her slender wrist as she looked into the fire. "After all, it is the only thing to do."

"You must be very tired to-night," said Gracie gently.

"Yes—it is time to go to bed. God sends each morrow another day," said Mary, smiling.

"Grace," said John Haviland gravely after Miss Ravenel had gone upstairs, "if I had not met you, I had loved that girl more than my own soul."

"Are you sure that you do not do so now, dear John?" said Grace. And John thought her smile was like an echo of Miss Ravenel's.

LXIV

MUCH water has passed beneath the bridges since poor Magdalen's death. A year or two later, Mary Ravenel went abroad again with the Ralstons, on their great steam yacht. "Common rich people," said John, "but she is interested in the daughters. I am afraid, too, she needs the salary. We are glad to have her leave New York; she has no place now in the summer." In this way Austin learned of her.

Austin stayed in New York again that summer and buried himself in his business. The year before he had brought the boy back to his aunt's. He had been very ill at Cimiez. Then Austin had a public interest in his own life; it was to be a critical year in New York in national politics. Occasionally, as he had promised Köllner, he ran down and took a look at the affairs of Laurel Run. The business of the works was prosperous enough, but Fritz was still out with Armitage in Arizona. A great dam was being built there and the *acequias* commenced; but Armitage wrote that Köllner spent his time in far-off excursions among the Indians. Köllner had not written to Pinckney as yet; he could not blame him.

He labored at his tasks, though not quite knowing why. Of what avail was all this money he was getting? He could not use it as he wished. The charitable use, even, of mere money he disbelieved in. He thought there was something deadening, demoralizing in the power of dollars even then. And with his Southern prejudices he disbelieved in State interference. He dreaded an institutionalized society. He saw little good in the institutionalized child. One must give of oneself; individually, privately, naturally—if everyone but sought to humanize the neighbors among whom one's own path led, there would be no "Problems"—silly word, silly capital letter. But Austin, knowing this, could yet not somehow give his self—not yet.

In verity, the wish of God was not plain to him that year. Surely, to those nearest he had done his duty? He had taken his boy across again, in the autumn, and left him for the winter with his mother. Then he went back in April; he was able to stay but a

day or two (they met him, Dorothy and her sister, in Paris), but before leaving them he had settled them in a comfortable home in Surrey, near enough to get to London for the theatre, within driving distance of the races—Epsom, Ascot, Henley—diversions which Daisy, at least, demanded. His visit had thus been very hurried; but even in the few hours he had passed alone with Dorothy he had been struck with a growing calm, a self-control that had been foreign to her, a certain steadiness of insight. Undoubtedly it did her good to have the anxiety about poor Daisy's career. It did her good to have the boy back; she had worried over him. Puzzi had been left on his favorite Riviera; and Dorothy, when she invited Daisy, had quietly told her that the house was too small for the Brevier boy. At Cimiez Daisy had been at a hotel; now Dorothy frankly took her in charge. "It is only silliness," she said to Austin, "but it is such silly silliness!" And Austin accepted it all loyally, and showed a thoughtfulness in his arrangements to make them happy for the summer—Perhaps, had he looked deep down in Dorothy's eyes, he might have seen a certain expression that was new to them. There had never been any mentionings between them of the happenings at Gansevoort Manor—Gansevoort had made haste to marry—he had picked out the handsomest *débutante* of the ensuing year, a girl of an old New York family, but with a modest fortune and extravagantly fond of horses.

Then, when Austin was back in New York alone, his wife's letters began to mention Mary Ravenel—

One wonders if a deity that places such bolts of levin in his little toys of pith, in the humor that the tragic comedians from Aristophanes to Heine insist on for an attribute divine, is ever moved, not to Homeric laughter at their antics, but to compassion of their strength. For sure it was that Austin lived as if it were not, neither remembered, nor yet forgot. "Nor joy he had with vision of his lady's eyes"—yet never feigned a lie, putting it only aside as if it were not, or were not for this world. Consciously he *never* thought of Mary Ravenel; yet he willed the way he dreamed her wish to be. Unhappy never, his life was not expressed in terms of happiness—no more was Basil Conynghame's—steady, outlooking, sure. The heart, as a shrine, may be empty when the angel's errand is done—he had been near to falling in the stony places, till upborne

on wings that saved his soul alive. An age away were now those fearful days when he had seen no lights but the will-o'-the-wisp of the marsh—an age away even those days of higher sorrow when he had yearned in vain for a sign, as a lost star to its sun across the interspace of void. One moment they had mutual sight; then each had traveled forth on its appointed orbit. It was enough that she knew. The joy lay in that they were in one world together.

He plunged into politics. The two great forces were at work that year—and each in its own sphere had its subtler reaction. Cardinal antagonism lay between Pinckney and Haviland in their political opinions, and yet, it may be hazarded, each of them wished identically the same things—like many others, as representative government now finds. They disagreed only as to which badge, which party nickname, mustered the fortuitous aggregation which was most likely to attain them. For the extremists—the Medicis, the Mas' anielos—know well enough what they want; but the great honest multitude herd between them like a doubting flock, determined either way by the tune of a pipe, the color of a ribbon.

And Haviland was of those who believe that governments exist to produce prosperity; and that the intelligent few, seeing the way to get it, may well be trusted to disseminate it among the masses. While Pinckney thought that governments should think, not of property but of men: see to it that the people are free, and they will look after the pence themselves. Thus, John, for the Oligarchs, would say, "Democracy counts noses—a republic should count heads." And Austin would answer, "The heads too often look but to their own stomachs." To which John, "The heads of to-day lead the noses of to-morrow." And Austin, "The noses of the pack may be sharper than the huntsman's eyes." "Noses are blind." "Cassandra was blind." Then John would laughingly curse epigram and bid him come down to business.

For on "business" that year they were substantially agreed. John's party was in danger of exchanging the last of its very birth-rights for a mess of pottage; Austin's of losing its primal principle in the slavery of socialism. And it seemed, as always, that the extremes had but to meet to play into each other's hands. A patriotic President had stripped the clothing from the naked selfishness of his own Congress, and property and privilege and

power were banded to regain control. And the honest, patient people, desperate of liberty in democracy, hopeless of the power of the citizen, were being lured to make the State their ruler over many things, albeit had proved faithless in a few. The astute trust leaders, the wily demagogues, both saw their chance; Markoff himself, ten times a millionaire, secret agent of that very "Money Power" that even Armitage had recognized, was actually in possession of the Democratic machine—while the government of millions, by Millions, and for more Millions, seemed all the country needed to the party that had once been Lincoln's. Pinckney and Haviland took their several ways, but each was girded for the fight.

It was hopeless to get a renomination for the President. His own officeholders were against him; his senators, not a single one of whom would have been reelected by the people, were sworn to his defeat. Yet recognizing the popular revolt, wishing to bow to it and still maintain touch with the "conservative element," they thought of a man who was now Governor of New York—John Haviland. His name met with instant popular response, but he was "sounded" and not found pliable. He even told them that their President had been right in all he had tried to do, even in some things they had let be done; it was even whispered that he had ventured to doubt whether the people got all the benefits of the present tariff. On Austin's side, things were equally at sea to the politicians, and even more unsatisfactory to the intelligent. Pinckney was fond of claiming a certain moral quality in their very stupidity, but it looked as if they might nominate a self-advertising millionaire who posed for a socialist, with Markoff himself as the power behind the throne. At this pass, Pinckney stepped down into the arena; he took the stump.

The influences that Markoff represented were already shown in the dry rot of the party organization. No party in America that reduces its rank and file to the condition of mercenaries can hope permanently to succeed. The use of money may carry one election, but renders success impossible for many after years. Every country village will have a handful at least of men whose party loyalty is based on patriotic conviction; who will serve faithfully, year in, year out, in times of party success and in times of failure, actuated only by that high idealism that is the

distinguishing feature of the American character. These men cannot be bought, nor are they motivated by any personal political ambition. They are found in both parties—many a time had John and Austin compared notes upon it—and nothing is more touching than their faithfulness, more inspiring than the patriotism with which they follow any leader whom they can believe embodies their political ideal. But these men Pinckney found already disgruntled at Markoff's methods, disgusted with his rule. The use of a pitiful fifty, a hundred, dollars for each little town had rendered their strong arms nerveless; the men that now formed town committees, Austin found, were those to whom a few dollars on election day were a sufficient motive to work. Such workers are valueless. They control only their own votes—and those of the town loafers. For the use of money in the body politic is as alcohol on the individual—the dose must ever be greater, its efficacy be ever less; its ravages increase as the character is impaired. The workingmen, this year, were blindly throwing in their lot with the socialists; while the intelligence of the historic party remained supine.

Austin had been at work but a few days before he suspected that Markoff was secretly fomenting this movement. It is the failing of such intellects as Markoff's to welcome any system that will preserve their personal rule. Again Austin found himself pitted against his old antagonist. And one night in July, just before the national conventions, the suspicion became a certainty. There was a great political meeting in an important manufacturing city in the western part of the State. Austin was to speak, and was billed to speak last; and every speech preceding his attacked the enemy—not with principles of individual liberty, class freedom, destruction of entrenched privilege—but with all the hopeless phrases of the surrender of liberty for a promised crust of bread. The rusty weapons of Lassalle and Marx were clumsily refitted to American hands; the evils of State where the State was supreme were quoted to show that Americans, retrograding their history, should build a State supremacy still; even unconscious of their inconsistency the ravings of Chicago anarchists were repeated, attacking our juries, our courts, belittling the value of the Anglo-Saxon's appeal to law. Hopelessly wrong-headed, and yet so plausibly wrong! Many ills they stormed against were true enough; how to persuade them that the remedy still

was liberty, not slavery; destruction of all privilege, rather than a counter privilege of their own? His very words seemed but dull generalities as he sat there trying to think. Then, as he turned to watch their effect upon the magnates upon the platform, he caught the sardonic gleam of triumph in Markoff's eye.

In another moment Pinckney was on his feet. The words he spoke that night were famous. Greeted at first with hootings and with catcalls, in a few minutes more came roars of counter cheers; then for a time it seemed that the police must interfere; then steadily the derisive cries were stilled and the fair cheers thundered with increasing volume as the rising surf upon the sand. For he spoke as an American imbued with all the great traditions of his country's birth, weighted with the charge of this our time that bears her future, moved with the emotion of one whose race had been bred that they might die for her, live that they might labor only to set her feet on her appointed path. He pleaded for no outworn path of conquest, no smug commercial destiny, no exploitation of dependencies, still less of their own people—but that she, the country that was the country of all of them, might only hold high to the world's sight the soft lamp of liberty at home. And then, before a multitude stilled in amazement, he turned to Markoff and charged his wing of the party with misleading them, with perverting the public fabric to base private ends, with secretly dealing with the pretended enemy.

Markoff made no reply. He made bold to meet Pinckney in the courts; he did not venture to cope with him before an audience of four thousand American citizens. At such moments he was, despite all bluster, uneasily conscious of a difference between them. He thought he understood America—almost, he had been born there—he had made all his money among Americans—he mistook for patriotism his liking for a country that made such money-making possible. But that night, more than ever before, he tried, in vain, to put away his consciousness that there was an American nation—and that he was not in touch with it. He despised this Pinckney, this old schoolmate. He had beaten him in college, he had beaten him in life. Yet while he could manipulate a legislature, while he might by intrigue get to the American Senate—in the ultimate appeal to the people, it was Pinckney who spoke the language the American people understood.

The meeting broke up in some disorder. Reporters clustered about Austin, but he shook them off. The hall was hot; and still quivering with emotions, he sought the outer air. As he came to the end of the hall, John Haviland grasped his hand. "I heard the last of it," he said. "I ran down here from Elmira."

In the street a veritable mob surged about them. With difficulty they secured a carriage; John had to take the night train for New York; Austin was to speak in Buffalo the following day. He left his friend at the station and drove back to his hotel. A bunch of telegrams were handed him at the hotel office as he asked for his key. It was usual to receive many such during political campaigns, and he opened them with a listless hand. The first one was dated Rome—New York?—no, Italy—and as he read it his heart ceased beating:

"Mary Ravenel died last week at Taormina, Sicily.
GERVAISE BRANDON."

LXV

THE doors of the shrine, long unwonted, had been opened, its stone floor swept, its rock walls garnished with many roses, with tall wild mignonette, with Sicilian oleander; the old priest, by whose kindness this had all been done, had said his prayers for the soul of her whom he had never seen; then priest and acolyte had gone, and he was left with her alone. The iron doors were locked again; the little shrine was dim; only one lamp burned there continually. The iron doors were open gratings, yet no wind stirred the flame; once a day the Sicilian boy came in to fill it with oil.

A thousand feet below, the summer sea gleamed, all of turquoise and of jade—its breath must have kept the flowers from dying as it stirred softly among the leaves. The day she died they had been cut; but they bloomed still.

It was a chapel, long unused, dedicated to the Virgin of the Sea, and the battered little panel above the shrine still showed her blue robe fresh, and the gentle eyes, of Stella Maris, bright as when an age less faithless had first placed them there. The chapel, hollowed in the lava rock, over a cliff path long disused and now even dangerous, hung on one of the spurs of Etna, and that eternal mountain with its stole of snow swam dreamily in the

sky above him. Still, above the pall of ice, the lonely cloud breathed from the fire, the fire eternal that was in its heart—and here, beneath that mighty pyre, her friends had left her—left her with many tears—as Basil Conynghame, her nearest surviving relative, had sent them word to do; and then had gone on their way, a summer cruise amid the isles of Greece—so fourteen days she rested there alone. Only once a day this village priest, who (he and they who went before him) for a century or more had kept the light alive in the unvisited chapel, now came and knelt to say his prayers for the soul of her who lay there, a stranger whom he had never known, but as now might lie, at peace, some long-expected guest.

For in the sunshine of those purple seas some sudden secret shaft had smote the pulse of this one and left the others unharmed. "*He destroyeth the perfect and the wicked. If the scourge slay suddenly, He will laugh at the trial of the innocent.*" These were the words that Austin bore with him many days, watching the prow of his boat. The cleft seas rolled merrily apart, the foam laughed dancing down the yacht's sharp sides, the sweet breeze brought its breath of citron groves—and one wave was like another as it went by. And he still watched there, with wide-open eyes, praying for the ship to go on faster. "*He will laugh at the trial of the innocent.*" But for his sin, she had been saved.

And then, on a day, he came to Sicily. And on this morning the iron doors had opened, and he came into her presence.

The priest had said his mass, then gone away and left him. He stayed there. Then in the evening the priest came again, and looked upon this man, this stranger, that had lived that day with him. And he saw that there was a change upon his face; it was as the light that now and again will come upon a countenance from which the veil of Maia has fallen—so much so that the priest was moved to say, His peace be with you; and he answered, Peace. The *padre* asked no questions as they walked back, only that the stranger was of his faith. "*Fu moltò gentile la donna,*" he only said. "*La ho veduta, che fu già morte. Ma era l'aspetta di lui santissima, santissima, così quelle che son' in cielo.*" For Austin had not seen her face. So one more night the Stella Maris watched over her. But now the Virgin's shrine is empty once

more; only the little lamp burns there continually.

Above them the snows of Etna lay in the moon's light, and they took their way to the pebbled shore where the small white yacht rose gently with the breathing of the sea. Then they returned, with men, an hour before the dawn, and before the sun lit up the opposite Calabrian coast the little bark was as a white moth upon the horizon.

Once more he took his station in the prow. Westward, still westward, now, it cleft the foam—by Scylla and Stromboli, by the pillars of Hercules, the old world ended, into the broad Atlantic. The crew now knew their errand, and no one troubled him with questions; he was alone, as he wished to be. The green waves rose and fell in foam, and broke apart before him; and one wave was like another as it went by. Only now, it seemed, there was a Peace, came dropping down from heaven. Father Conynghame knew where he was—no one else. He had let him go, bade him go. And Father Conynghame was walking now in his garden at home and waiting.

It is the fashion to say, such days go by like a dream; yet the dream is an eternity. His vision seemed more near to God, now that his heart was still. She saw Him now, albeit the dust was in her eyes. So, as his rebellious mood had left him, it gave room for peace; and the peace was even as a joy. He saw now how one like Basil Conynghame could see, one who had renounced the world for knowledge of His truth. He saw how she could see, she who had never sinned. The sense of sin had fallen with the accident of flesh; truly now he might rejoice that she had lived; rejoice, yea, even that their earthly meeting had not been willed. "Nothing was wasted"—her life had had its fruit. Her preparation had been fulfillment; and now, far above all stain of sex, his soul was one with hers. Yet he had plucked wild flowers in the paths where last she trod—long mignonette and daffodil—there was no harm in this; the flowers made a fragrance by his bedside as he prayed.

Then after many days low shores appeared before him; the earthly journey he had taken with her was come now to its end. He landed, and what was earthly of her was delivered to her friends. And so she came to Laurel Run. The shrine in Sicily was empty now, only, he knew, the little lamp burned there continually.

LXVI

HE took his abode, for a day or two, with Basil Conynghame and walked there in his garden. It was not long to wait.

When Ravenel was sold, the little cemetery was reserved, and Father Conynghame had kept the key. And there, one afternoon in that same August, the committal services were held. Her friends, her nearer friends, all came there; Austin, his mission done, now stood apart. He watched the mourners—they who had been nearer to her than he had ever been. All were there. First, the maidens and the old people of Laurel Run, and they were crying. Fritz Köllner walked alone. Grace and her husband John had come, and a chosen group of them of the great city whose lives she had uplifted. Hidden in a close veil, he recognized the form of Mamie Rastacq, now a widow. There, too, was Freddy Winston. And Father Basil, now the priest again, his gaunt visage only living in his eyes, read out the deathless words. The sacrament was over.

Long time they stayed there, after his voice was still. Then one by one, dropping their lilies, these who had so loved her went away. Austin then came, with a spray or two of mignonette. They stood there, they two, after all the others had gone; then Austin and Basil went out together. Austin clasped his hand; each took a different way.

The sun was setting now, and Austin sought the steps of her deserted garden; then up the mountain he went, and through the dark forest; then down one last time by the laughing brook, the brook where they had met—and known. He knew that she had known. Then, when it was quite dark, he bent his steps once again to the grave.

It may have been an hour that he lay there, his face on the ground. There was no danger now. They were alone. Something of his soul was buried there; but his sin was buried too. Something of the soul that she had saved. Then at last he arose and looked about him. The vault of heaven was closely sown with stars. So he went out and took the open road to the north.

But when he was surely gone, a tall black figure came down from the hanging wood. It went in at the graveyard gate, and bowed itself, one minute, on the ground—bowed itself, as Austin had done, a minute only. Then it arose—not hesitating, as Austin had hesitated—it passed through the iron doors

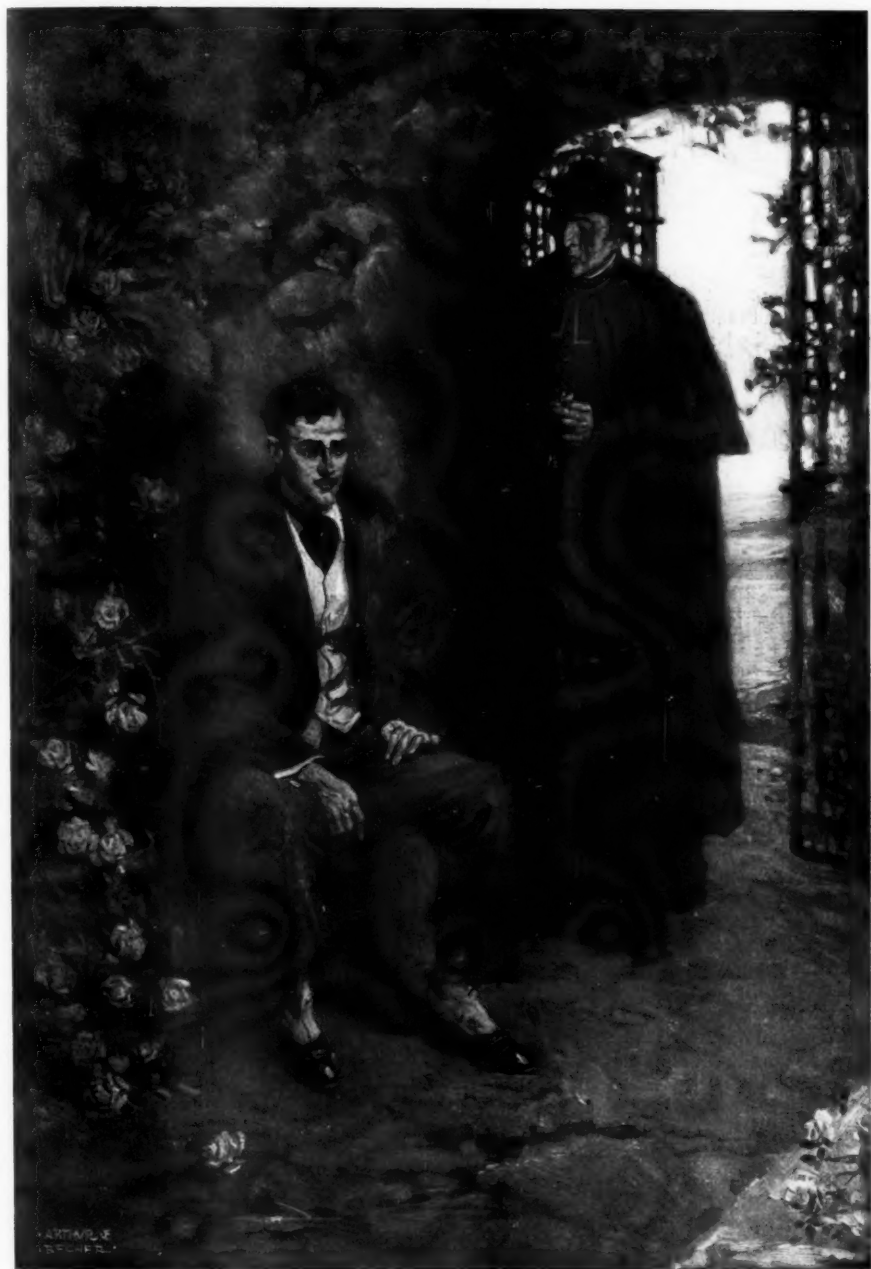
for the last time and closed and locked them. There were no more Ravenels. The priest then strode off southward, on the road to Baltimore, where lay his work.

LXVII

DOROTHY, in the pretty home in Surrey, waited for her husband. She had hoped he would come to her that summer—but of late years she had grown so shy, so shy! When he had been those few days with her in the spring, she had not even dared to tell him what she wished.

She had stayed abroad those many years, as she supposed, on Daisy's account. True, he had been with her, always in the summer, sometimes even, as business had brought him to London, in the spring. He would not hear of an English school for little Austin, and the boy was now getting to the age to go. But Austin, brought up in Baden, was intense in his Americanism. And Dorothy herself had learned to see why. At all events the life that she had seen of those Americans who form what is known as the American colony in Continental cities had grown to impress itself on her as shallow, futile, immoral. One winter, at his suggestion (Dorothy wished that Austin would sometimes command), she had spent, with little Austin, at his German aunts'—that indeed was a life, it had some dignity—but its only effect on the boy had been to render him at once noisily patriotic and furiously homesick. And Dorothy now was homesick too.

She humbly wondered that Austin did not see some change in her, and then would even dismiss the wonder with a sigh. The life that had dazzled her was not American; and now she was thirsting for American life. She had taken to reading the newspapers; she followed ever the turn of politics, the waves of popular impulse. She was glad that her husband was in the struggle there; New York, after all, was the great arena where the forces of the nation met. She knew as well as he did the crisis they were in; that the President was marked for destruction in the house of his friends, the danger that the other party would not seize the torch that he had been compelled to drop. Timidly she would write a word of this, a question now and then to Austin; his generous full replies gave her some happiness. But she wanted to come home.



Drawn by Arthur Becker.

"On this morning the iron doors had opened and he came into her presence."

Much, too, she had seen of Mary Ravenel these last four years. She may have learned to see a little with her eyes. Certainly, she had so first felt the stir of doubt; and doubt is the quickening of faith—doubt of her past, faith in the way that he had sought to lead. She had given her hand in his—and then withheld it. And now (she would cry to herself) his heart was gone from her.

For it had needed the chill of tragedy. In the first shock of that first step of shame—her own step (she shuddered now to confess), her own hand's touch, which had so quickly stripped the mask from Gansevoort's face—she had seen the steps descending as to a pit of slime—and had shrunk back and cowered, naked in ignominy. The gloss of fashion, the excuse of custom, the bravado of the vulgar-hearted, none of them now availed to make her see such divorcing and remarrying other than as it was—the accoupling of animals or the selling and buying of a better bargain. And in all her easy life, one moment had led so imperceptibly to the next that her eyes had only been opened on the very brink. In horror of it, more in horror of herself, she had fled away—and hidden, lonely amid strange scenes, there to consider herself. And now she began to think: and Daisy's hopeless life was food for thought.

How can one tell, without a book of words, the "tortures of some differing soul"? There was at the first shame, then loneliness, and many months of suffering. The simple, haughty standard of that life in Germany—the tawdry, rootless rattle of the Riviera—and all this time alone. Then once, and once again some three years later, Mary Ravenel had come. Their boy had had an illness, and they had sent him home, and then she had to forget herself in her poor sister's lot.

So, whether it were maturity—or sorrow—or the thinking only now of others—the shock of her mother's death, that day—then Daisy had been a care and sorrow to her—There was no harm in her, but then there was as yet no good! That silly boy, Brevier, had followed them to England—Puzzi, she knew, was paying spies to effect a French divorce—and then this summer, the good old Major had come to her aid. She could not but smile at the manner of it now! He had suggested the four weeks' voyage to the North Cape; it was growing hot and dried up even at Blackdown in that August. So she had cabled Austin for his consent and got a cabled reply, giving it; he was going away

too, and would meet her in England on her return. But the deliverance was not made as the Major contemplated. For the Brevier boy got himself aboard the *Prinzessin Luise* at the last moment. Only, there was also on board an American girl—of the regular, now almost classic order. She had brown arms, bare usually to the elbow, and a brown little neck; she was hatless and athletic, slender and pretty, a flirt as only a college girl can flirt, and withal as honest as a daisy—and after three midnight glacier climbs they returned—she and the Brevier boy—one morning, by the early sun of half past twelve or so, to announce their engagement! She was just sixteen. Daisy's only remark was that she looked older—and Dorothy made up for the gravity she had to enforce upon herself before her sister by filling reams of hilarious delight to Austin. True, she could not mail them, but what did that matter? They were written to him just the same.

So Daisy, on their return, announced her determination to go home and live in Philadelphia. It certainly had this advantage, that Puzzi would have to go over there and make some show of decency or Daisy herself could get a divorce—and, spite of all the reverence poor Dorothy now showed to all her husband's convictions, she could not, for the life of her, see why divorce did not just suit Daisy's case. She had married him out of vanity; her life was bound to be vain—short of a great sorrow, which her nature was incapable of. Let the life led idly be at least led decently. Austin would say, then let them live apart. But even the silly little Brevier boy had shown her what might come of this. "Whom God hath joined together—" Yes, but had He joined them together? It was blasphemy to say so in Daisy's case. Now, in her own—

And then the agony of self-communing would recur. At least though, with her, there had been honest love—yes, honest love—not indeed such love as now. She had, for love, that old day thrown Gansevoort over for Austin. Many tears had learned the road to Dorothy's eyes, those days. That love was not enough. But now—If Austin could know! If Austin would but know! She was starving—she was starving—for a word of love. And now she had forfeited the right to tell him.

Mary Ravenel had known. Even Mamie Rastacq knew. And she knew, Dorothy knew, that she had changed. She knew that



Drawn by A. B. Wenzell.

"There were no more Ravensels."

she had changed. But it sometimes seemed to her that he had not tried to see. Even the Major saw. The Major had been very friendly with her that summer, and he had not been friendly for many years. Little Austin would sometimes say, "Why, mamma, you are crying"—and she would clasp him passionately in her arms. But so the chrysalis was broken. She had found her soul.

To Austin, who once had been so nigh to losing his, God's messenger had laid aside the mask. Once more the ocean waves divided, this time beneath the stem of an ocean steamer. On its deck he walked, no longer numbering the Atlantic billows as one might tell a chain of beads. He seemed like a man whose steps would falter not. He walked like one to whom the way had been made clear. The darkness that lay on the face of the waters was no longer lonely, the way before his steps was filled with light.

In the madness of that first voyage he had come nigh to cursing God that he had ever been. He had groaned aloud that she might still have lived, had it not been for him. He had cried once that she had died because of his sin. Then, as if it had been by her intercession, at the grave had come a sense of blessedness. God's will had wrought all and not his froward own. She had lived, and the earth was kinder because her soul had dwelt there. Her preparation had been fulfillment; and now her soul was where the morning stars sang together, yea, for joy.

And last of all his heart now yearned to her that was his wife, the wife of his youth—his hand had never strengthened her, his heart

had not been there to comfort her. First, now, he saw the strength of his own creed. Their bond had been at best of passion; there it had failed. Yet might it grow to be a sacrament? And as he hastened up the path, he saw her waiting there, his wife, the mother of his child. One moment she looked up to his eyes—and knew, for the last time, tears. For through them she saw that he too knew.

"God, on each morrow, sends another day." Dorothy, that very night, told him she was going home. He had answered, Yes. And now she was already in the house, happy in making her preparations. He sat in the garden, dreaming under a soft English sky. Beside him came down, from golden haunts of moss and heather, the murmur of a little brook. And its voice brought to his memory the little brook that met the sea on Mrs. Shirley's lawn.

Then a servant brought him a telegram. Its very words breathed of a keener sky—it was from John, and told him of his nomination for the presidency. The outworn bonds of party had been burst, and at last the people of both parties had come together. There was a revolt against both nominations, and they had called on Haviland. "The President too is with us; come at once. You must speak, here, and in the West. Armitage is at work already there. I need you; there is work for my Attorney General."

Austin sent the servant to call Dorothy. Then he sat down in the library and wrote his telegram—that he would come.

It was the next thing to do.

FINIS

SONG OF THE PEARL

By ARCHIE SULLIVAN

I WAS made for the smallest hands to press,
 For the softest kiss and the still caress,
 For the whispered peace of a night in June,
 For tired eyes that watch the moon.
 I was made for grief and for hearts that break
 To passionate tears for the loved one's sake;
 My soul is a mist, my heart a sea,
 And I pave the floors of eternity.



MADAME DELACROIX



MISS DELAGE

THE PORTRAITS OF ST. MÉMIN

By CHARLES KASSON WEAD



IN the year 1796 a new fad took hold of the well-to-do people of New York and Philadelphia, and the larger cities within coaching distance. It was the sensible fad of having one's portrait done in profile by the young Frenchman, St. Mémin, whose process, which was half mechanical, produced an exact likeness, and whose price was within the reach of average pockets. The method that he employed in the device of the physiognotrace has most unfortunately been lost, and the secret of how he produced, in their minuteness and accuracy, the eight hundred portraits that he finished during his fourteen years' residence in America died with him.

St. Mémin was born in the town of Dijon, once capital of the province of Burgundy, about one hundred and seventy miles from Paris, in the year 1770. His family name was Févret. He was a son of Benigne-Charles Févret de St. Mémin, a counselor of the parliament at Dijon, who had married a Mlle. de Motmans, a Creole of great beauty from the island of San Domingo. The greatest

care was given to the education of the boy, who early showed manifestations of great talent, and a brilliant future was prophesied for him. But the storms of the French Revolution interfered sadly with the plans of his parents, and changed the whole current of the young man's future. At the age of fourteen he had entered a military school of Paris. After a year's instruction he became a supernumerary ensign in the regiment of Gardes Françaises. But he had a mind that turned more readily to things artistic than to things military. He had an innate aptitude for the art of design, and a natural bent for mechanics. During his leaves of absence he drew likenesses, studied painting, and, to amuse himself, dabbled in the trade of watchmaking; and once he remarked that the happiest day of his life was that in which he had been able to take apart and put together again an old timepiece of his father's. With the outbreak of the Revolution, his regiment was re-formed, and the officers returned to their homes. In 1790 St. Mémin joined the army of the Princes, and, although his service was short, he received the title of lieutenant colonel. The laws passed for the confiscation of

property in France, of those who had left the country, threatened to impoverish the family; but as his mother had large estates in San Domingo, the young soldier and his father started for the West Indies from Holland, via Halifax, Quebec, Montreal, and New York. It was at the latter city that they were met with the dire news that a revolution had taken place in San Domingo, and that the planters had been driven from the island. When some gainful occupation was necessary, St. Mémin turned to account his artistic training.



ST. MÉMIN'S FATHER

His first works were two views of New York, which were well received by the public. The city had then about 35,000 inhabitants, but few found time to devote to artistic studies, and good engravers and artists were rare. At the time the young man had been studying in France, mezzotint profile portraits were very popular in Paris. The engraver, Chrétien, had, in 1786, invented a mechanical device that, by the aid of shadows and certain levers, reproduced portraits that were more than silhouettes, for they were enhanced by accurate engraving and exactness of detail as to features, dress, and fashion. Devoting his mechanical mind to the perfecting of this machine, that was called a tracer, or pantograph, St. Mémin succeeded in producing artificial aids to drawing much less ponderous and easier of manipulation. It is to be regretted that he left no description of the devices from which they could be reproduced at the present day; but with the first instrument he drew on pink paper a life-size or half life-size outline

of the head and shoulders of a sitter, finishing it by hand in crayon. With the second machine he reduced the figure so that it fell within a circle slightly more than three inches in diameter, drawing it on copper within the outline. The plate was prepared to receive the ink by engraving and by indenting it by the means of pointed steel rollers, or roulettes. The result was a mezzotint plate of a peculiar clearness of character and accuracy of line. For the prints an ink was used of a slightly brown tint, rather than full black. The time that he had spent in drawing pencil likenesses and in painting miniatures on ivory had not been wasted. The carefulness of his handiwork shows that, as a portrait painter, he would have been known, even if he had not called the mechanical arts to his assistance. Textures of fabrics were reproduced with wonderful care and minuteness—the



ST. MÉMIN'S SISTER

lacework on the edge of a gown, or the velvet on a coat collar—while the lights and shadows, being handled with great care, made feature and character almost brilliant in their lifelike appearance. As his skill increased, the time spent on each work was reduced from two weeks to three days. The number of his patrons increased until his engagement books were filled weeks ahead. His price was \$33 for the drawing, plate, and twelve prints, though different figures are given in an advertisement in a Philadelphia paper, and in a bill now in the library of Congress.

The earliest date on these portraits is 1796, and for a year or two the name of his com-

patriot Valdenuit was also on the plates. On a print of Governor De Witt Clinton, dated 1796, the address is given as 11 Fair Street, New York; on that of Governor Bloomfield of New Jersey in 1798, as 27 Pine Street, New York; and on that of Governor Dearborn of South Carolina in 1809, as 32 S. Third Street,

very favorable reports of affairs there, but died soon after reaching the island.

In the following eight years St. Mémin continued his portrait work, visiting Baltimore, Annapolis, Washington, Richmond, and Charleston, S. C. In Baltimore he was elected a member of the Philharmonic Society. His



MISS S. CONYERS

MISS THEODOSIA BURR

MRS. DE WITT CLINTON

Philadelphia. Some prints have only initials, as St. M^e.

During the five years of separation St. Mémin's mother and unmarried sister, who remained in France, had seen the remnants of their fortune disappear, and in January, 1798, they sailed for America. The reunited family then went to Philadelphia, and in the neighboring town of Burlington, N. J., the ladies opened a school. Four years later the father sailed for San Domingo, encouraged by the

servant whom he had trusted with his secret process having died, the artist had to be pressman as well as engraver.

In 1810 he visited France, now more tranquil, but returned to the United States in 1812 and took up oil painting instead of engraving, which taxed his eyes too much. In October, 1814, after twenty years' exile, he felt it safe to return with his mother and sister to his native land, although he had become a citizen of the United States. Only two dates



MRS. BROCKHOLST LIVINGSTON



MRS. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS

more need be added; in July, 1817, he was appointed director of the museum of Dijon, where he remained till his death, June 23, 1852. Here, besides the routine work and writing of his position, he perfected several inventions, the pantograph, a canvas stretcher, a clamp for repairing wooden panels bearing pictures, and an artist's manikin; and he interested himself in local antiquarian research, coöperating in the restoration of some fine ruins.

St. Mémin never married, but was cared for by the sister to whom the memory of so many of the details of his life is due. The family became extinct with him.

Since the portraits produced during these fourteen years were not "published," the original crayon drawing and the copperplate being given to the sitter with the twelve prints, the public has had little opportunity to know of them. Occasionally one of the crayons is seen in a gallery, and half a dozen portraits have been reproduced from the crayons or the copperplates during the last twenty-five years. At auction sales a few of the prints turn up, where they bring from \$2 to \$7. Visitors to the State Department Library may recall one of Jefferson on an original sheet about seven by ten inches, framed without mat, hanging by the side of the Declaration of Independence. The noted Washington historical collector, Peter Force, who died nearly forty years ago, brought together a large number of them, especially of men in public life; and these with some additions and restrikes, making in all 331 portraits, are ex-

hibited on swinging panels holding twenty-four each, in the print division of the Library of Congress, all named and dated so far as possible, but not classified in any way.

In New York, the Lenox Library has about twenty pieces or more, and the Metropolitan Museum of Art in its Washington-Lafayette collection over seventy prints, besides two drawings. Doubtless other museums and libraries have some copies, but data on this point are not available.

The best-known collections were made by the artist from proofs which he took back to France with him. One little group of sixteen pieces he had bound handsomely at Dijon and presented to his friend Mons. G. Peignot; a title-page bears the inscription "*Gagne-pain d'un exilé aux États-Unis d'Amérique, 1793 à 1814.*" Among them is the profile portrait of Thomas Jefferson of which Garfield is reported to have said, it "is one of the most exquisite engravings I ever saw and a most beautiful portrait." This book sold at the Carson sale in Philadelphia in 1904 for \$330.

Of his other proofs two collections were made, the pieces being mounted on large cards, dated and named; unfortunately some errors have been found in these data and there is no systematic arrangement by date, name, locality, position, or otherwise; so a reviewer may well have called the lot "monotonous," however interesting or beautiful a few at a time may be. Even the order in the two sets is different. After St. Mémin's death one collection was brought to this country about 1860 by an English print-seller,

J. B. Robertson. This was bought by Elias Dexter, of New York, who published in 1862 a volume of photographs of the portraits with a multitude of biographical notices; then it was owned by H. L. Carson, of Philadelphia; it was exhibited at the Grolier Club, New York, in March, 1899, and later was at the rooms of the Historical Society in Philadelphia. At the great Carson sale it was described as consisting of 761 mezzotinto portraits, and brought \$4,800. The prints

Raphael's "Madonna of the Chair," and a bridge.

The original crayon physiognotrace of Washington by St. Mémin was bought from Robertson by J. Carson Brevoort, of New York, and at the Carson sale brought \$800. This is understood to be the latest original picture of Washington, but it is not known that he ever sat to the artist; nor is a mezzotint from it of the ordinary two-inch size known to exist; but there are three or four copies known of a tiny mezzotint, less than postage-stamp size, measuring only $\frac{3}{8}$ by $\frac{1}{2}$ inch, one of which at the same sale brought \$420—a significant indication of its rarity.

Of St. Mémin's other works there is little to say. At the Grolier Club exhibition there was a topographic view of New York from Brooklyn Heights, and an unimportant



ST. MÉMIN'S MOTHER

are mounted behind round openings in a mat.

The other and larger collection was offered in 1874 to the Library of Congress by the noted collector of Americana, Henry Stevens, of London. He says: "The collection is unique and has attracted great attention here of late in the print room of the British Museum, both as to the quality and exceeding beauty of the engravings, as well as the process by which so exquisite an effect was produced." The portraits were very much admired." The set was bought by Mr. W. W. Corcoran, and afterwards given to the gallery that bears his name. It is now bound in four volumes; the thick leaves have depressed centers in which the prints are mounted; they are cut square to the plate-mark, and labeled below; 54 leaves have each 15 portraits, another has 8 (two nearly in full face), making 818. On other leaves are five silhouettes, and some small portraits, a plan of the siege of Savannah, and nine small views, including a colored view of Ticonderoga, the central part of



ST. MÉMIN

stipple engraving of Jefferson, made by St. Mémin in Paris, was offered at a recent sale.

A few words may be added regarding technical points. The process of mezzotint engraving, though long known, was not, according to the *Encyclopédie* (1760), which St. Mémin so diligently used, much practiced in France; but "in the judgment of the English the likeness is better caught by mezzotint ("the black style") than by the lines or hatching." One plate illustrating the article "Graveur" shows the "rocker" characteristic of this process, while the plate illustrating the now obsolete "crayon style" shows the roulette. But a pure mezzotint is rarely produced, and never by St. Mémin, for the process does not

distinguish one texture from another. A professional engraver to whom one of these portraits was shown pointed out that the surfaces of the background and face were produced by the rocker and roulette, while for the lines of the hair and clothing both the dry point and the graver were used. John Sartain, himself a noted American mezzotint engraver, is quoted as saying of these prints: "Their truthfulness and minute accuracy are not to be surpassed by mere handiwork. His backgrounds are laid in with the graving tool, his coats with the same, but with severer pressure and assisted by deep gouges with the graver. The faces are worked in with the roulette, used as a pencil, and outlines of the features defined with the graver. Although alike in treatment they are remarkable for strict individuality." A critical examination, especially of the copperplates, would doubtless show considerable variety in the technique.

At first sight one is tempted to think of these profile portraits as small and lacking in variety; but a moment's comparison with such a collection as Lodge's well-known 240 portraits of illustrious persons of Great Britain, engraved after the best available oil paintings, will show that the faces of St. Mémin's portraits are both considerably larger than Lodge's and incomparably more lifelike. Of course much of the delicate modeling is lost in the restrikes, and in any photographic reproductions.

Of the 800 portraits, a few are of children, and about a hundred are of women. In the list of names one finds political, social, and business circles all represented, and frequently a name associated with great acts or tragic events. Even the casual observer, ignorant of the names, finds interest in the strong or

odd faces, the various types of beauty, and the old fashions of hairdressing, with queues and wigs and caps—a complete record of the fashions and fancies of the day.

A few reproductions of these portraits are given here by the courtesy of the director of the Corcoran Art Gallery. They bring before us the features of some women of a century ago, interesting for their faces, their costumes, their positions, or their stories. Of the four portraits of St. Mémin's family nothing more need be said. Three of the portraits are of young girls: Miss Theodosia Burr (New York, 1796), daughter of Aaron Burr, at the age of thirteen; she married Joseph Allston, afterwards governor of South Carolina; in December, 1813, she sailed from Charleston for New York, but the schooner was never heard from again; Miss Brockholst Livingston (N. Y., 1797), who married Jasper Livingston, of Jamaica, W. I.

Miss Delage, of New York (1796), was the daughter of a former lady of honor at the court of Marie Antoinette; in 1802 she married Thomas Sumter. Miss Conyers, of Richmond (1808), perished in the theater fire of 1813.

Delacroix opened the Vauxhall Gardens, near Grand Street and the Bowery, where Mme. Delacroix and her daughters first introduced ice creams to the New Yorkers.

"Mrs. Adam" (1809); this the writer identifies as probably the wife of President John Quincy Adams.

Mrs. Clinton (1797) was the wife of De Witt Clinton, the famous governor of New York, who constructed the Erie Canal.

These are a few of the people in the attractive company of whose features and appearances St. Mémin has made record.

SUMMER

By BETH SLATER WHITSON

TWITTER of birds, whisper of kissing winds,
 Shadows that lengthen out on the purple hills,
 Flashes of wings, where clover blooms burn red,
 Murmur of things unseen near crystal rills,
 Drifting of leaves down from the garden rose,
 Petals of snow, saffron, and ruby wine—
 Season supreme; yet, far surpassing this,
 Summer time now lives in that heart of thine!



CAPE MOUNT, LIBERIA

LIBERIA

AN EXAMPLE OF NEGRO SELF-GOVERNMENT

BY AGNES P. MAHONY

For the past five years missionary to Liberia



IT was in 1816 that the National Colonization Society was organized by Robert Finley for the purpose of providing a home and country for free people of the colored race in Africa. A portion of land on the west coast in about seven degrees north latitude, with a coast line of 302 miles facing the Atlantic Ocean, and extending about 150 miles into the interior, was secured by the National Colonization Society working in conjunction with the United States Government for a home for freed negroes, and also a country where the slaves who were recaptured from slave ships might be landed and either settle there permanently or proceed thence to their homes in different parts of Africa from which they had been forcibly taken by slave raiders.

But nothing definite was done by the society for a few years. On March 3, 1819, the United States having forbidden slave trade, Congress passed an act authorizing the President (Monroe) to appoint a proper person or persons to reside on the west coast of Africa to act as agent or agents to receive the repatriated slaves, and appropriated \$100,000 to cover the cost of transportation, it having been found necessary to employ armed cruisers to enforce the law. It was presumed at first that the United States navy and the Colonization Society would cooperate in their first efforts, but for some reason this was not

done, and in the year 1820 the President appointed an agent and an assistant agent with authority "to form an establishment on the coast of Africa by amicable arrangement with the government of such place as they might select."

They started the same year for Africa, accompanied by a number of servants and laborers, and with farming implements, vehicles, mechanics' tools, arms and ammunition. They landed on Sherboro Island, which is part of the English colonial possession of Sierra Leone, and about thirty miles from the present boundary line of Liberia. Both of these agents died in a short time after reaching "The Coast," but the latter part of the same year another agent was appointed. He was fitted out in the same way, and he also landed his party in Sierra Leone, and collecting together the remnants of the former expedition worked his way gradually over the border and formed a settlement at Cape Mesurado in Liberia.

While the American navy was returning the recaptured slaves and settling them in the new country secured for them by the United States Government, the Colonization Society was getting ready to send some free negroes to the same place, and on April 28, 1822, made their settlement at Cape Mesurado, having first landed at an island called Perseverance Island, but they soon moved over to the mainland, on the date mentioned. Both parties worked together for a number of years. Several States on this side sent out parties of

colonists who landed at other points in Liberia, each colony being governed by laws emanating from their own State branch of the Colonization Society. In the year 1830, when the government's books were balanced by the Fourth Auditor, he announced to the Secretary of the Navy that the cost of transporting the 2,600 slaves who had been recaptured up to this time was a little over \$1,000 for each person. A few years after this the agency as represented by the United States Government was abandoned, and the colonists were left to be guided by the Colonization Society.

The members in the different States met and joined forces, excepting the Maryland branch, which had settled at the extreme end of Liberia at Cape Palmas, called so on account of the beautiful and abundant coconut palms which abound there. The new society of the old branches was then known as the American Colonization Society. At this time a committee was formed to draw up a constitution for the new colony, and in 1839 this constitution was sent over to Africa. The new laws vested the executive powers in the hands of the colonists themselves, the American Colonization Society retaining the right to veto or disapprove of the working of the local government. It was not until 1857, after very severe fighting with the savage tribes of native Africans, that the Maryland colony petitioned to be united with the rest of the republic. For eight years after the constitution was received and inaugurated, that is, until 1847, the colony was ruled by the negroes themselves guided by the advice of the white men of the Colonization Society.

That their efforts were at first crowned with success no one can doubt who learns about the progress they made during the years they were adapting themselves to the climate and conditions of life in a new free country. These first emigrants knew how civilized people lived, and many of them tried with a fair amount of success to copy the homes of some of the planters in the Southland where so many of them had spent years of their lives. A trade school was started and many substantial buildings were erected; they also organized their own churches, under pastors of their own community, all of this time being guided and encouraged by the white men who had the good of the race at heart. In 1847 the colony was considered to be healthy enough to stand alone, and as a few years ago we honorably lowered our flag in Cuba and retired, leaving the country to the people to

whom we had promised it, so our flag was lowered on the African Continent and the protectors of the infant colony retired, leaving the people to govern their country in their own way, to make a success or a failure of it. Under the protecting guidance of the *right kind of white men* it had been a success in its infancy, and it remained to be seen if that success would continue under the guidance of the *right kind of colored men*.

The prominent men of the race, who had developed from the condition of abject slavery into one whereby they were able to think clearly, and plan out the conditions under which they should live, met and formed their government, fashioning it, naturally, after the laws prevailing in the United States. They elected a president, who appointed the members of his cabinet. A secretary of war was quite necessary on account of the savage native tribes surrounding the colonists, who had settled principally at a few points on the Atlantic seaboard, and also on the banks of one or two of the principal rivers. As they had no ships, a secretary of the navy was not necessary, and so the two portfolios were combined.

When the constitution was formed, they made one law which has done more than any other thing, not only in retarding the development of the country, but also in militating against the continued success of the colony. The law referred to is the one by which white men are not allowed to hold property in Liberia. For this reason the white man with his money and business energy has gone to other places in Africa and developed out the country, leaving Liberia to-day without one foot of railway, and with no cable communication with the rest of the world, no telegraphic communication with the towns inside of the republic even. Conditions are the same as when the republic was first started. The older men who are deep thinkers, and who by going away from Liberia have learned how developed and advanced other countries are, have at last realized that this law was, and is, a gigantic mistake. They have tried over and over again to have it repealed or amended in such a way that the white man need not fear to use his money in opening up the country and developing the natural resources of the land, but so far all attempts to change the law have been defeated, mainly by those who have never been away from the country, and who know nothing practically of how the rest of the world lives.

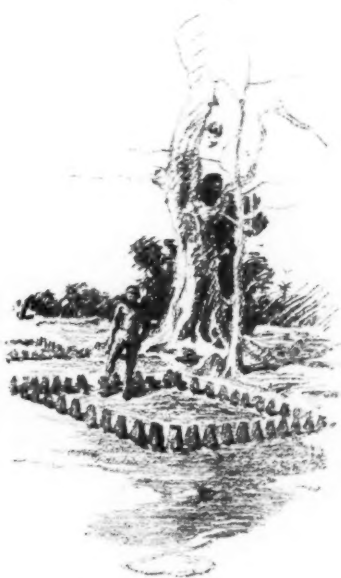


NATIVE AFRICAN HUT, LIBERIA

Mother Nature deals out the vegetation of tropical Africa with a lavish hand, and no one need starve in Liberia who is willing to work, but the civilized negro in Africa, at least in Liberia, as I have observed after nearly five years' residence in the republic, seems to need the encouraging example of and contact with *the right kind of white men*. The success and flourishing condition of Sierra Leone, the colony established by the English for its freed slaves—many of them brought there from Newfoundland after the Revolutionary War, the West Indies, and also released from captured slave ships—shows that success can attend the efforts of the race to raise themselves, but this success seems to be largely due to the fact that a white man's hand is at the helm, although most of the principal government officials are negroes. This colony is only one generation older than Liberia, having been settled in 1787, but at the present time it is several generations ahead in the development of the country. In Sierra Leone are railroads running several hundred miles into the interior and in this way the native in the hinterland is able to send his produce

down to the coast for transmission to European ports. The government is doing many things to encourage the natives to produce for the foreign markets different things which grow with very little care or trouble in that part of the world. Take, for instance, cotton. The natives in Sierra Leone can secure free seeds and free transportation of their crops to the English markets for two years.

Poor Liberia seems to stand alone in her inability to make the most of her naturally rich country. I have seen cotton growing wild in Liberia in three different stages at the one time on the one bush. I have seen the coffee trees bearing three crops in the one year. With very little care—practically none after the "daughters," as the young banana shoots are called, are separated from the mother plant and stuck into the ground—bananas can be raised in great abundance. The natives live principally on rice, which they raise themselves, but the descendants of the Liberian colonists seem to do nothing on this line, and here is what, in the opinion of many with whom I have talked on the matter, a great deal of Liberia's condition to-day rests upon: the disinclination of the average Liberian to work with his hands. Palm oil, palm nuts, or kernels, and piassava



GRAVES MARKED BY GIN BOTTLES

are exported in large quantities from Liberia, but the work of preparing them for the market and carrying them from long distances (often on their heads, for there are no vehicles of any kind in Liberia and horses and mules are not able to live there) is entirely done by the native Africans, who came under the domination and rule of the Liberians when the colony was established.

An export duty is charged by the Liberian Government on all produce sent from the country, and an import duty of twelve and a half per cent *ad valorem* on all goods on which a specific duty is not imposed. These are the main sources of income for the country. This income at the present time is not as great as one would suppose it to be, for the reason that many of the employees of the government are paid with notes issued by the government, and these seem to depreciate in value very rapidly. The traders, taking advantage of the needs of the people and the small amount of ready money in circulation in the country, are always ready to buy the government notes, in some instances being able to obtain for eight shillings in English money (or the equivalent in American or German money) a note which has been issued for \$5. These notes are then tendered to the government as payment for customs duty. The government, recognizing finally the low financial condition this kind of business was bringing on the country, then made a law whereby only part of the duties may be paid with Liberian money, the rest being paid in either English, German, French, or American money. The drafts of the American Missionary Society are also accepted by the government at their full value, though many of the traders charge the missionaries from two to four per cent for cashing the drafts.

There are no industries in Liberia to-day. All traces of the trade school established at the time the country was under the protection of the American navy and Colonization Society have entirely disappeared. Much

money is made by a few through trading. That the natives have learned to like spirituous drinks is clearly evident when one goes into a native village and finds grave after grave outlined by an inverted row, or fence, of gin bottles. These gin bottles are used sometimes by the natives for other purposes, as

I found out when two persons came to me for surgical help. They had been operated upon by a native doctor or medicine man—one had a swollen knee, and the other a swollen ankle—and in both instances each "medicine man" had lanced the swelling with a piece of broken gin bottle.

The Liberian Government has established schools in many of the towns, but the native Africans in most instances refuse to send their children to these schools, but will

gladly send them to the schools established by the missionaries. Another phase of the situation which stands in the way of the further development of the colony under present conditions is the attitude of the descendants of the first colonists, who are the Liberians of to-day, and the native Africans toward each other. Many of the latter have conceived a dislike and a distrust for the former, as a whole, which is unfortunate, considering that a few of the leaders in the community realize

that Liberia is at the parting of the ways and are doing all they can to save the situation. What Liberia needs to-day is money and men to show them how to use that money to the best advantage in developing the country. Above all things a stimulus is needed to make the rank and file of the people willing to work, for in this will lie the success of the nation. Every facility is given at present by the government to missionaries and teachers from other countries who go to Li-

beria to help better the conditions of the people there, and she also offers a home to people of her own race and color. But the government in a recent message distinctly said that the poor negro emigrant need not come there, as under present conditions they would find it hard to make a living.



AN UNEDUCATED LIBERIAN DESCENDANT



A LIBERIAN WOMAN EDUCATED IN THE MISSION

According to the opinion of many experts who have investigated the resources of the country there is plenty of natural wealth locked up in the land, because the Liberians seem not to have the money or ability to open it up, and the great danger is that some concession will be granted to syndicates of other countries whereby a few will be benefited at the expense of the nation at large. It is the opinion of many persons who have lived in Liberia, both white people and Liberians themselves, that sooner or later some other nation must assume a protectorate over the country. Some of their leaders think it far better to choose their own protectorate rather than have a protectorate forced upon them by existing conditions, such as inability to pay their foreign loans or to secure more credit. As those who think in this way are in the minority, Liberia must struggle along until she can go no farther—and after that, what?

The native Africans far outnumber the Liberians, and Mohammedanism is rapidly spreading in the country despite the efforts made by the Christian

missionaries to stem the tide. Their proselytizing agents are going around continually advancing their lines in all directions, until to-day in many sections of Liberia whole tribes will be found who are all practically Mohammedans. The history of all Mohammedan nations is not one of progress along civilized lines, so that little help is to be expected from the Mohammedan natives, and the Liberians must work alone in their efforts to better their own conditions.

Slavery and polygamy are two important features of the native life, and the government seems to be unable to control either one or the other. It is true that no slaves are exported

from the country, but they are continually passing from master to master to satisfy debts and other conditions. That the government officially recognizes one of these two institutions was evidenced when one of the prominent Liberian officials decided that two little girls who had been born during the time their parents were slaves must be given up to the former owner of the parents to be sold by him as slaves. These parents had by industry been able to purchase their own freedom, and naturally thought their children were free also, until their old master claimed them. The father appealed to the Liberian Government, which decided that the children must be

taken from their father and given up to the man who formerly owned him. The master had a purchaser ready for one of them, a Mohammedan native, who already had many wives, but wanted for another wife the elder child, about seven years of age and an attractive, winsome little creature. It is a common thing for natives to purchase girls when they are babies in their mothers' arms, in some in-

stances leaving them with their mothers until they are old enough to be given up to the Zoba, or "country devil," who presides over the gree-gree bush, and who trains all girls before they are considered eligible—I will not say for marriage, for they are never married, only purchased by some man, who although he may have many wives seems always anxious to add more to his family. The father of the two little girls had not the money with which to buy his children's freedom and appealed to me, who was able by paying \$30 to save the children from being torn away from everyone belonging to them and carried into the interior, never perhaps



STONE CHURCH AT CAPE MOUNT

Built by the natives.

to see their parents or each other again. In this instance the price or value was placed upon the children by the representative of the Liberian Government.

That Liberia to-day is in a more dead than alive condition, and is certainly retrograding on economic and industrial lines, is apparent not only to people outside of the race, but to many prominent Liberians, who recognize conditions, but are so few in number that they can only sink or swim with the multitude. During a conversation not long ago a prominent Liberian Government official has perhaps given the reason for that country's condition to-day when he said: "Twenty-five or thirty years ago I could take a hundred Liberians, *men who had come over from the United States* (these men had been developed under white influences), and go into the interior against a thousand rebellious natives without the slightest fear." When I asked him, "Would you do it to-day?" he answered quickly, "No indeed, I would not." A prominent official said at one time to me: "Thirty years ago if I wanted a boat I could have one made in Monrovia (the capital of Liberia), but to-day I must send to England or Germany for it."

When I first started for work in Liberia I was filled with the idea of helping the people to stand alone, but I have reached the stage others who are anxious to help the race have reached before me. I recognize that very few of those who have not at some time been under the stimulating influence and example of the Caucasian will ever become leaders. I have learned to look upon the race as children, who must be guided and led by the right kind of progressive men. Not many take the initiative, and of those who do the majority have been born outside of Liberia, or have a strain of white blood in them. I have wondered many times if Booker T. Washing-

ton would have developed into the leader he is had he not known the standards of the white men around him, and realized that to uplift his people he must train them to copy the better class of Caucasians. He has recognized that only a few can be developed into teachers and leaders, and is doing much to develop industrial training at Tuskegee, and Liberia needs this sort of training more than anything else.

Perhaps by the time this article reaches the public some country will be collecting Liberia's customs and endeavoring to relieve

the financial conditions, but this will be only temporary relief. The law forbidding the white man to hold property in the republic should be abolished or amended, and he should be encouraged to come in with his money and help the Liberians to develop out their own country. But the Liberians must be taught to realize that this can only be done by hard work and not by holding government positions, as so many of the people do to-day. Better than anything else would be the emigration to Liberia from progressive countries of large numbers of the race who have learned how to make the most of the talents with which they



THE TWO GIRLS WHOSE FREEDOM WAS PURCHASED BY THE AUTHOR

have been endowed, and are willing to work hard to uplift their own people. It must be in large numbers, for a few at a time would under the enervating surroundings and climate soon reach the condition of many who preceded them, and would content themselves with merely living, no matter how.

Liberia as a country was a great surprise to me. I expected to find burning sands with perhaps a few palm trees scattered around, but the everlasting green of the country makes one think it more beautiful than most places in Africa. There are many clear bubbling springs scattered throughout the country; fruit grows without cultivation, while many



A STREET IN CAPE MOUNT

of the rivers and small lakes are teeming with fish; and the native African finds no trouble in supplying his daily wants, for they are few. Contented with one meal of rice a day, delighted when he can get two, pouring over this some palm oil or rice soup, and sitting down on the ground to eat it out of the pot in which it was cooked, the native African asks for no more unless it may be another wife or two. But the Liberian requires more than this, for he has all the needs of civilization to meet.

The early promoters, who were responsible for the acquisition of this piece of territory on the west coast of Africa to make a home and country for the oppressed people of the colored race, seem to have given no thought to the native Africans in their plans. 'Tis true the land was acquired by "amicable arrangement," but it is hard to believe that those who ceded the territory to the men (undoubtedly white men) who were negotiating for it realized that it was giving the power to govern them into the hands of a few people of their own color, refugees, so to speak, from other countries, and it is also hard to believe that the original natives of the country, hundreds of thousands in number, would all agree to vacate their homes and establish themselves in another part of the African continent. In Liberia to-day, as in those days, there are various tribes, many of them antagonistic one with another. We have the Veys, Goolahs, Kru (or Kroo), Greboes, Peseys, and many others, and they could not be expected to unanimously agree to give up their freedom to the new nation about to form, which was yet to show whether its reign was going to be one of peace or terror.

Those of us who know and appreciate the native African, wonder that these people did not arise and throw off the yoke imposed upon them by the establishment of the new republic. To this day they hold themselves aloof, and mix as little as possible with the Liberians. If a canvass were made to-day of the different persons holding government positions, it would be hard to find many pure native Africans, and yet they are capable of being developed into law-abiding, intelligent citizens. The native Africans in Liberia to-day in their towns in the interior, away from the coast where the main Liberian settlements are, have their governing laws, and it is only on very rare occasions that a native carries a complaint away from his tribal laws to be settled by the Liberian authorities. Law and order prevail in all towns. They have their different "palavers" ("women palavers" being the most frequent), but all matters are adjusted by fines or in some other mild way, and the only jails in the republic at present are those in the Liberian towns which are locally governed by the Liberian laws.

One of the most advanced men now in Liberia—and if there were many more like him the country would not be in such a depressed condition—at one time speaking to me of the native Africans, said that, going right back to the beginning, we could easily see that the Liberians would soon starve if it were not for the natives. Practically nothing is exported from the country by the Liberians but what has been produced by the natives, the Liberians acting as middlemen or collectors, and should the natives

send their produce in another direction the end would come very soon. The native African chief realizes to-day that those of the tribe who can speak and write English are the ones who are going to help the tribe, and this is one of the reasons why at our mission school at Cape Mount we have so many boys whose fathers are important chiefs and rulers. Their usual way of expressing themselves in giving a boy or girl to us is to say, I want him or her to "learn book."

In Liberia is also found an important tribe called the Kroomen or Krumen; these men are sometimes called "blue nose," from a distinguishing blue line which is tattooed down the center of their foreheads, frequently extending to the tips of their nose. These men are eagerly sought after by the captains of the west coast steamers, who will sometimes go one or two days' journey out of their course to get the "Kru boys" to unload their vessels, carrying them back to their country when they have finished loading their vessels for that trip. These Krumen will work all day under the hot rays of the tropical sun, happy and contented, never shirking work, and are considered the most progressive and aggressive of the West African tribes. This has been attributed to the fact that on the vessels they have come in contact with the white man and have him for an example rather than the Liberians surrounding them. Yet all the white men who go to the west coast are not good examples. A great deal of the money which is earned by the native West African to-day goes to purchase gin and tobacco; the latter can be raised in the country, the former was introduced by the white man. The people there have no literature, they have no great heroes to look up to, so that they gain their ideas of the world at large from those who come to their country. I have often thought of the impression they must have of the morals of white men at home, when they see that as soon as a white man reaches the coast he almost invariably buys a native girl for a wife while he remains there—sometimes more than one. Not much difference between the black man and the white man there—excepting that the black man never abandons the one he has bought when he is tired of her or wants to move on, as the white man does. The black man may sell or exchange his wife, but he will never leave her, unless she is given up to some other protector.

One set of statistics gives the population of Liberia as 2,000,000 natives and 60,000

Liberians or Afro-Americans. And in adjusting new conditions, which seems to be inevitable, the native African, who is largely in the majority, should be thought of. The peaceful condition of Liberia to-day shows that the native is law-abiding, but he is advancing quietly but surely. As a writer for a Liberian paper said: "Be careful, or the people whom you use to-day to carry your burdens for you, to work the produce of the country for you, practically your slaves, to-morrow may be on top, and be your masters." There is fine material in the native African. So far only a minute portion has been amalgamated with the Liberians. Under the right kind of leaders and teachers, ones to whom they can look up, the development of Liberia in these days of progress ought to mean more to the African than the past eighty years has meant.

I was much interested on one occasion in watching a native doctor operate. A few months before a native boy, about fifteen years of age, was brought to us at the mission with a fishhook deeply embedded in his eyeball. I must say that I was appalled when I first saw it, but knew that it had to come out, and not by the way it went in on account of the barbed end. I think the natives must have tried to drag the hook out, for the muscles of the eyeball were so relaxed that the eye seemed to roll in the head. With the aid of a ten-per-cent solution of cocaine we were able to draw the hook through the eye, having first cut off the part to which the bait and line were attached with a pair of telegraph-wire forceps or nippers. Then by cutting down through the sclera, which seemed very tough, we extracted the hook without the boy making any fuss or outcry. The natives stood around in open-eyed, open-mouthed astonishment. Many months after this a native doctor came from far within the hinterland, bringing with him a girl about fifteen, and he asked me through an interpreter to "make her so that she would not feel while he took her 'kernels' out." He had heard 'way in the interior—the news traveling from town to town—that I could make people so that they would not feel pain, and that was why he came. These "kernels," as they are called, are the glands of the neck, which become enlarged and painful, presumably from carrying such heavy loads on the head, and some time or other have to be removed. As a rule the native doctor removes them very dexterously, of course without an an-

aesthetic, for they know of none. I was quite anxious to see the *modus operandi* of the work, and consented to make her "so that she wouldn't feel," and accordingly administered an anæsthetic. Before doing so I prepared an antiseptic solution of bichloride of mercury. Some surgical dressings, with my pocket case, I placed conveniently in my room, telling Momo, the small boy who always helped me in the dispensary, to bring them out when I called for them, "For," said I to Momo, "the man has no knife." "Oh, yes, ma'am, he has," replied Momo. As the man had nothing in his hands when he applied to me, and wore nothing but a short shirt and cap, no shoes and stockings and no trousers, I saw no place for concealment. I was enlightened when Momo told me that his knife was sticking in his cap. When the girl was fully insensible to pain, I notified the man, who then produced from the brim of his cap a knife, made from a piece of barrel hoop, rolled over on one end to form a handle and sharpened down at the other end to form a knife blade, and with this crude instrument, or tool, he began boldly making incisions in the side of the neck, carefully avoiding the carotid and other important arteries, and also the large veins which are packed so closely together here, and which meant a quick death should his "knife" slip. The man had previously asked for a needle and thread, and after making an incision about an inch in length directly over the enlarged gland, he pulled it out with his fingers, and pierced it with the needle and thread, and then carefully scraped back with his knife the outer layer of tissue, holding it away from the wound by the ends of the thread. I was horrified to find the operator lay his knife on the floor when he was

not using it—the patient was lying on the floor and we were kneeling beside her. He kept wiping away the blood from the wound with a piece of "country cloth" which I had provided for wiping any stains from the floor. I offered him clean gauze, but he did not want it, until I finally told Momo, who was standing by, to steal the "country cloth" and substitute some clean gauze. This disturbed the doctor, who thought it a pity to soil or spoil the "clean white rag." After the man had made five incisions, two on one side of the neck and three on the other, from which he extracted thirteen glands, I told him he must hurry, as the girl's heart was getting a little feeble. I did not want to undo the reputation we had established, by having an accident, aside from the fact that I would never have forgiven myself had I even innocently caused the death of another. To my relief the man said he had finished, as the rest were too near a throbbing blood vessel for him to cut around them. I then asked if he was not going to sew up the gaping wounds, but he answered no, they never did that. I put a simple dressing on the wounds, and the girl soon recovered consciousness and walked off with the "doctor."

I must say a word or two regarding the respect shown by both Liberians and natives to the white woman in the republic. For several years I was the only white woman within a radius of sixty or a hundred miles, and for many months I was absolutely alone so far as the protecting care of a white man was concerned, but I always met with the greatest respect from the people. Other white women all tell the same story. It was often necessary to lock my chicken house, but never my room door.



A COUNTRY DEVIL.



COLLECTING

THE FAMILIAR STUDY OF WORKS OF FINE ART

BY RUSSELL STURGIS

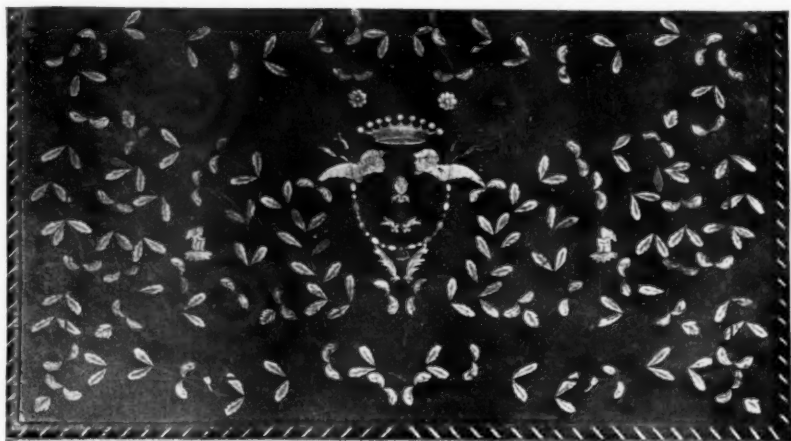
FIRST PAPER



HERE is nothing more exciting and attractive than the study of works of fine art, provided there is any serious purpose behind it; and provided also that there are good opportunities for pursuing it. In this respect, he is fortunate who becomes a successful collector, even in a small way. He is on a good and agreeable road toward the common goal—knowledge and sound love of art. Wise collecting is at the bottom of the mystery, in most cases of exceptional knowledge in these lines. The few great authorities on one or another branch of fine art, and the still fewer accurate and masterful students of the whole field, are persons greatly to be envied. The consideration always comes up, How did the man in question gain his knowledge? Some unusual conditions must have surrounded him; no one ever reached a profound and discriminating knowledge of works of art by visiting museums in the ordinary way, or by the study of books devoted to works of fine art, or by the two pursuits taken together. A. B. has become a great master of everything which concerns Greek terra cottas, engraved bronze cists, painted vases, coins, and intaglios; but then he has always been a dealer in those objects. He speaks of the most powerful and famous of archaeologists as knowing, to be sure, a good deal about those subjects, but as being an outsider, after all. And he is right in the main in saying so. To have the trained eye to detect an electrotipe coin, even though not marked on the edge by the letter which identifies the output of some museum, is to have given your life, or a good piece of it, to the study of coins and of struck and cast medallions. C. D. is past master

in the appreciation and recognition of old prints. Well, he has been curator of prints in a great library. These men have had exceptional chances to learn, and exceptional fitness by nature; and they have become recognized experts. But for the world of people who do not and cannot live wholly for their study of works of art, prudent collecting is the safe way. Any person who has learned to love Dürer engravings and who has looked at many of them with the care of the buyer will say that you could not deceive him by a copy, no matter how faithful; and that is true as regards the copies of the good old time, the copies made by eye and hand alone, those of Wierx, for instance; but it is hardly true of the Armand-Durand reproductions made by a skilled engraver, with the aid of photography. I remember when the first one that I ever saw of these was put into my hands by a great collector, to puzzle me, a beginner; and I remember the strange problem that it was to me; a print from an undoubtedly engraved original, unmistakably genuine, and yet on modern paper, with a stamped monogram or cipher on the back by way of identification. These are test cases, indeed. Those facsimiles of coins and prints are the most deceptive imitations possible. To learn to tell them from the real thing does really take all one's time and strength. But, in these cases, the power of minute discrimination may not be thought essential to an enjoyment of the Greek or the sixteenth-century work.

Japanese lacquers have, for some students and lovers of decorative art, a charm which no other accessible and portable objects can have. Of these, too, it may be very difficult to tell absolutely the genuine seventeenth-century piece from a very close copy, and yet it may well be that the love of the decorative



I. COVER OF MARRIAGE CHEST

art shown here, and the hearty enjoyment of its specimens, may exist even in a collector who might under some conditions be cheated. There is no question but that the main thing is to enjoy the work of art, either alone or in connection with its great family of examples having similar qualities, and that the quickness of perception and the ability to risk with impunity the chance of being cheated, however desirable, are not the first things for the collector to think of. This, however, we have to consider below; and our immediate purpose is served by the appearance in the last sentence of the word Collector; for it is of him, the Collector, that we treat.

If A. B., who has been mentioned as an expert in Greek antiquities, should tell us how he had gained his knowledge, it would be as a dealer in those very pieces; if C. D. were to reveal the secret of his knowledge of engraving in the sixteenth century, it would be as custodian of prints and maker of catalogues for many years; if E. F. were to confess the origin of his astonishing knowledge of medieval manuscripts and calligraphy generally, we should find that he had been an assistant curator of the great national library at Paris, or some kindred institution, and had discovered in himself a special aptitude for the study which was so greatly facilitated there. Their opportunities may be thought to be greater than those of the collector. But if G. H. were to be questioned

skillfully as to his strange knowledge of wrought-iron work of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, artistic *serrurerie*, it would appear that he had been a resident of an out-of-the-way French town in his youth, in poor health, perhaps, and with money enough at his command to enable him to refuse for a while constant bread-winning occupation; moreover, that the town in which he was rustivating had been the center of an active industry in former and relatively more prosperous times, and that the townsfolk and the wealthier peasants had learned that their old hinges and the locks and keys of rotten old chests were worth something in the market.

I know of a large private collection made in just that way in the south of France, and of another over the border in the north of Spain, the which might contend, one against another, for supremacy with a fair chance for either to win. Those who have seen much of the wonderful loan exhibitions which have been held in Paris and elsewhere during the last thirty years will remember by the names of the owners certain still greater private collections. At the Paris International Exposition of 1878 there was the greatest retrospective exhibition which had been known up to that time. The private collectors of France had poured their wonderful stores into the show cases at the Trocadéro Palace; and there was a shut time, every day,

during which those men visited their cases, opened the glass doors, took out this or that favorite piece and rubbed it or blew the dust off it, and compared notes one with another. If you knew how to manage it, you could be locked up there during those two hours, when the regular, paying multitude of visitors to the exhibition were not admitted, although they were ranging over the grounds of the exhibition on both sides of the Seine and through the great general buildings of the show. It is at such a time as this that one sees the collector in his true colors, and learns to discriminate between the meticulous student who looks into the most seemingly unimportant details and prides himself as to his insight—the insight which has made the fortune of his collection—and the headlong millionaire who has bought things in the lump.

Years ago I was living for a while in a picturesque old city in the south of France, and on turning a corner one day—a corner which I had never turned before—there was, in full view at the doorpost of a dark shop, a chest of walnut inlaid with a lighter wood and with ivory and a little nacre (mother-of-pearl) and moreover carved in a spirited way on the constructional bands at top and bottom and the four angle uprights. The piece was clearly a *coffre de mariage* because of the inlaid ornament on the top; but all the decoration was carried rather far; the caryatides, so to call them, at the four corners were in nearly complete round, and the drapery of these was itself inlaid in and out of the folds with little ivory *tesserae*, making a pattern as if of a textile fabric. Then the band at top was very beautifully sculptured—rather flat, as seemed to befit its position, but full of character—and the rail at bottom was carved as richly, but upon a rounding surface as of a big torus, and this was repeated—echoed, made stronger in effect—by the inlaid molding immediately below. Upon all the flat surfaces, the sweeping curves, arranged generally in spirals, are of lighter wood, which now, after the lapse of some centuries and many waxings and rubbings, is not very strongly relieved in color upon the dark background, but they are arranged like vines, and give off continually ivory leaves two inches long, and engraved with ribs and veins, with here and there a flower or a grotesque head at the culminating point. The cover had better be shown, as it is in Fig. 1, for this gives one aspect of the piece which is not devoid of

interest. The two scrolls, which spring from the front edge, end in the two strangely arranged heads, portraits of the bridal pair, just above the middle of the cover. These heads are of ivory, outlined simply by the cutting away of the superfluous material and delineated by incised lines filled up with a black pigment, and, but for a most unfortunate combination of those heads with a flower form, would appear as imposing as might well be in such a composition. It is sad that they are made, by just that combination, to remind you of caterpillars of some kind. The count's coronet is placed above these two heads, and seems to fix the rank of the owner.

"And the price of the piece?"

"*Cinq cent francs, monsieur,*" and the finder was about to turn away, rather from the feeling that he ought never to buy such a thing at first sight, and that there were more "fakes" than real things in the world, and that five hundred francs was a good deal for a traveler to spare; when she who appeared to be the wife of the dealer stepped up to her husband with words which signified, "But monsieur has not seen the key." So the key and the lock for it were brought to light, for the wood of the chest had crumbled and the screws had pulled out, and the old original clamp nails had perished long ago, and so lock and key, in good order and working smoothly, were put into the visitor's hands, who thereupon closed the bargain and had that chest in his room in the hotel before another hour had passed.

Now what is it which tended to make one long to make that purchase, almost at first sight? In part, the very lowness of the price, because it did not take long to show one who had drawn many certificates for many pieces of decorative work that one hundred dollars, even in the south of France, would hardly pay for doing that inlay in the nineteenth century, still less the inlay plus the carving. Another reason was a certain simple frankness of design, a certain *naïveté*, as if of a slightly archaic or provincial school, and smelling less of the modern workshop (even when busy in producing false antiques) than of Italian antiquity itself, the really old time of Italy. An imitation may possibly deceive even a person who feels the inherent character of the thing; but then the imitation must be thoroughly good and carried out by an artist who feels to the full what the inherent character of the thing is or would be: and that



II. BUREAU OR COMMÔDE, FRENCH, EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

man does not work cheaply. And then another reason was that the injury which the chest had suffered was evidently honest decay. There were no "worm holes," they being easy to put in without the aid of worms. It was honest-seeming dry rot, and that is hard to imitate and hardly worth imitating. At all events, the chest seemed to be and still seems to be a very desirable possession.

The south of France in those days abounded in pieces of ancient furniture of no great pretensions. There were influences at work, hard to trace even with the assistance of one's friends living on the spot. Why was it that at one moment all the old bread trays, the kneading troughs, the *pétrins*, were turned out of doors; and with them the boxes for flour, for salt, for whatever other dry powder the baking business involved; and, most of all, with the open cage in which the loaves were to be kept? For it appears that the ancient Provençal housewife found that her little world preferred its bread stale and dry rather than threatening to grow musty, and so the bread was put into the airiest situation possible. One of those bread-making sets is reproduced in a recent book.*

* See "The Interdependence of the Arts of Design," 1905.

The charm of them, apart from the unexpected oddity (to a stranger) of the whole "outfit," is in the really admirable carving, sculpture in the solid wood, which is lowered or "abated" in such a way as to leave the simple flowers and leaves in low relief. But these bread trays and their companion pieces were not the most immediate attraction, at least to the unaccustomed traveler, for what could he do with such pieces in his American home? What attracted him, probably, were the commodes, the fine, old-fashioned chests of drawers, the bureaux with two drawers or with three; and these were for sale in Avignon, in Orange, in Montpellier, and also, no doubt, in Aix, Nîmes, and Marseilles.

One hundred and twenty-five francs—that was the standard price in the days of which I am thinking, and here are some of the pieces which were selling at that price. Fig. 3 shows such a chest of drawers, of walnut, and entirely of wood, top and all, except that the handles of the drawers and the lock plates are cast in brass and gilded, according to old patterns. There was, if memory serves, no pretense whatever that those were the original gilded bronzes. The original handles and scutcheons had been stamped with the name of some eminent bronze

founder of the eighteenth century, in all probability, and they had been wrenched off long ago, probably when the old chest of drawers went into the garret. Then the bronze castings with their gilding went to Paris with one of the peripatetic ministers of the Parisian *brocante*, while the simpler wood-work remained behind in the south. For the yearly visits of the Parisian dealer in curiosities are a great epoch in the distant provinces—but of this by and by. The local dealers are shrewd enough to keep casts from the original metal work and to reproduce them, and one may even hope to get close copies of the real original handles and 'scutcheons on his bureau, though this is not guaranteed. However that may be, it is certain that the handles could never be made new to-day, as meritorious as these and as finely modeled, without incurring a considerable enhancement of the cost of each set of them. That is especially the case with the lock plates, which, as seen here, are of even finer style than the "pulls"—though of perhaps a later period. The drawer handles of Fig. 2 have one grave fault—they are exactly alike, all four of them cast



III. BUREAU OR COMMODE, FRENCH,
SEVENTEENTH OR EARLY EIGHTEENTH CENTURY



IV. BUREAU OR COMMODE, FRENCH,
EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

from the same model; of course those on the right hand should be counterparts of those on the left, not facsimiles of them. The design should be reversed. The piece is worth less because of that shortcoming: a careful buyer would even turn away from it as unworthy of his collection unless the temptation in other ways should be strong; for, indeed, it would be troublesome and expensive to have new right-hand pulls made to correspond. But, then, this bureau has a really magnificent slab of richly veined Pyrenean marble; and the top of yet another was from some quarry not identified—probably closed a thousand years ago. That marble, of course, was broken in transportation; there is hardly more tenacity to a slab, even a very thick slab, of so rich and variegated a marble, than there is in a slice of brawn or sausage meat; and they are both weak for the same reasons. It takes but a slight tap to break either of them apart. It is, however, as easy to mend the slabs as to break them, for no one can distinguish the irregular lines where the breakage and the mendings have been, from those wavy and broken lines which Nature herself has pro-

vided as the outlines of her reds and grays. And there is a tradition about these slabs—that they are never, by any chance, flat. Your straight edge would not correspond with their surface for more than an inch or two anywhere. For all these slabs have been sawed out of the block by the sand-saw, pulled and pushed by the hands of men, and the rubbing which has brought them to their polish is that of hand work alone. They are “sprung”—they are “out of true”—convex above, concave below, to the extent of three-fourths of an inch in more places than one, and the top of the woodwork has to be fitted up to them. Here is another way to recognize a good old piece.

In the piece, Fig. 2, the charm of the thing is in the exquisite carving in very low relief, and always in the solid wood. The piece, Fig. 3, now, has but little carving; though here the pulls and 'scutcheons are old and delicate; but the one shown in Fig. 2 has the corners and the legs and the apron all very prettily sculptured. The artists of the eighteenth century had lost none of the refinement of earlier days; scarcely had they lost the energy and force of the Renaissance. Their sculpture is less vigorous and vital than that of the sixteenth century in the same town and place, but it is as refined, and even, one

may say, as original—having, no more than the sculpture of the Renaissance, any trace of perfunctory copying or too exact imitation.

But here is a piece, Fig. 4, in which the artist has allowed himself less liberty of action. He was a student of earlier art, one thinks, and as the severer styles of the fifteenth century did not allow carved leafage to wander almost at will over the surfaces of dark wood, he also, working at a later time, will restrain his sculptured forms. See, therefore, how severely he has designed his work: two slender “beads” lie side by side in a sinkage worked for them, and these are diversified by what seems to be a strap which passes round and round, over and over, holding the two rods together, as it were. And that, except the curious caryatides at the corner and the mere general disposition in line and mass, is all the decoration which the woodwork itself has received. Note, however, the metal furnishing, for this is entirely in hammered iron except that the drop handles themselves are in cast iron. This piece has no marble and no flourish of gilded bronze. It is grave and sedate as a chest of drawers can be.

Fig. 5 is the bureau named above as having a specially fine slab of marble, from some forgotten quarry; perhaps recut from a piece of ancient Roman wall facing, in a now de-



V. BUREAU OR COMMODOE, FRENCH, REIGN OF LOUIS XIV

stroyed palace in Nemausus, Arelate, or Bæterre—Nîmes, Arles, or Béziers—though I found it at Montpellier, midway between the three. This piece had belonged to one of those fine workmen of France, joiners and sculptors, of whom mention is made elsewhere. He had kept it in great order, and seven hundred and fifty francs was his idea of the proper price. It is a fair specimen of Louis Quatorze work, veneered with rich wood (*bois des îles*) in a simple pattern of marquetry on solid planks of walnut and what seems to be cherry. The gilt-bronze mountings, six pulls, three 'scutcheons, two corner pieces of great elaboration, and one "drop" or "apron" below the bottom rail,

are probably of the same date as the piece (about 1710), but they are not very finely wrought. We shall have occasion to speak of those bronzes which are signed by great names; for the present we may keep to the pieces which the modest collector may dream of possessing; and let us consider a fine specimen of the great wardrobe, *la garde-robe Provençale*, as they call it in the south, though the finest of them seem to gravitate to Lyons. That big and rich city, standing at the boundary between south and north, partaking of *le Midi* and France proper, is a famous place to hunt for curiosities. Fig. 6 gives a fine specimen of the great portable wardrobe, all in solid and hard and prettily veined walnut, and so built as to be taken all to pieces, for shipment in six or seven smaller packages. These pieces are beautifully carved in the solid wood, and great ingenuity is shown in the avoidance of too much cutting away.

But in France, twenty years ago, there was furniture of a far more stately character than any of these, within the reach of the collector, and Fig. 7 explains sufficiently well a cabinet, a *Bahut à deux corps*. Now, as our subject seems to be the piece of moderate cost, the presence in this collection of reproductions of so "swell" a piece as this one explains something which is suggested in the paragraph above—the comparative safety one feels in dealing with the simple piece of work. Such a cabinet as the one we are looking at may be thought expensive enough to be worth copying or making up, for purposes of fraud, even if this were to be done entirely in modern work—still more if there may be had, here and there, a bit of old stuff which may be wrought in with the new material. Now, there is probably no



VI. WARDROBE, SOUTH OF FRANCE, EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

other country in the world where these imitations could be made so easily as in France. The Florentine carvers are great in their own style, and those of us who have moved among the Italian cities know what temptations there are to believe in the reality of things that are shams. But the French carvers are unequaled, I think, in the skill they have gained in the styles of their own national past. I once bought two panels of a recognized style, in all probability antique and of faithful attribution; the programme was to use them in a cabinet of which they should serve as the doors, while everything else, the whole frame, the sides, the cornice, the base, the feet, or legs, if any, all were to be new, but strictly in the style. Now, it is evident that no person but a woodcarver could fit these panels with molded frames and could match the doors so produced with carved and molded jambs and columns, cornice and base, which would all be deceptive in their verisimilitude—in their perfect harmony with the panels and with the style which they represent. In other words, one asks, Who is there except a French woodcarver who would dare to match up his own work with genuine eighteenth-century work and expect the two to come out in harmony? It is vain to suppose that any "designer" among us all, any draughtsman who produces excellent and really original patterns or construction, is by the fact of his excellence made a past master of historical details. The very excellence of his own work defeats his attempt, if he really tries to produce historical details in a deceptive way; and then he cannot inspire a carver with his own notions—no refinement of drawing will make that possible—and if everything is modeled for the carver to copy, there is a stiff and unlively result. So, when it was found to be not impracticable to match those panels—when a carver, who was selected after mere indications of persons not



VII. CABINET IN TWO BODIES, FRENCH, PROBABLY MIDDLE OF SIXTEENTH CENTURY

very expert in the business, proved to be a master so accomplished that no care or incredulity on the part of the superintendent, himself practiced in such matters, could detect a weakness or a blot, then that may be set down as a bit of evidence in favor of an accomplished set of men in the workshops of France—even in the little cities.

But to return to the Bahut, the piece can be pretty well judged in the photograph, Fig. 7. This piece may be estimated to be of the reign of Henri II, and we know that there was a whimsical taste just then for pieces of carving suggested by the savages of the West. In a less marked fashion it is visible in the very

simple piece, Fig. 4, where the uprights at the corners are clumsily wrought into the imagined semblance of Indians, not more absurd than that of Charles Monnet in the pictures of *l'Ingénu* for Voltaire's famous story of that name. This imitation of savage forms gives a strange harshness to the French sculpture of the time. It is as if the workman had hung about his room paddles and war clubs from the islands of the Pacific, although the islands of the Pacific were but little sought by navigators from Europe in the years before and after 1550. At all events, we have learned to consider this imitated savagery the earmark of a certain class of carved furniture, which is rich and attractive without the last touch of refinement in its workmanship. And this is the sort of piece which the Parisian dealer finds in a provincial city, and pays for, willingly, 2,000 or 5,000 francs, in the full expectation of more than doubling his money after a month's exposure in his shop on the Boulevard. Those prices, however, are the prices of the twentieth century.

Such were not the conditions when Charles Sauvageot made his *début* as a collector. He was one of those fortunate men who see more clearly or recognize more quickly than others what is worth seeing and what is worth possessing. In the days when Louis Philippe was on the throne of France, he held a small place under the government which gave him the sensation of prosperity in contrast with his much smaller salary when he was a first violin at the Opéra. He had discovered the French Renaissance as an epoch of decorative art, and, with the small income and the abundant leisure which his position afforded him, he searched the antiquarian shops of Paris with a keen eye and tireless diligence. His collection he gave to his countrymen in 1856, and it was then appraised for purposes of classification at 600,000 francs, but 6,000,000 francs would not be any great price for it to-day, while it is also true that one-third of his pieces, at least, could no longer be bought at any price, or in any city. The Louvre gave him a lodging within its walls, and he was set to classifying and cataloguing his own and other collections in that great museum.

What does the reader think of this humble citizen buying three important and two minor pieces of Henri Deux ware (*jaïence de St.*

Porchaire, as the modern scientific name is), and actually owning them all at once? One is a saltcellar of triangular base with three statuettes of cupids, another a covered cup, probably the most beautiful thing which there is among the forty-nine pieces which exist of this ware, and the third a wonderful *biberon* 8 or 9½ inches high, as you measure it with or without the bowed handle. Those three pieces may be priced, at a conservative estimate, at 20,000, 60,000, and 40,000 francs. They are kept with other pieces in a small cubical glass case, set upon a pedestal by itself, and well into the deep embrasure of a great window; so that you can stand close beside the delicate vases, with your eye at such distance as your vision and your *loupe* demand, and see them in detail as pieces in museums ought to be seen—as they seldom are seen. It would be worth while studying Sauvageot's *carnet* of expenses if it could be found—no doubt he gave from 200 to 300 francs each for these pieces; he had two more saltcellars of the same set, respectively 4 and 3½ inches high, for which he gave probably 20 francs each, and which Joseph Marryat, writing about 1860, valued at £300 apiece—should we say five times that in 1906? Would 15,000 francs be about the price for both? or in the light of the Spitzer sale, is that sum much too little?

Sauvageot's collection is illustrated in a great series of etchings by Edouard Lièvre, not the first of modern etchers assuredly, but a faithful draughtsman with a sense for the refinements of decorative design; with critical comment by Mr. Sauzay of the national museums. This makes two good folios. It is not everyone who has such luck as Sauvageot, who has the leisure and the bachelorhood and other freedom from responsibilities, and also the keen eye of the born collector; but shall we say that the times have changed and that there is no longer the chance to buy precious things at prices befitting others than multimillionaires? I am not sure that we dare say so. In my own time there has been the chance to buy Japanese art treasures at prices which will not seem extravagant, if we allow for the reduced purchasing power of money. A dollar in New York to-day will not buy more than what a franc would have bought in Paris in 1840—not more in board or lodging, clothes or house rent.

KING OF THE FAIRY ISLES

BY ELIZABETH BRENNAN

Author of "Nabby," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY POWER O'MALLEY



GLAN'S feet are in the sea, with her body thrown back to balance the hills on her bosom. Rosses Hill o'er-tops all others, and those of Glan love it best, as much for the fairy rath on its summit as for the sirens' cave at its base. The rath is like all other raths, a green bank encircled with mayflowers in season, and sweet-brier brambles when all other leaves are dead, or flushed betimes with the undecided purple of the sloe. But the cave has not its like in the province. It is the fairy playground where the immortal elves can dance on the tide that laves its floor, or commune at pleasure with those other restless creatures of the deep. All Glan has watched their lights on the ocean at evening and understood why the fishermen from Raughley coast conveyed the lighted turf to keep their craft from the reach of the evil one. For firelight is the enemy of such spirits.

To Rosses Cave only the "good people" of land or sea ever came. No mortal in Glan intruded there after dark—none save Owen Walker, of Primrose Grange, who indeed was observed many a time taking his way thither in the dusk of the evening, scaling the rocks as the pooka might.

This folly of Master Owen's was the talk of Glan from morning till night, and while his secluded mode of living kept the parish from an intimate knowledge of him, yet not a family within three townlands but felt a personal interest in his welfare. Had not his father and his father's father and generations back of his kin been among them and theirs within memory's span?

No one had dared approach him on the sub-

ject except Nabby McGovern, and she took the right through having bundled him in swaddling clothes on his first entrance into the world. "A babby as dark an' secret lookin' as the man himself is to-day," Nabby confided to the group around her fire-side.

"If he was that black lookin' thin," Mickey Finan remarked, "small wonder he's so quiet an' quare now."

"Ye cudn't expect an infant to tell ye his thoughts," Tom McGovern said, looking at his mother with a deprecatory grin.

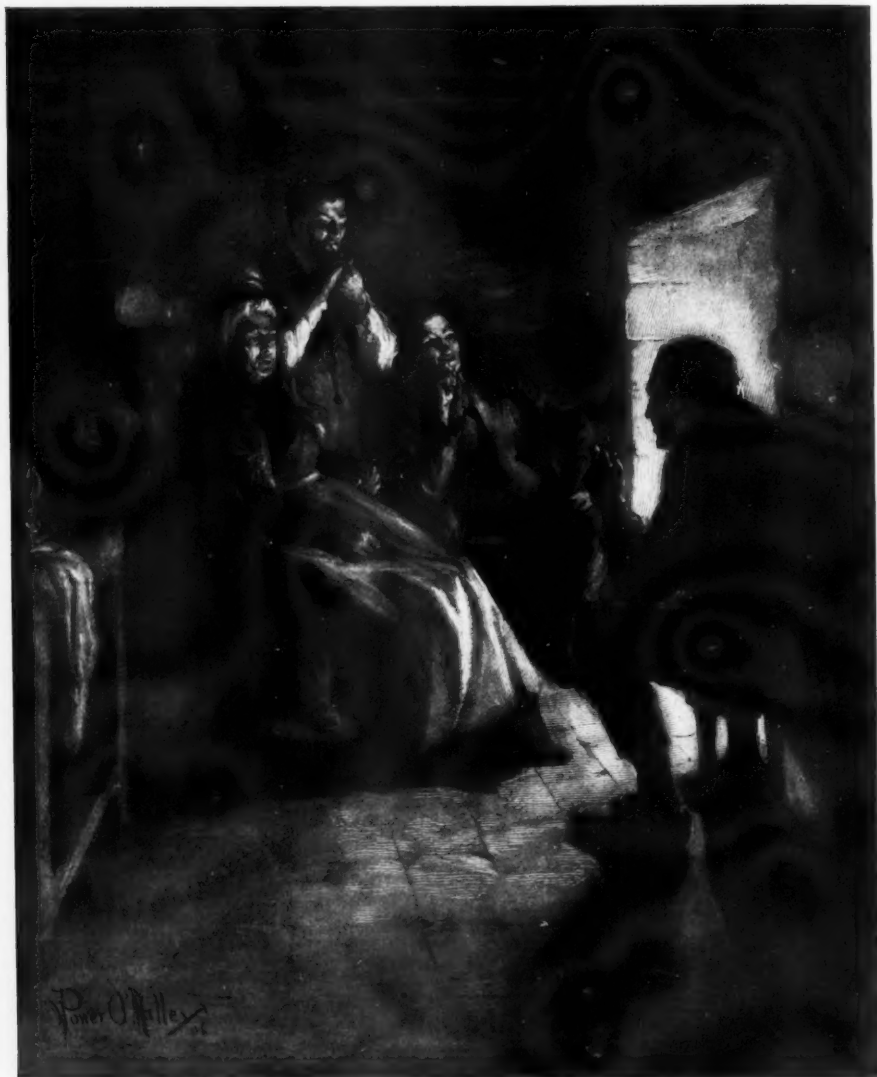
"No," said Nabby solemnly, "but he'd a quare look between the eyes that wasn't natural at all. An' thin there was the birth-mark on his back." Nabby lowered her voice to an awed whisper. "A rowan branch, wid the berries as they grow—red as blood."

"It doesn't seem as if that ought to make him so strange afther all," said Finan easily. "It might be accident an' no fairy mark at all."

Nabby surveyed him scornfully.

"How'd ye like to see young Mickey marked wid it?" she asked; adding as Finan crossed himself hurriedly: "Ye're all aisy about life an' death an' such powerful happenin's until they come home to yer own. But I tell ye it was no accident, but kem through his mother, poor woman, seein' the fairies through glass while she was carryin' him. The Walkers forgot to put the rowan branch av welcome over the Grange door on Novimber day, an' the 'good people,' missin' it, went to the windows instid, and there poor Winifred Walker saw them."

"What did himself say to ye when ye spoke to him av Rosses Cave?" Finan asked curi-



"Nabby looked at her son in pleasure and fear."

ously, moving over on his form to make way for a newcomer, Con McHugh, the wise-acre of the parish, who slid to his seat very quietly so as not to disturb Nabby's narrative.

"Not much av anything," Nabby answered sadly. "It was dark whin I got to the Grange that night. I wint there late on purpose to

meet him startin' out, an' I did, shure enough. Jab was about the house, the only human thing there besides the masther himself. Quare how a man in his prime, like the masther, can bear to have only that broken-backed Jab for his company—mornin', noon, an' night—whin there's plinty av his own kind around the counthry, too!

"Well, lo an' behold ye, whin I got there Masther Owen was but a few feet from his own hall door. I was beside him a while before he knew I was there. I'd med no sound, 'twas that soft on the avenue wid crowds av dead laves. I niver saw an October so tear the heart out av the trees before; an' Masther Owen takes no care av the Grange like it used to be in his father's time.

"Well, himself, poor crature, was standin' under the big elms that shade the house from the road. I cudn't see his face, but I knew that his thoughts had no place on the earth, unless it was in Rosses Cave. They do say, though, that he thinks too much av life an' death—worries about it until he's quare in the head. Mebbe that's why he goes to Rosses thinkin' that the 'good people' might come an' tell him how it is in the world from which they wor banished for their sins. Or mebbe"—Nabby lowered her voice to a sympathetic whisper—"mebbe, poor fellow, he knows what his birthmark manes an' is gettin' ready to go whin 'they' call him. Anyway, he looked at me strange whin I spoke to him.

"Not go to Rosses Cave afther dark?" he asked, as if he wasn't sure av what I sed.

"For the sake av thim that's gone before ye," I tould him, 'remimber what bad luck it is to have doin's wid the "good people."

"At that his eyes shone out av the dark at me, but his voice was tired.

"Have doin's wid the "good people"?" he sed. 'I wish I cud.'

"Thin I thought I might as well lave him in pace, for I knew he was lookin' for strange things—things 'tis not right for man to know.

"Och, och," Nabby sighed, "what's the good av wearin' wan's heart out about the stars whin there's a thousand things as precious in the grass at our feet?

"Masther Owen followed me down the road. I heard his feet crush the laves as he wint along. At Haley's booren he turned off, makin' straight for the Rosses. I cud do no more," Nabby ended, looking around at her auditors.

"No, troth," Finan agreed, "there's nothin' to be done if he won't take warnin'—nothin' at all."

"Except," Tom McGovern interposed, kindness writ large on his strong, weather-beaten face, "we might kind av keep a

watch on him an' see that he comes to no harm."

"Sound sinse, Tom ma bouchal!" exclaimed McHugh, who, as was his wont, had hitherto remained a silent listener, occupying his time by fingering the keys of the melodeon that lay near him among the noggins on the lower dresser shelf. This dresser, be it known, was as much the pride of Glan as Nabby McGovern. Nowhere in the parish could be seen such an array of shining mugs, old willow-patterned plates, and open-mouthed, impartial-looking noggins.

Finan shook his head over Tom McGovern's speech. He lived down Rosses Hill way, and scented the idea that he might be included in the watch over Master Owen. He shivered at the thought. Had not he had sufficient instances within his own memory of the fairy power? And to Rosses Cave it was known that the sea women also came. In dead of night many a roisterer taking the homeward way had seen and described them to the parish—long, narrow forms under cloaks of shining silver stuff; and bright stars in their heavy, unbound hair. How seek to guard Master Owen from the dangers that threatened without becoming enmeshed with him in the sirens' net? A human foe, now, would yield but pleasurable excitation to Finan. But the sea women! Och!

Nabby looked at her son in pleasure and fear.

"Twud be a great thing to help the mas-ther," she said. "An' the Lady Constance Power up at the Manor House wud be the gladdest woman in Glan if him that she loves cud be taken from out av the thrall. But that wud be like robbin' the 'good people,' and God help the man or woman that does it an' gets the fairy curse upon thim."

Tom scouted her notions on this subject vigorously, but no one backing him by word or sign he soon relapsed with the rest of the little group into a thoughtful silence.

A blue flame leaped from the turf on the hearth, softening the ugliness of the earthen floor, twinkling now on the blackened rafters, turning cobwebs there into elflike shapes, or dancing on the shining dresser mugs; touching the melodeon keys as if with a faint sense of sound; adorning the patchwork quilt on the settle with a thousand hitherto undiscovered hues; tinging Nabby's withered face with a rosy glow; casting on all a spell of silence and dreams, unbroken even by the souging of the wind through the copper beeches in the haggard garden without.



"Her voice had trembled a little when she spoke to him."

II

HIGHER up the mountain road, within the shadow of the glen, a similar spell held Owen Walker as he sat by his study fire at Primrose Grange.

Born with the mysterious badge of the "good people" imprinted in his flesh—the sight of which had undoubtedly hastened his mother to her rest in Carrig-a-Champul—bred at a fount which is steeped in old legends

—in Glan where the hills are crowned with cromlechs, and the Druidic altars are only second in importance to the thorn-browed raths—Owen Walker's plastic, poetic temperament imbibed the cult of the nether world as completely as some men absorb the seemingly no less complicated sciences of the stars, or electricity, or chemistry.

Centuries ago our forefathers would have worshiped the spark that illumines the modern world. What wonder, then, if the blood

in Owen Walker's veins, rampant with ancient idolatry, should forswear modern uses and lend him to the unraveling of the fairy mysticism that claimed Glan within its power? To this end he haunted the sirens' cave when night was on the land. What met him there he never gave forth to the world, but the Glan folks saw him gradually change from the student to the absorbed mystic who passed them with an abstraction that rivaled his previous interest; and one and all they mourned his subjection to the sirens' charm.

Another charm was upon him now, however. The mantle of mysticism had almost fallen from his shoulders on that dusky evening in November more than a year ago, when, on his way to the cave, passing through Haley's boren, he had come upon a still figure lying in the ditch. It proved to be the unconscious form of Constance Power of the Manor House, whose horse had thrown her at the jump and whisked himself off down the lane.

It was an awkward moment for Owen Walker, whose house harbored no female—Jab of strange birth was fit servant for such a master—but in his mind was only fear that the gray eyes of Constance would nevermore smile on him in this world. True, he had taken her smiles for granted when they came to him as a neighborly recognition from the daughter of Sir Malbe Power. But to think of them as cut short by death!

He gathered her to him closely, and with a heart newly conscious of human feelings he toiled with her up the hill. Primrose Grange housed its master all that long winter night, for he had passed the cave path with unseeing eyes on his return from the Manor House, whither he had taken the recovered Constance. "I owe my life to you," she had told him at parting; and her voice haunted him and cheered him when the weariness of the world of his choice was upon him.

Sitting by his fireside now, his thoughts gradually veered from the mysteries of other worlds, and the sweet face of Constance seemed to look out at him from the fire's red heart. It was a bonny face, soft and pure, and framed in coal-black hair. The mouth was red and tempting, but he had never kissed it, though she had lain in his arms, still and silent, for a long, long time on that memorable November evening.

Their meetings since had been many. Before Owen Walker's lapse of interest in human happenings he had been the most ex-

pert of all the famed horsemen among the gentry of the parish; and with his acquaintance of Constance he renewed, in part, at least, his love of the cross-country chase. Sir Malbe, her father, helpless from gout these two years, could not follow his daughter to the hunts, and since she was motherless almost from birth there was nothing for it, since she would not countenance a groom, but to let her take her will. Owen Walker fell into the habit of following the hounds intermittently, but more especially did he appear when the fox or the hare had been done to death, and offer his always acceptable company to Constance on the homeward way. So much had this become his habit that Constance, knowing his strange moods, always suspected one if he failed to appear; for those two had grown much together in the lonely rides over hill and dale, and, with a solicitude that endeared her to him, since it was a new element in his life, Constance invariably sent to inquire after him on the days following his infrequent defections. Only an unusual gloom could keep him from her side, she knew, but, though yesterday he had failed her, to-day he had looked in vain for a word or sign from the Manor House.

The wind sighed through the tall elms that sheltered Primrose Grange, and Owen Walker left his fireside restlessly to stare through the window at their naked branches. A verse of Jab's song, crooned from the kitchen, came to him fitfully:

"They made me King of the Fairy Isles
That lie in the golden mist,
Where the coral rocks and the silvery sand
By singing waves are kissed.

"And she who was set on my right hand,
As the morning star was fair,
She was clothed in a robe of shadowy light,
And veiled in her golden hair."

"And veiled in her golden hair," Owen Walker found himself repeating until his eyes caught the gleam of the candle in Nabby McGovern's window far down the road, and he fell to thinking of her appeal and warning of a few days since. Constance, too, had pleaded with him in her gentle way. She knew his moods and guessed at the mysticism that held him, and her voice had trembled a little when she spoke to him on their last ride together.

"Witness the desolation," she said, pointing from the highest part of the mountain road over the hills and dales of Glan. Owen

Walker looked around him uneasily, for he knew that as master of Primrose Grange he was owner of much of that uncultivated land. He was thankful that a mist overspread the country, veiling most that was unsightly in it. But Constance's eyes pierced the veil. Her sympathetic ears had opened to much of Glan's sorrow.

"Half the countryside," she went on, "is untenanted. The houses that used to dot the roadside are crumbling ruins, and the folks of Glan have but half hearts to help themselves. You, Owen"—she impulsively spoke his name, her voice faltering a little as she said it—"you could do much for them, and they love you. All in Glan love you," she added softly, and a thrill ran through his veins at the sound.

She went on to tell him, as their horses slowly descended the mountain road, that in her opinion the solution of the mysteries of life or death or the stars or heaven itself seemed little if one neglected the performance of daily duties, the things at hand which God Himself obviously left for each to do; but her reflections at this point touched him little, for his thoughts were with her words: "All in Glan love you." And she was of Glan!

They ceased speaking presently as the horses set their feet down the road to the glen. There the sun, as it dipped in the sea, was throwing a last flush over the myriad treetops that loomed up from its deep heart. Giants of the now withered foliage were implanted there between sheltering rocks with the same tender Nature's care that nursed alike the wild wood-violet or screened the fox's den with the long, green, silky fern—the fox-tongue.

That was an enchanted hour only two days ago, and in the interval Owen Walker's spirit had lost the light again. With her presence had gone his guiding star, and he gloomed so that he felt he must avoid her at least for a day. The day had gone by, and he looked for her usual message of cheer, but none came. He tapped his fingers on the pane dismally in accord with Jab's song that filtered from the kitchen intermittently:

"For many a year and more I dwell
With neither thought nor care,
Till I forgot almost my speech,
Forgot both creed and prayer."

The firelight, glinting on a shining mass that lay on the secretary across from the hearth, soon drew his wandering attention,

and he went and raised the bauble in his hands, weighing it in meditative fashion. It was a caplike crown of strange and wonderful workmanship. An elusive ray shot from its shell-like surface, bringing out the deep lines of thought that marked Owen Walker's face. It was the cochall, or cap, which had been the only heritage of his man Jab, left him by his fairy mother when she escaped from mortal ken.

Jab's father, Pete Frawley, had been a fisherman on Raughley coast, who, it was said, ensnared his bride from the sea. She loved him, and bore him that strange, distorted little creature, Jab. But it was impossible for a sea fairy to be happy long in mortal surroundings. She yearned ever, as Jab crooned, for—

"Those isles of soft delight,
Where all was kind and beautiful,
With neither death nor night,"

and going out with her spouse in his fishing craft one night, she wound her arms—so 'tis known on the coast—round Pete's neck and dived with him to the Fairy Isles. Jab was left to the care of the parish, and Owen Walker—coming upon him at the Union gates one day, hugging the fairy crown to his bosom, crooning softly the while—took possession of him and his treasure.

Owen Walker looked at the latter now, still weighing it no less in his mind than by the action of his hands. Did the parish but know it, here was the beginning of Master Owen's interest in the sea women. But a mortal love had since seized his heart, and rage now filled him at the thought that he might lose it in his other quest.

He would give up his pursuit of the Fairy Isles; would go, hours after midnight, when the tide had receded from the land and he might approach the sirens' cave from the broad strand; then to the bottomless depths of the cave would he fling this crown of other worlds, and on the morrow he would ride early to attend Constance to the hunt. On the homeward way—ah, that delight of his dreams!—on the homeward way through the wintry dusk, they would take the road that led by the cave path. Here he would ask her to dismount, and tethering their horses to the leafless hawthorns they would saunter down the boreen, side by side and touching betimes where the lane narrowed, and would come to Rosses Hill. Here, while "cloddtha namon" made resonant music in their ears, he

would tell her of the world that lay behind him and the hopes that lay before. And she, he knew, *he knew*, would lay her hand on his shoulder and receive his kiss of love with trembling lips, her eyes brimming the while with tears of joy. Then back through the lane and home they would go; forswearing all other loves but those which God bestowed on man—human loves than which none others to man are equal—nor love of science, nor worship of art, nor pursuit of other worlds.

III

AT dawn the kelp-wrack workers of Glan were scattered across the broad strand. They had some hours in which to take advantage of the outgoing tide. The storm that had risen at midnight was yet a stiffish gale, but not enough to impede their work or prevent them from filling the capacious donkey carts and porthogues with the rich harvest of shining, sea-smelling wrack that would go toward enriching the land when springtime came.

But the storm that had been so kind in rewarding the farmers had dealt otherwise with the fishermen from Raughley coast. One of their boats even now lay on the rocks near the sirens' cave, a wreck, showing its ribs to the bleak sky.

Nabby called Tom's attention to it as they toiled near the Rosses. Mickey Finan, nearer still, forgot to fasten his porthogues, so great was his haste to moan over the possible fate of the boat's occupants. A few moments later all the donkey carts were deserted, and their owners stood around the wreck in bare-headed supplication to God for mercy on the poor dead souls.

Nabby from her post near the wreck cast searching eyes over the walls of rock that encircled the cave in jutting piles. A host of sailors' craft might have come to grief there; but her gaze encountered only a shining speck among the dark bowlders. It might be something delivered from the wreck and cast there by the waves. She pointed it out to Tom, and he looked toward it and broke into a great cry.

"There's a dead man's body," he said, running in its direction across the strand.

Everyone followed, and in the race Nabby was left behind, but long before she reached them her ears caught the words:

"'Tis Masther Owen, 'tis Masther Owen!"

A young lad on the outskirts of the group whimpered and drew from his pocket a soiled letter.

"An' Miss Connie gev me this for Masther Owen yisterday," he said, "an' she med me promise on me heart I'd go wid it straight to Primrose Grange, but down be the school-house a rabbit crossed the road an' the dog gev chase, an' whin we wor through searchin' for it in Ballbeigh Woods 'twas too late to go, an' this mornin' I was to take it goin' back wid the wrack. But now he's dead, 'tis no use."

The wind whipped the letter from the lad's hand and led it in a mad career around the rocks only to send it with light, caressing touch close to the dead man's cheek. The lad to whom Lady Constance had intrusted it to such dismal purpose—the gatekeeper's son at the Manor House—recoiled as he saw the paper receive a trickle of blood from the dead man's temple.

Nabby picked up the cochall that had dropped from the nerveless fingers, and placed it on the dead man's breast.

"He kem to finish wid 'thim,' ye see," she told the group with sobs. "He mint to break the spell be throwin' the cochall in the cave, but now he'll need it till his sowl laves 'thim,' an' that's hard to do."

A sound broke in on her speech—a strange, crooning noise—and they all looked up to see Jab sliding down the rocks over the way by which his master had come to such bitter grief. But the storm was over, and daylight helped Jab to bring his distorted figure in safety to his master's side. Everyone pressed back as he knelt and held the wounded head close to his breast, crooning ever and ever as was his habit, and seeming not to notice that spectators were by.

For long and many a day after those folks of Glan bore in mind the weird scene—the gray sky and the rocks with their burden of wreckage and this strange half-mortal, half-elf, who crooned by the dead master:

"They made him King of the Fairy Isles

That lie in the golden mist,
Where the coral rocks and the silvery sand
By singing lips are kissed.

"In the unsunned depths of the ancient sea,
Where the emerald caverns lie,
Where an earlier race of fairy kings
Made their great treasury."

TALKATIVE TOMMY

By LANIER BARTLETT

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL CRAWFORD



As the new day stepped from the glittering, utmost peaks of the Sierras down onto the rounded shoulders of gigantic Tissáack, the Half Dome, and leaped thence the full length of the abyss to the granite brow of mighty Tutockanúla, the Captain, to turn about and light Tissáack's dark face that has no faith in the dawn, before it stepped on down into the Yosemite Valley, it saw a tiny, tattered cloud of dust 'way over on the westward rim, opposite El Capitan's noble head, and in the cloud, dimly moving, a half-dozen mounted cowboys, seemingly borne along across the face of the crags by the wraith that encircled them.

When Tissáack's frown began to yield, the day shot strong, hot sunbeams into the handful of dust high up close to the sky, that shattered the little cloud into golden nothingness. The jogging mountain men, thus boldly revealed, took the sunbeams as a challenge, and pulling their broad hat brims lower over their eyes spurred their ponies off helter-skelter down the twisting stage road, to race day to the river that ran like an illumined thread through the receding night, far, far below.

The reckless cavalcade tore out onto the floor of the valley after a while ahead of the sunshine, and as the cowboys looked up from the depth of shadow below, they waved their hands tauntingly into the broad face of day above. But though the impetuous river still swirled and bounded through pale twilight, that broad face was already making itself felt, and the increasing warmth foretold what a scorching those precipitous granite walls would receive and reflect into the depths before Tissáack should at last yield up every shadow from her westward face in brief but

brilliant tribute to the sunset. So the victorious riders slid to the ground almost at the very foot of beautiful, wavering Pohóno, the Bridal Veil Fall, drifting down six hundred feet to her destruction; they threw themselves on their faces among the ferns to drink from the crystal life blood of the shattered Water Maiden, that splashed away across the road to plunge into the roaring Merced River.

"Goin' to be a hot Fourth," remarked Funk Fuller, as he wiped his dripping mouth and nose with the back of his brown hand and made a grab for the dragging reins of his pony, to keep the sweating animal from drinking the ice water.

"Same as ever," answered Son Smith, making a similar lunge for his horse.

"Wonder who all's goin' to ride in the free-for-all this afternoon," put in Hi Jones. "Hope there's plenty of tourists inside this season to chip into the prize bag."

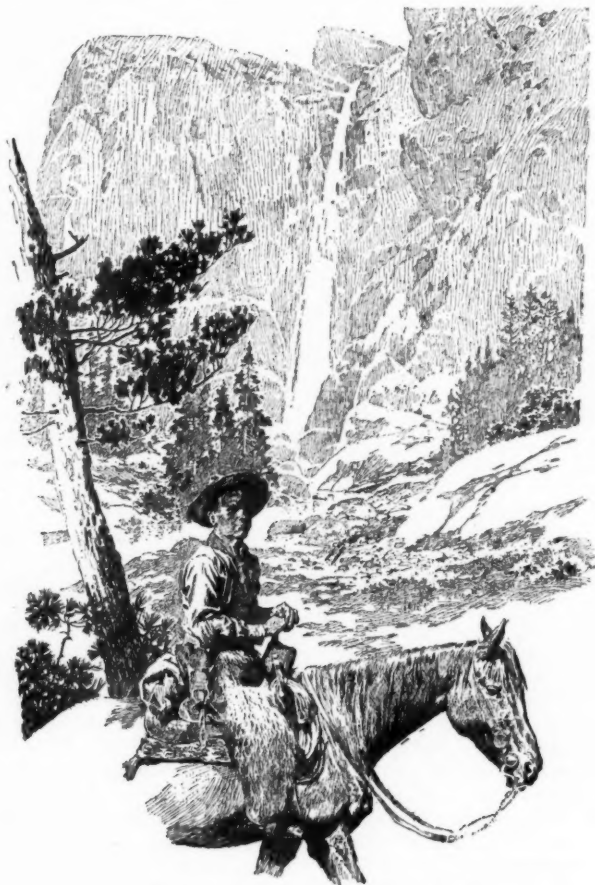
"Sally Ann'll ride, for one," grinned the fourth to rise.

"An' I hear there's one of them skinny, good-for-nothing dwarfs they call jockeys in the valley this year, working in Johnson's barns. That is, he used to be a jockey, so I've heard the stage drivers tell," said Davis, a gaunt, grizzled man, the only one of the crowd over thirty. "But I'll back Tommy here an' his little bay mare agin Sally Ann an' the jock, or any other unheard-of combination," he drawled, clumping his spurred heels over the rocks as he moved toward his horse.

Tommy rose slowly from beside the stream after the others, apparently oblivious of all that had been said, and turned his face up to catch the cooling mist that blew like thin smoke from the milk-white fall. Of the whole picturesque party, Tommy was the most decidedly original in appearance. "Talkative

Tommy" they called the boy (he was only twenty), because he never spoke voluntarily, unless something touched the very quick of him. He was stumpy of build and stood only five feet five inches in his boots (which he never removed, it was rumored, except to make way for a new pair, at astonish-

deep chest and tremendously broad shoulders. Steady, slow-moving gray eyes looked mountains and men square in the face from under a broad, dingy hat brim tilted up from the forehead, and there was the look of silence around the tight mouth. That was Talkative Tommy, native Sierra Nevada and champion



"Tommy seemed to be in no hurry."

ingly long intervals). The great, shaggy angora-fleece "chaps," peculiar to the California vaquero, which adorned his short, bowed legs and exposed only the broad blue seat of his overalls when he walked (and that was seldom), added to his squat effect. A remarkably round head covered with closely cropped yellow hair, that would have been all thick and curly if left to its own devices, surmounted a

horseman of the western slope, as he turned his moistened face away from smoking Pohóno, remounted, and followed the rest of the angora-chapped cowboys along the now level road that wound beside the roaring, foaming River of Mercy—roaring and foaming in its center, but eddying off into many a peaceful pool under its banks, where big, expectant trout lay in ambush in the shadows

of overhanging wild azaleas, snowy white, and lilacs, daintily purple.

"The Bunch," for so these inseparable companions were known throughout the region, hailed from a mountain cattle ranch some sixty miles from the valley, outside the bounds of the National Park, and were on their way to spend the Fourth of July in the quaint bit of a valley village that is gathered around the rambling hotel on the meadow, in the center of the wonderful, granite-walled abyss, with the swift, crystal river, snow born, crowding it close under the crags, and the splashing hum of Chólack, the Yosemite Falls, gushing from the sky almost overhead, ever singing through it. That night they had rolled in their blankets under the pines on the rim, to be fresh for the day's sports below.

Tommy seemed to be in no hurry to catch up with the rest. He let the reins rest on the pony's neck and sat with hands crossed on the pommel as he leisurely scanned the precipices that rose round about.

"Better hurry up, Tommy; Sally Ann'll catch you if you don't watch out!" called back Funk Fuller as he twisted around in his saddle with a grin.

"Or that jock," added Son Smith, twisting about in the same way to note the effect of the double jab. They all laughed heartily and pulled up to await the boy's slow, indifferent approach.

"How about it, Tommy? Are you going to make laughingstocks of us all again this year?" asked one of the crowd tauntingly, as Tommy's pony stalked in among the rest.

"Now, you fellers know," drawled Tommy, still eying the scenery and never drawing rein, "that I ain't got much use for squaws, and I've got a whole lot less use for jocks. Just you keep shut up, and leave 'em to me." As he dropped the last word of this astonishingly long speech, Talkative Tommy suddenly set his teeth, as if he were deliberately visiting lockjaw upon himself in punishment for his loquacity, jerked up the reins, set spurs into the startled pony, and tore off down the dusty road, in and out among the pines, as if determined to outrun Sally Ann and the obnoxious jockey then and there.

With a roar of laughter the crowd set out after their vanishing comrade, and soon thundered into Yosemite, along the quaint winding road between the forest trees, to the guardian's office, close on Tommy's heels.

Halting suddenly in their mad career before the guardian's door and leaving their

deserted cloud of dust to drive on down the road and melt away in the green trees that crowded the turn in the river ahead, the riders dismounted and tied their animals to the long iron hitching rail. Then they clumped and clanked their way into the stronghold of the State official and gravely deposited their side arms with him. They should never have entered the valley at all with full holsters; but then the Bunch was always humored on the Fourth, and it was generally conceded that they were pretty good fellows to surrender so meekly even when they did, although they had already broken the law.

"Goin' to be any doin's here to-day, cap?" inquired Funk Fuller, as he unslung his battery and deposited it on the big, open visitors' register.

"You fellows are in the valley; that's the best answer to *that* question," laughed stalwart Captain Arnold, as he laid the surrendered property carefully away in a case full of confiscated small arms.

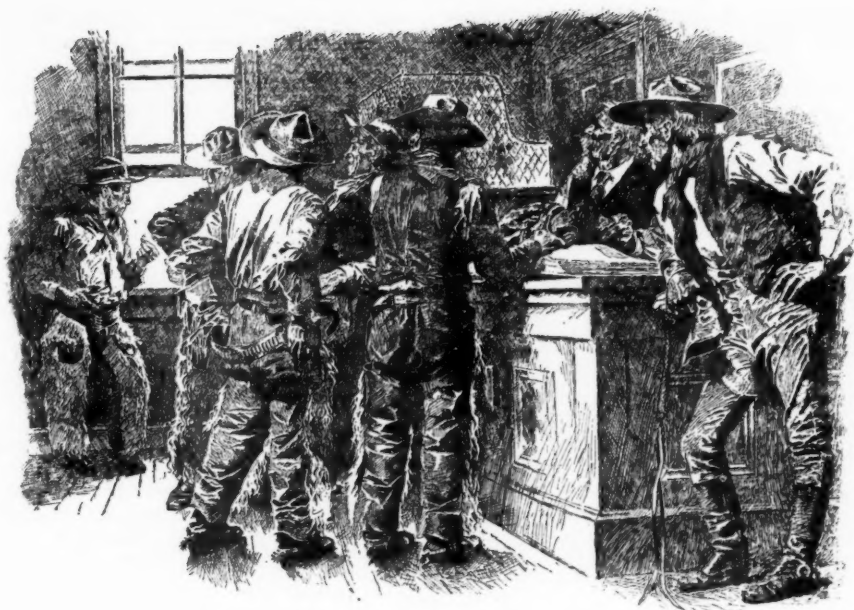
"Yep, we brought our usual Fourth of Jullie doin's with us," assented Son Smith, grinning and nodding toward Talkative Tommy, who was playing true to his nickname by leaning against the wall on the other side of the room and looking thoughtfully out of the window, in dead silence. So bowed were his bits of legs as he stood there that they seemed to be on the verge of doubling up like a jackknife inside the great woolly "chaps."

"There's a fellow up at the barns who is going to skin you fellows alive this afternoon," continued the guardian. "The boss has offered him the pick of the saddle herd. How about it, Tommy—you wouldn't dare ride against a sure-enough jockey after a squaw beat, would you?"

The crowd laughed, but Tommy didn't. He snorted, shook his heavy shoulders, and stalked disgustedly out of the office.

"There, take that," laughed Hi Jones to the guardian.

"Never mind about Tommy; he'll take care of the Bunch in that race," cautioned gray Davis, as he laid his hand on the boy's arm in a fatherly way and followed him out. The rest of them lurched along after the youngster and paraded slowly up the shady road, past the artists' studios and photographers' establishments and curio shops, to the hotel, before which they stalked for the edification and amazement of such Eastern guests as might chance to be on the veranda at so early an hour. This was a part of the Bunch's reg-



"We brought our usual Fourth of Jullie doin's."

ular programme on arrival in Yosemite on the glorious Fourth. After that, they made their way back (walking like ducks) to their horses, and galloped on up river a half mile to the barns to gossip with the guides and get a look at that dangerous "jock," whom Tommy had already learned to hate as his natural and bitter enemy. Sally Ann and a city-bred ex-jockey! Here was a pretty combination to put up against a self-respecting cowboy, in the Yosemite Valley, on the Fourth of July!

Talkative Tommy did not utter another word that day until the memorable afternoon race was over.

Probably you never thought of the wondrous Yosemite Valley, deep buried in solemn, awe-inspiring grandeur, as in any way conscious of the glorious old rip-roaring Fourth. Yet it is doubtful if anywhere within the confines of the great nation there is to be witnessed a more enthusiastically American celebration, and yet withal a more entirely original and unique one, than is to be seen on the floor of this mighty chasm.

This Fourth the hotel guests, gathered together good-naturedly at the invitation of the guardian, had elected, after the valley custom,

one of their number—a beautiful native daughter from San Francisco—to be queen of the occasion and ride at the head of the grand parade in the guise of the Goddess of Liberty.

The morning of the eventful day was a busy one in the bit of a village. Bunting broke loose through the lower branches of the forest trees and all over the funny little buildings that straggled along from the hostelry, overhanging the river bank, to the wee church on the edge of the open meadow, that looks like a toy church as it raises its tiny steeple amid all that towering grandeur.

After the whirlwind arrival of the Bunch, the road became dotted with mounted Indians, mountain men, and an occasional trooper from the cavalry patrol of the National Park outside of the valley. All these were dropping in to see the day's sport. Throughout the forenoon the guardian, as grand marshal of the prospective parade, galloped to and fro on his spirited horse, arranging for the afternoon. A big wagon was filled with little girls from among the guests and campers, dressed in red, white, and blue, with a picturesque stage driver in charge, cracking his whip over six frolicsome horses. Then there were divisions of mounted Indians, cowboys, and guides,

following a division of mounted gentlemen from among the visitors; and besides these there were six big horse stages filled with the ladies from the hotel, and a whole division of burros and boys, led by a very sad and ancient looking burro with his hind legs inclosed in a pair of long trousers and a big straw hat perched on his sleepy head; and campers in their various equipages, and trudging squaws with their papooses, and all the other odds and ends of Sier-ran life. At two o'clock off started the strange procession across the village bridge to the far side of the meadows, led by the beautiful Goddess of Liberty and the guardian, both superbly mounted. Behind the goddess rode several ladies, chosen to be her aides, and escorting the royal party, three on either flank, rode the immortal Bunch, with Talkative Tommy, silent and dreamy-like, but unquestionably proud of his distinction, close to the side of the gayly decked queen of the day. It was a part of Yosemite tradition that the Bunch (when one of the famous six died or disappeared, another was mustered in by old Davis, who was the leading spirit of the organization) should always escort the goddess of their Fourth.

Thus the strangest Fourth of July procession in the United States twined its way through the forest trees and across the meadows to the opening in the pines almost at the foot of graceful, dizzy Chólack, the Yosemite Falls, and, under the spell of her ceaseless voice, prepared for the much-talked-of races that always preceded the night fireworks and picturesque dance in the rustic pavilion.

Now, there rode in that procession, besides the distinguished members of the queen's escort, two other characters much discussed that day. These were the hostler who had been a jockey, and was still an unknown quantity in the calculations of the local lovers of horse-flesh; and Sally Ann, the good-natured, daredevil squaw, who had long ago proved that she could ride anything with four legs and get more speed out of those legs than any-

one who had tried them before. Talkative Tommy was the only rider in the region who had held a higher place, as a horse racer, in the estimation of the Yosemite; and last Fourth even he had lost to the jolly young female. True, Tommy's favorite pony had been indisposed that day, and he had had to ride a horse that did not know him so well. So his defeat was only a bit of hard luck, his champions contended; and they looked forward anxiously for him to retrieve himself and his crowd now. Truth is, in the Western land it is considered an ignominious thing to be outdone in any-

thing by an Indian, especially by "just a squaw." There is no particular love wasted on Indians out yonder. Nevertheless, a horse race is a horse race, and no true son of that soil will countenance anything but a fair show to all alike. And if one of the contestants is a woman, she must be given an exceedingly fair show.

Excitement ran high among mountain folk, Indians, and tourists as the contestants in the free-for-all scattered off for the starting point at signal from the guardian. Intense anticipation glowed even in the square, stolid



"Some little doin's in that race, eh?"

faces of the gayly clad Indian women scattered among the pines on the slope that led gently back to the valley wall, and across the road in the crowd of white people banked about the mounted goddess there was the flutter and undulation of excitement.

Down the road toward the starters in the distance rode Sally Ann on her famous white nag. A hair rope twisted about his nose and a saddle blanket strapped to his back by a

surcingle was the animal's only equipment. And surely, here was a sight worth climbing the Sierras to see! The strangers could not repress a ripple of laughter. No picturesque primitive costume wore Sally Ann, but instead she scorned her lowly sisters with a fashionable garb that consisted of a stiff white shirt waist, magenta skirt, and black cotton gloves; while surmounting her square head and glossy black hair, which depended behind in a thick braid, was a remarkable straw hat of Parisian model, sadly battered, but rejuvenated by Sally Ann's own hands with trimmings of mingled purple and scarlet.

This gorgeous horror bobbed jauntily over her nose as she jogged along. Above the white expanse of shirt waist her broad, almost black face shone like a polished calabash, carved in a grin; below the magenta skirt dangled her plump, white-stockinged legs and black shoes. Indeed, this was Sally Ann in all her glory, agreed the mountain folk.

But despite her regalia, she sat her horse with a reckless grace that challenged the admiration of all, and the riders who gathered about the starting line respectfully awaited her arrival.

As the Indian woman ranged herself in line for the standing start, the jockey hostler appeared on a spirited black pony. He had rigged himself out in a full jockey suit—a striking sight for most of the eyes that were turned upon him now.

Tommy sat stolidly in the line, eying his approaching enemy. The latter galloped up with a grand-stand flourish, as if to say, "I'll show you fellows a thing or two about riding!"

He plunged into the line where the men had made room for Sally Ann, and with a sneer at the squaw, crowded her out. The next instant he was clinging desperately to the neck of his horse as it plunged madly to one side; for Tommy had wheeled like a flash to the sneering jockey's side and had hurled his mount and himself full tilt against the other's animal. With the newcomer knocked clear out of the line, Tommy grabbed Sally Ann's frightened horse by the hair rope and hauled it back into its place.

When the discomfited jockey had recovered himself,

he raised his hand in protest to the official starter, the guardian.

"Disqualify this man for crowding!" he snarled.

"Take your medicine and be glad it isn't worse," retorted the guardian. "Ready!"

The jockey was shoved down to the end of the line by the others, and crouched for the start.

There were a dozen contestants. It was a half-mile dash. Tommy's comrades of the Bunch were scattered along the course to cheer him, and cast up their hats at his



"Sally Ann."

passing. They were sure of him this time.

"Bang!" The report of the starter's gun drifted down to the spectators; but the riders were already off and in mad career before the sound arrived. For a while they pounded along all bunched up, swallowed in a cloud of dust. Above the cloud the thrashing of arms through the air betokened the steady descent of rawhide quirts in the hands of cowboys and Indians. Where the breathless spectators crowded, silence overcame all sounds save the muffled drumming of the hoofs, just becoming audible, and the splashing hum of Chólack.

Still the huddled ponies clung together—on and on, without a sign of the winner. Only 150 yards remained. Then a spot of bright color shot from the clump—a gay dab above a black horse. It was the jockey. Another dab of color, larger, swinging recklessly through the air above a white animal, followed it, caught it, mingled with it. Sally Ann! Once more a fragment broke from the dark kernel of the dust cloud and flew after the other two. There was no color to this fragment—just two streaks of dirty-white angora fleece down the sides of a bay mount, and above it a big dull-hued felt hat with the brim blown up and back from a grim face. Talkative Tommy, this was, abreast of the dabs of color now!

With legs invisible in the dust and necks stretched forward, the animals looked like great ungainly birds skimming the ground.

The jockey, light and lithe, crouched low; Sally Ann and Tommy, heavy and loose jointed, swung high, but the mountain ponies were used to them and the spurs.

Were they coming in nose and nose?

The color parted. Sally Ann and her white flier drew ahead. Next the grim, colorless rider fairly lifted the bay mare with the spurs, overhauled the white horse—passed it. At this the jockey fought desperately; but he did not know how to "lift" the Western pony, and the crowd began to yell, "Tommy!"

But just then a strange thing happened.

The jockey was riding between Tommy and the woman. At the critical moment, when the horses seemed from a distance to be holding right together, but were really drawing apart, the jockey's face turned ugly, and with a snarl of rage at and contempt for the Indian woman, he leaned out as she passed, jerked savagely at her guiding rope, and cut her across the face with his whip. It seemed easy to do this unseen in the hurry and rush. But Tommy, trained to a life of emergencies,

never let a stranger ride behind him unwatched; and from the tail of his eye he saw the unpardonable act. The eye of the beautiful Goddess of Liberty, too (she was a trained horsewoman), caught sight from the crowd of the deed that staggered Sally Ann and put the black ahead of the white, and she screamed, "Look! look!" as Tommy threw himself back on his reins, grabbed the jockey's bridle, jerked the black pony almost on his haunches, reached over, caught up the little man in his powerful arms, and with a deft twirl set him back in the saddle with his face toward the animal's tail. Then, with the outward jab of a spur, he sent the black careering on over the line in the wake of Sally Ann, with the jockey clinging desperately for his life, wrong end to—a position which sets the stamp of everlasting disgrace in Tommy's country.

As Tommy jogged slowly on after that, with his mild-mannered interest diverted once more to the scenery, the crowd broke and surged out toward him, cheering. Tommy drew rein and looked about in consternation for an avenue of escape. The possibility of such a dire contingency as this had evidently not presented itself to him; for once he was caught in an emergency unprepared.

The judges and the guardian rode up to him. He looked helpless, as if he felt he was about to fall into the clutches of the law.

"Some little doin's in that race, eh?" laughed the guardian.

"Wal, it's—it's a fact, cap, that I ain't got much use for—for squaws," stammered the boy, evidently determined that it should be understood at all hazards that he felt no love for Sally Ann, "but when it comes to such a showdown as just now, I've got a whole lot less use for jocks. Sure! What's you goin' to do 'bout it?"

"Why, we'll just call it no race, if you say so, Tommy," smiled the official.

The helpless look faded from his face.

"Don't you call me a quitter," drawled Tommy, almost threateningly. "The first one over the line always wins the Yosemite free-for-all; an' this time it was the gal again." Then suddenly setting his teeth, as he had done once before that same day, and stirring up the startled pony as if stricken with remorse at the number of words he had already been led into, and determined to escape further risk, he charged off through the astonished crowd, with his boon companions tearing along close on his heels, whooping their approbation.

CURRENT REFLECTIONS

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN



NCE more as June nears its close, the college year is ending and commencing again. The new graduates are proceeding out into the world, and fresh armies of likely lads are shifting out of the preparatory nurseries and being enrolled as budding members of about four hundred prospective freshman classes. Forty thousand youths, more or less, have made the choice of a college. And how have they chosen? Whim, locality, or tradition in most cases has settled that. Some have gone to big colleges and some to small ones, some to country colleges and some to universities in or near great towns.

The question of what college for a boy is not very often considered and settled on its merits. We are never consulted before coming into this world what family we shall join or whether we prefer to be members of a large or a small one. We come into the family whose sign of "Child Wanted" happens to attract the attention of the disposing eye when our destination is being considered. We may be an only child, or one of two or three or ten. We are taken as we come and we take what comes to us, and are usually content, or if not, we make the best of it.

And so with going to college. Fathers who went to a college which they believe did well by them are apt, as a rule, to want to send their boys to that college. But the rule has plenty of exceptions. Fathers who went to a little college which was near by to where they grew up and the one most feasible, and who swam strong afterwards in the great current of life, and have brought up to advantage in a great city, are not, as a rule, disposed to send their boys back to the small college which did well by them. They went themselves to college where most of the

other boys from their neighborhood went. They send their boys where other boys, their sons' contemporaries and comrades, go. If the father has penetrated from Kansas or Illinois or Virginia to New York, the boy usually goes—not to Illinois or Virginia—but to Yale, Harvard, Columbia, Cornell, or Princeton.

THE WEST—middle and far—can make a strong claim to be the most instructive section of our country. It can be argued with much force that the ideas that are most potent in our national life come from there, that the spirit of the West is the dominating American spirit, and that to comprehend the West and live in fellowship with it is an immensely valuable detail of American education. And yet, though the West is now abundantly equipped with good little colleges and very strong and populous universities, the East very seldom sends a boy West to be trained, whereas the West is still constantly sending boys East.

May not one reasonably anticipate a time when the current will not all set one way? Take the Boston boys. They go to school in Boston, or near it, until they are eighteen; then they go three or four years to Harvard College, and some of them go three or four years more to a Harvard professional school, the upshot of which is that they breathe and think Boston through the whole period of preparation for business or professional life. That may be no disadvantage for those of them who go elsewhere to work, but most of them stay on in Boston and work there, and these, it may be thought, are at a disadvantage in their development as compared with the lads who come to Cambridge from some outside point of existence, and find there the stimulation and enlargement of ideas that come from a change of scene and new points of view. That Boston lads should ever be

sent to Chicago to college implies a breach of tradition that is as yet hardly thinkable. But might not some of them, even now, go profitably to Chicago for a post-graduate course or even to learn a profession? They are sent to Oxford or Cambridge sometimes as it is. There must be some things to be learned in Chicago that are not taught in Oxford or Cambridge, and that are worth understanding and possibly worth assimilating by able youths who propose to lead active lives in the United States. Is it not reasonable to expect that there will be more reciprocity in education, in the years to come, between the different geographical divisions of our country than there is as yet?

AND THAT BRINGS us to the different aims parents have in sending boys to college, and that boys have in going. At dinner the other night in New York there was a railroad attorney and a high railroad official, both men who had gone to the upper levels of their respective callings, and both very interesting and sympathetic and agreeable social beings. The lawyer said he had a young boy who had developed a disposition to go to Harvard, and that turned the talk to colleges. The lawyer divulged that he had himself gone to a small college in Illinois near where he lived. The railroad man said he had studied at the University of Michigan—not so great an institution when he went there as it has since come to be. The host, another highly successful laborer in the great field of American endeavor, who had come out of the West to New York, had not been to any college. All of them were middle-aged men, fifty years old or thereabouts. The attorney was fully sympathetic with his boy's designs on Harvard. The host had a boy heading toward Yale and he was quite satisfied. The men and their talk were a good deal suggestive of what various kinds of colleges do, or are expected to do, for various kinds of men. The ambitious lad whose means are limited and who has his way to make in the world, if he goes to college at all, will go to the one he can best reach, and get what he can out of it. Whether he chooses a small or a big one will depend usually on what it costs and how near it is. The ambitious parent who has made his way in the world and is able to do for his children whatever he considers most to their advantage will usually prefer the big college unless strong ties connect him with a smaller one, or unless the boy's own qualities

make it seem advisable that he should learn to swim in the smaller pond.

SO FAR AS ANY ordinary book learning goes, any reasonably good college ought to do, and a first-rate small college has some advantages. A lad has a better chance to sit under the best professors and teachers in a small college than under the best professors in a big one. The advantages of a great college over a small one include a greater variety of courses of instruction, but consist chiefly of the big college being a bigger community, with more men, more doings, more ideas (perhaps), better opportunity of selection of companions, a larger and more multifarious acquaintance in college, and an important common interest with a much larger body of graduates after graduation. These last two considerations seem to be the ones on which most stress is laid. This is such a big country that one cannot know all the people. Even its big cities are much too big for any one of us to know all the people in any one of them. But it is of value on some accounts to know, and be known of, as many people as is conveniently possible, and any property or experience that puts any one of us in the way of getting early in touch with a considerable body of men has its considerable uses.

PEOPLE—SOME PEOPLE—sniff at the notion of sending a boy to school or to college to make acquaintances, but not at sending him there to improve either his capacity for remunerative labor, or of agreeable discourse. Why grumble at his striking for the end—or one of the ends—directly instead of indirectly through the means? For is it not one end of existence to have pleasant and profitable relations with one's fellows, and the best fellows one can find; and is not the money-getting capacity (the development of which must engage the attention of persons who are raising boys) rather sterile if it does not further such relations, and cultivation of the mind somewhat barren if it does not promote superior friendships? In so far as happiness is what we are after in this world, this use of college opportunities for social purposes certainly promotes it.

As for the pursuit of truth—it may well pay to neglect opportunities of friendship for that, if so be by such neglect we may surprise a truth not otherwise to be caught up with. But I have never noticed that the pursuit of truth was so zealous a quest as to be in-

compatible with comradeship, nor is there any truth which when caught is not more useful and better placed in the mind of one who knows and understands his fellows than in the mind of one who doesn't. Really it is true that the noblest study of mankind is man, and it is the most important study that boys are sent to college to pursue. That it is not incompatible with the other studies, but is best followed in sympathetic and attentive association with them, is what some of the boys are prone to forget, and what the parents and the college authorities have to spend incessant pains and effort to make them keep in mind.

AS FOR THAT POSSIBILITY, that Boston boys may some time be sent to Chicago for a change of air and environment, it is a very obstreperous suggestion, based on the idea that Chicago is the seethingest of all the caldrons in which the old Pelias-bones of our civilization are being boiled over into a new life. It implies, too, that the prevalent new life is worth knowing and worth sharing, and that the older life will be the better for a strong infusion of it. Certainly it is worth knowing and understanding, but whether a wise man who learns to know it will use his knowledge to promote it or abate it, is matter for dispute. Owen Wister in "Lady Baltimore" pictures Charleston as the last decaying stronghold of old American standards; a moribund town in which the older people still have traditions and manners. And he makes our new American life—dating, he says, from the Spanish War—appear by contrast an exceedingly rude, rampageous, mercenary pursuit of material blessings which do not bless. Against such a new life it might pay a conservative and self-sufficient Boston to fortify itself, if that were possible, taking thought to keep what was better rather than to share what has succeeded it. But that would not be possible. The new life, whatever it is, is everywhere, and no city may exclude it except by taking vows of poverty, which Boston certainly has no mind to do. Only yesterday afternoon there came down Fifth Avenue a big blue automobile brougham with red wheels, and I admired the dexterous energy with which the fat lady inside struck a match as she passed to light the cigarette that she held in her mouth. It is true: times have changed quite a bit since the Spanish War, and manners with them. So very many of the neighbors are so very

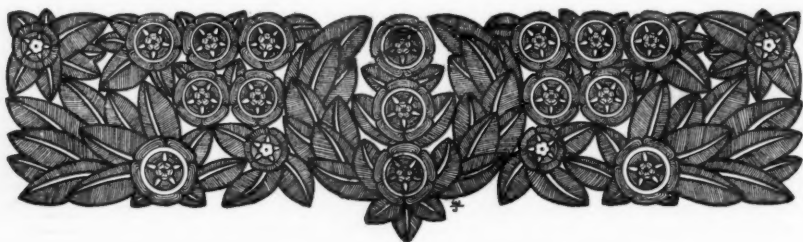
prosperous—so conspicuously prosperous—that the rush of the social current is tremendous, and one has to be more than usually alert to avoid being carried away with it.

BUT IT WILL COME right in time. A great country with a good digestion will stand a great deal of prosperity without serious detriment. A vast number of Americans in these days get enough to eat, are well clothed, housed, and taught, and have excellent and profitable enjoyment of life. Soap, the great cleanser, is made out of grease, and most of it out of rather filthy grease. Money does make for refinement in the end, though the trying-out process is sometimes slow and very odorous, because of the grossness of the materials. Give us time and we shall be, if not a virtuous and courteous people, at least a people with a safe proportion of virtuous and courteous individuals. Prosperity is not in itself an evil. Oh, dear, no! Prosperity is merely richness of soil. Every wind-strewn seed takes root in it and grows. The weeds are lusty, the coarse flowers are flamboyant, the tares take hard hold. But the good seed takes strong root too. Surely our new life is breeding its own kind of strength as well as its own folly. We shall still have manners; even if not the old manners, manners that express the old qualities with differences; manners that are the fruit of clear vision, of righteousness, of strength, of courage, of sweetness. Is "Honk! honk! here-I-come, get-out-of-the-way-damn-you!" to be the governing rule of our society? Be sure it is not. The automobile is the most insolent emblem and tool of solvency that the wit of man has yet devised, but neither we nor even our manners are going to perish by it. It is a new creature—a wild colt. Soon we shall see it broken to orderly behavior. Division will follow multiplication. The more the automobiles multiply, the more imperative will be the need that they shall divide equitably with the other creatures and allow them enough of the earth to live in, and enough of the road for the transaction of their business and their pleasures. "Before automobiles were, I am," says man, and guesses he will continue being.

YOUNG GENTLEMEN who are beginning college, as well as you who are leaving it, please to bear it in mind that man is a bigger creature—older, younger, stronger, and more important—than automobiles. Please to remember that man is bigger than dollars; that

he makes them, and not they him. Stick to man, young gentlemen! Cultivate him. Cultivate *her*. Cultivate nobility of aspiration. Go make yourself the best man you can; the strongest, the wisest, the most compassionate, the one worthiest to be shaped in the image of his Maker. The weeds that grow in our rich soil will do no great harm if only enough good plants, too, come to full growth. Nothing can hurt us seriously as a nation so long as enough good men are raised. I tell you, cultivate nobility of aspiration! Don't start with the notion that the world is a

great feeding trough, and that the aim of life is to get your snout and all your trotters into it. Get what is coming to you by all means, but distinguish early and sharply between the manners and intentions that are proper to a hog and those that are proper to a man. There is order to be kept, there is justice to be done, there is sorrow to be lightened, there is truth to be discerned and knowledge spread and freedom guarded and the wolves fought off and the hogs kept in their due pens. And the doing of all that, young gentlemen, is man's work—work for you if you are fit to do it.



BOOKS OF THE MONTH

WHAT A TENDERNESS we always feel for those great-hearted writers who paint Utopias! From Plato on, the whole race of millennium seekers has always had a certain portion of the world's affection. We call them unpractical, but we love them for their wish to improve the lot of humanity. Rowing hard against the stream, they see the gates of Eden gleam. A prosaic world is certain it is all a dream, but it sympathizes with the dreamers. Now, everyone is, of course, entitled to his own point of view. Gilbert K. Chesterton believes that the whole philosophy of Browning's "The Ring and the Book" consists in the proposition that every man is entitled to express his own point of view. And yet, when a writer takes a subject like the millennium and shows its ugly side, he will find scant sympathy in a world that looks only on the brighter side. He may be remorselessly right, like logic, but his admirers will be in the minority.

IN *THE SCARLET EMPIRE* (Bobbs-Merrill) David M. Parry has undertaken just such a task. Mr. Parry obviously started with the Spencerian idea that "Socialism is the coming slavery." Spencer, it will be remembered,

stood one day watching the incoming waves of the sea at Biarritz, and remarked with bitterness that Socialism was just as certainly rolling in upon this world. Was Mr. Parry writing with the same conviction? The scene of his narrative is laid in Atlantis, that fabulous isle of the ancients, that sank to the ocean bed. A young American Socialist, in his despair over existing conditions, makes an effort to destroy himself by diving from a pier at Coney Island. To his amazement he finds himself restored to life by human beings like himself. For Mr. Parry's own purposes they speak English. At last the youthful Socialist who had spent his days railing at the rule of the money power has the advantage of living in the most perfect social democracy in the universe. But what a horror it is to him to find absolute equality in practice! Instead of names, the citizens have only numbers. Men and women look almost alike, clad as they are in the monotonous scarlet garb of the democracy. The same quantity of food is administered to each person, regardless of appetite or habit of body. Stern inspectors see to it that the hungry get no more and the sated eat no less than the legal portion.

Indeed, every human act, great or small, is watched over by the inspectors, who form one-fifth of the population. Enthusiasm and energy have disappeared because of the absence of reward. All labor is forced and perfunctory, and occupations are assigned to citizens by lot, irrespective of their aptitudes. And lest any citizen rise against this prison system, the State has devised a method of deadening the spirits of the people by means of a weed, which all, women as well as men, smoke at a certain hour every day. For the State will brook no atavars—those who, touched by atavism, hark back to the barbarous practices of their remote ancestors, who enjoyed personal liberty. To be guilty of atavism is to suffer death by the great sea monster, the kraken. Small wonder that the young American is early cured of his theories. Almost from the first he begins to plan his escape. The plot is complicated by his love for a girl who was so dangerous an atavar that she dared declare she would not marry a husband chosen for her by the State, but only one she loved. By the aid of a submarine that reached Atlantis and with the help of two atavar friends, the American Socialist flees incontinently from slavery back to surface and to personal freedom. The interest of the book lies wholly in this portrayal of a system of government. The attempts at descriptions of the Jules Verne and H. G. Wells type are not so successful. The unprejudiced reader will find the tale absorbing, in spite of a certain dismalness.

But who has ever found anything dismal in the books of Agnes and Egerton Castle? The wholesome philosophy of good drinking songs pervades their latest book, *IF YOUTH BUT KNEW!* (Macmillan).

What profits grief, or what will sorrow gain?

Thus sings the Greek Alcæus and, in much the same vein, the Roman Horace. "Why, youth should itself be the laughter of life," is the teaching of Geiger-Onkel, the old fiddler, who plays godfather to everyone in the book. As one stanza in the prefixed poem argues:

For what shall unto age accrue
If youth from joyance turn and stray?
Autumn is but the Spring grown gray,
Its harvest roses mixed with rue. . . .
If youth but knew—if youth but knew!

The background for this lively romance is that strange patchwork that Napoleon made on the map of Europe for his "little brother" Jerome—Westphalia.

We go a-seeking a king-dom
For our little brother Jerome,

the soldiers of Napoleon sang before Jena. The fopling, rakish little brother proved but a poor monarch for the wholesome Germans. But his kingdom and his reign serve merely as a background for a very pretty romance worked out by the youthful Austrian, Count Waldorff-Kielmansegg and the little Baroness Sidonia of Wellenshausen. The breaking of a linchpin is the happy accident that throws into the count's way the way-faring fiddler, Geiger-Hans. The fiddler, who, by the way, proves later to be an encyclopedist gone slightly mad, not only brings the young people together, but instills into the young man's mind the teaching that one is young but once, and that then it is one should live and love. He had himself suffered by neglecting his young wife and leaving her to the guillotine during the Revolution, and therefore he made it his mission to guide young lovers aright. Petty quarrels, petty trifles—why should they destroy priceless love? If youth but knew! . . . It is a cheering tale, and the gypsylike fiddler must appeal to everyone.

Gypsylike characters are always fascinating. Women, particularly, admire a man of mystery. In *CURAYL* (Doubleday, Page), by Miss Una Silberrad, there is a preacher, Anthony Luttrell, who brings just such a touch of mystery to the story. By an odd accident he is called upon to preach at the remote little hamlet of Curayl, somewhere in England, miles from anywhere, and he changes the lives of all who hear him. His theme was simple enough—a text corresponding to Emerson's phrase that you must pay scot and lot as you go along or it will be the worse for you; that you will surely reap as you sow. Beatrice Curayl, of that ilk, happens to hear him. Her rich, coarse husband is in London, a speculator. Beatrice hates him. By another happy accident Luttrell, instead of wandering on, stays and falls in love with Beatrice; so does she with him. When the speculator is killed—by another accident—Beatrice marries the wanderer, who is himself a millionaire. It is an earnest story, not without genuine literary talent, and we willingly forgive the numerous accidents.

So tolerant, indeed, are readers becoming that they are ready to forgive almost anything in an absorbing book. Take Mr. E. Phillips Oppenheim's *A MAKER OF HISTORY* (Little, Brown). In that novel, Guy Poynton, an

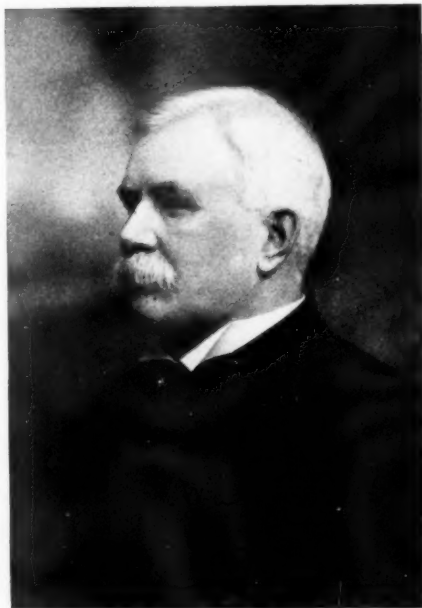
English youth on a holiday on the Continent, accidentally sees something. He does not even know what it is he has seen. If you or I, experienced men of the world, had happened to catch sight early one summer morning of two special trains approaching each other in the middle of a German forest, we might have suspected something was up. At first glimpse of the two gentlemen who issue forth from the trains and shake hands cordially, we should have known them to a certainty for two emperors on state business bent. Had a page of the secret treaty they signed fluttered through a window into our very hands we should have understood at once the whole affair with all its ramifications. But, of course, that was all lost on young Poynton. He could not even read German. Poor boy! Spies of all nationalities pursue him; he is sequestered on a French estate. His sister Phyllis, who sets out to seek him in Paris, might as well look for a needle in a haystack. The secret services of all Europe simply swarm on her trail. Friends who attempt to find Phyllis are mysteriously warned to quit Paris. To mention the very name of Poynton means to court dire disaster. To the amazement of her friends Phyllis returns to England as Sibyl Somebody Else, an American heiress. Then she is whisked away again. Blood-curdling things happen. It is all frightfully secret service. The plot curdles up, in the words of Peter Pan, to "a jolly thickness." Then you learn that what Guy Poynton saw was directly responsible for the *entente cordiale* between France and England, for the discomfiture of Russia, and for the isolation of Germany. Then you forgive the author for the dance he has led you.

For a breathing spell after the helter-skelter life of the foregoing adventures you might do worse than read Katharine Tynan's *DICK PENTREATH* (McClurg). "Will you have mumpets or cruffins?" Henry Harland makes one of his characters say at a jolly English tea-table scene. Barring the slender wit, Mrs. Tynan's book may be summed up in that question. The characters are nearly all descended from dukes (except the peasants), and they drink tea constantly, not without the more sustaining refectations of crumpets and muffins. Lovers meet in the lane; the pitcher goes to the well; the peaceful life of the opulent country moves with soft gradations of light and shade. It is all like a series of prints, sporting and otherwise, of English

life. All the young people are paired off in the end. It is the sort of a book one may safely put in the hands of the young person.

Among a number of other recent novels may be mentioned Lilian Bell's *CAROLINA LEE* (L. C. Page), a Christian Science story in which a beautiful daughter of the South is reconciled to life by Mrs. Eddy's doctrine. Discord leaves her and fortune and happiness take its place. *THE COUNT AT HARVARD* (L. C. Page), by Rupert Sargent Holland, is another "talky" book. It deals with undergraduate life as it is not at our most famous seat of learning. Yet there is in this book much nonsense of a fairly tolerable sort and some amusing horseplay.

But it is hard to see how anyone can bring himself to read "talky" novels when such books as Sir A. Conan Doyle's *THE GREEN FLAG* (Fenno) are still to be had. We always think of that author as chronicling the deeds of Sherlock Holmes. But be assured he does admirably with many another theme. The story which gives the present collection its name is a splendid war story of Irish heroism, devoid though it is of patriotism, in the British army. But the cream of that book is "Captain Sharkey." That formidable pirate, with his bark *Happy Delivery*, was the terror of the West Indies. Fear was unknown to Sharkey. His bark could show a clean pair of heels to anything of the British Crown's afloat. He was possessed, moreover, of a diabolical cunning. No one who dared look him between the eyes ever saw a good day afterwards. From the very gallows he would escape and leave death in his trail. The only man that proved a match for him was Copley Banks. Sharkey laid aboard a ship bearing the wife and the two sons of Copley Banks, merchant, and the three of them met a frightful death. From that time Copley Banks had but one object, namely, to destroy Sharkey. The merchant fitted out a ship, enlisted a rascally crew, and, armed to the teeth, sailed forth upon the high seas. There he frankly hoisted the Jolly Roger, and glad enough was that crew, barring only four men, to turn into gentlemen of fortune. Copley Banks became a full-fledged pirate and ultimately the consort of Sharkey until, like death itself, he closed in upon him and destroyed him in a manner that might have pleased even Sharkey's artistic sense, had he but had time to criticise. It is a stirring story, as good in spots as "Treasure Island." The entire book is absorbingly interesting.



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Drawn by Arthur Becher.

"'This is the only one I carry in uniform,' he said."

—"The Prince Goes Fishing," page 183.